CASTE AND CHRISTIANITY.

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A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE TIMES.

BY

TEMPLE CHRISTIAN FABER.

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DEDICATED

TO

THE RAGGED SCHOOLS,

AS

THE EMBODIMENT OF

UNSELFISHNESS.

ENGLISHMEN!

The three great lights of the Reformation, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were educated at Cambridge, and burned at Oxford. That is History; that, too, is typical of a great moral and political fact. The germ of all policy in this country is but the aggregate of conviction. In religion, the champions of materiality and immateriality start from two opposite points. A collision is inevitable. On the banners of the one host is inscribed, "Of Heaven and for Heaven;" on the ensigns of their opponents we read, "Of the World and for the World." That is the conflict which for eighteen centuries has never ceased—that has been the great battle of Time. Eternity alone shall step in to part the combatants.

Ere that period shall arrive, the victory shall have been well-nigh won by the great army of the Eternal Mind;* for we know that not the material, but the immaterial—not brute force, but "knowledge, is power."

Truth is not a moral atmosphere attached to the mind. It is an existence independent of the accidents of the senses.

Neither moral nor spiritual life can subsist without it. Wherever, then, we observe man building the mighty edifice of Truth upon the frail foundations of materiality, we cannot acknowledge him as the "wise master-builder:" he has totally ignored the Chief Corner Stone. He is not the "Faber" of the Temple-Christian nor of the Christian Temple.

What thanks then does England owe to those noble-minded men who, from Cobham and Wickliffe downwards, have fought the

* John, i. 12; 1 John, v. 4, 5.

great fight of the "noble army of martyrs!" What thanks does she owe to the resolute spirit of that once unshaken Episcopacy which, in the days of the second James, baffled the policy of Italian Caste, and brought down upon themselves, their country, and their flock, the blessings of God and the people!

"How much," says an able writer, "are we indebted to those prelates for our present privileges! Whenever they appeared in public, after they were admitted to bail, they were hailed by the populace as the deliverers of the country, who surrounded them in crowds to supplicate their blessing. Clarendon tells us in his diary, June 15th, that he found the bishop of St. Asaph in the midst of a crowd, who deemed it a blessing to be permitted to kiss the hands of the imprisoned prelates. The congratulations of all classes were poured in upon them, even those of the Scottish Presbyterians."

We cannot, if we would, disguise the fact that that conflict has again begun with tenfold energy and resolution: truth and error —heaven and earth—God and man, stand once more face to face. SELFISHNESS, gross, dark, and dense, is the only solution of man's unparalleled audacity. Every individual, however humble, may do something towards dispelling this crassitude of the moral atmosphere—even the child * may become the

TEMPLE-CHRISTIAN "FABER."

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* Matt. xviii. 4; Mark, x. 14, 15. So also "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes."

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CASTE AND CHRISTIANITY.

PART THE FIRST.

CASTE.

CASTE AND CHRISTIANITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO SYSTEMS.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean."

"By that sin fell the angels."—Shakspeare.

There are two great centres of action round which revolve, respectively, immaterial and material worlds: unselfishness and self; Christianity and Caste.

Between these centres, the distance is immeasurable. Nor are the characteristic systems which circle around each centre, less contrary to each other, nor their organic forces less opposed. And yet the erratic movements of the one, and the majestic order of the other, are found beautifully harmonized in the grand treatise of Revelation. Here is noted down the mastery of the twofold problem of light and darkness;—that duality of principle which the Magi and their Arian brethren vainly strove to solve by centuries of laborious thought; here, results are stated with a clearness, a force, and a weight irresistible; while the origin, progress, and limits, of these two systems—the laws of their government—the causes of the terrible perturbations of the one, and the uniform light of the other, are laid down with equal lucidity.

That dominant worship of self which has been the characteristic of man since he ceased to be a pure being, has exhibited its baneful power alike in its corporate as in its individual capacity. Its own special circle has now been drawn by pride, and anon by feigned humility;—by master and by servant; by the prince and the peasant; and, above all, by the priest.

Woe be to the rash being who ventures within the forbidden boundary of village gentility, or who plants the foot of commerce within the fortifications of the sons of Mars.

The polished being who has graduated in the Domestic Colle-

giate, and has at length risen to an awful sway over the vassal servitude of Powder Hall, is as supreme in the realms of larder, cellar, butlery, and kitchen, as the Autocrat of all the Russias over his subject serfs. Youth has a horror of plebeianism; and a taint in that quarter is a perpetual spring of shame and remorse.

"In no society of German barons does the mediæval principle flourish more than in our bodies of youth, whether our public schools, or universities, or army, or navy, or Indian service. Collect them;—the spirit of the Heralds' College is triumphant; and every boy between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one writes himself an aristocrat and grandee of the first water.

"But expense is one of the first insignia and marks of the grandee; moderation is a plebeian virtue, and cheapness is decidedly low. The aspiring youth thus branches out into expenses, partly to keep up the idea of his greatness, and flatters himself with the notion, that because he does what the son of a lord does, he is therefore the same to all intents and purposes as that sprig of aristocracy. He thus imbibes from his pecuniary excesses a mystical nobility, and inhales a celestial perfume from his drawer of unpaid bills."[1]

It is this same spirit of caste that renders it necessary in one corps of our army, that the officers should have their door latch-keys made of gold.[2]

And are not the keys of our church-doors made of gold to this very day? These are the true keys of St. Peter, which Rome, notwithstanding a banishment of three hundred years from the National Church, has contrived to place in the hands of our temple traffickers, together with its cumbrous ecclesiastical courts and their moneyed tyrannies.

Individual self is unamiable; corporate self, respectable. Even the mutineers of the moral and the religious world have no objection to sign a "Round Robin;" they form that intangible circle which is everywhere equidistant from the centre of Christianity. Nothing is too absurd for them to accomplish through this irresponsible agency. Individual selfishness, however, is, after all, such a cheap vulgarism, that it is not unfrequently despised; yet, in its corporate capacity, it has almost always escaped efficient censure; especially so, when that corporation is one of Human Holiness. On this deep and vast foundation, is built the gloomy temple of CASTE, with all its cheerless array of brazen gates, and misty pinnacles, and blood-stained altars, and twilight shades.

The most awful anathema ever uttered over the leprosy of SELF,

[1] "Times," December 20, 1856. [2] Ibid.

was the sacrifice of the Great High Priest of the Universe. The victim was a God. His love was more than commensurate with the selfishness of man. The sublime scheme of Revelation displays in the fore-front of that holy war which man must wage, the glorious brotherhood of universal humility, so beautifully illustrated by the "Little Child." A great writer has profoundly observed that, in the midst of a universe of beings, it is still *himself* that is still the most interesting object *to* himself. But then there immediately meets him this solemn law from the Author of his being, and the Judge of all righteousness, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."[1]

It is for the guilty gratification of SELF, that absolute monarchs prefer their solitary tyrannies to the freedom of their people; for SELF, a whole people overrides the Law of God with the Law of Man; it is for SELF, that priests have trampled upon Christ, upon Christians, and on crowns; for SELF, kings put their feet upon the bleeding neck of nations, and man places his soul beneath the heel of Satan. SELF is the embodiment of the fall of men and angels; that fiend has ruled, mighty to ruin, in both worlds. SELF is the dead carcass chained to the living Christian, that forces from him that cry of anguish, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this DEATH!" Does the man of CASTE feel this? Is this his cry? Usurpations of form, for life, can never fructify in the moral or material world. It is precisely because they are forms, and not vivifiers, that they are unproductive. The dews that fall from heaven can never be mistaken for theatrical mists. The former nurture the food of life; the latter play on the imagination. The mighty cure for this leprosy of SELF has been known to Christianity for eighteen centuries: Caste has known it too; but the medicine is so bitter, that all the persuasions of the Great Physician are in vain urged to induce it to accept the draught.

We see SELF horribly predominant in these seats of learning which avowedly train our youth for the ministry of an unselfish Christianity. We see permitted oppression under the name of good government—domination so hateful, that when the young tyrant emerges into the world, from beneath the fortress of chartered tyranny, civilization has to do the neglected duty of his treacherous teachers—Selfishness and Caste. In these yet monkish corporations, the asceticism of mediæval life still lingers in ecclesiastical punishments, so obscene, that our legislature has paused even in inflicting them on the brutal wretch who has crushed and

[1] Foster's Essays, p. 181.

trampled on her whom he had vowed to love. Yet this disgusting exhibition has been defended by a corporate caste in the Press; a fitting sponsor at the font of SELF. We have beheld the episcopal SELF portentously magnified to the proportions of Deity, yet monstrously endowed with the clutch of Mammon. We have seen the despotic self, aided by the scribbling self, attempting with an ignoble meanness to drown the voice of a free Press; and the selfishness of the Great Press refuse its columns to the defence of religion, from its petty fear of offending a political Christianity.

Nay, we have seen it, like the mediæval noble, take into its service the cap and bells of the professional jester, while, with a taste peculiarly its own, and more cannibal than Christian, it has esteemed the hunch of the buffoon as flavorous as that of the buffalo. We have lived to behold, even beneath the blaze of freedom's sunlight, the leprous progeny of mediæval priestcraft and mediæval tyranny, scorning to hide the ghastly whiteness of their taint by robes empurpled by the blood of Christianity and Freedom.

We have lived to see barbaric force, and barbaric fraud, and barbaric gold, struggling to realize the mad dream of universal empire; the incarnate deity of SELF is seated on the icy throne of the north. We have lived to see artificial nationalities made to order by royal mechanics, and the soul of a free people made an inflated toy for the sport of imperial childhood. We have lived to see, unexcused by the gloom of the dark ages, ecclesiastical corporations stretching between the Christian and his SUN the flimsy tawdriness of curtains stained by the blood of martyrs—but the LIGHT still shines. We have seen them vainly banded together to arrest the revolution of the intellectual world—"e pur si muove" we exclaim, with Galileo: yes! it still moves, and it moves with increasing majesty and momentum. We have lived to see the power, wealth, and dignity of a whole people deliberately laid low upon the very vestibule of nationality as a mere mat for the cleaning of the pontifical shoe. We have lived to see in our own Protestant Church, ecclesiastical arrogance enthroned on the dais of priestly Caste, exclusive as its own brazen gates, and as narrow-minded as its phylacteries are broad. In lieu of living for souls, priests have connived at the sale of souls, for a living. When Christianity is baptized with the pagan waters of Lethe, the national godfather is apt to confound the golden shower of Danaë with the sprinklings of regeneration. The scandal, however, is a genteel one, and it befits a people of Caste like the English.

> Chapman of souls! that from fair Isis' banks
> Bring'st with thy purchase-price of flock and fold

The way genteel to heaven,—accept Rome's thanks
For thy new mercy-seat of *purest* gold—
For daily floral sacrifice for sin,
Where SELF, man's Great High Priest, the Holiest enters in.

We have seen in our days the mad spectacle of a nation of freemen essaying to extend and prolong the horrors of slavery, and pursuing their purposes with a relentless persecution of everything that is noble in civilization, and dignified in Christianity. And now, what voice, what sigh, has England sent forth to abate these calamities of our race?

Is she a piece of marble in the hands of jobbing statuaries, to be fashioned according to the order of continental despots; a limb to be crippled here, an eye to be put out there, and her fair proportions to be shrivelled to the dwarfed haggardness of senile servitude? or is she to be a living soul, instinct with the vitalities of freedom, and resplendent with the light of TRUTH?

It remains to be seen if the people of this country are satisfied with the neutral and torpid state in which the Reformation left our National Church. They look around them with surprise;—they behold literature, art, and science receiving a vast and growing impulse; they observe the vigour and unparalleled success with which these have advanced in their marvellous career; they have witnessed the toys of philosophy converted into the sustentatory machinery of nations, and the realms of theory giving birth to realities of illimitable importance. The very index of recent achievements is a volume of wonders. Words of fire traverse the globe, and almost equal the speed of that thought of which they are the representatives. From these noble prospects they turn with sadness to the listless formalities of a dead mediæval ecclesiology. They know full well that solemn edifices, solemn faces, solemn music, and solemn ecclesiastical operas, are not CHRISTIANITY; they seek in vain, in a corpse-like system of theology, for the life of Christ in Man, for the well-springs of piety drawn, not from books, but from the Christian's experience; they long to hear from the pastor whom the National Church has set over them, and for which they largely pay, apposite illustrations of the inner life of the soul, drawn from his own practical religion, his zealous, and warm-hearted, and large-minded Christianity. No laborious systems of charity-schools, clothing-societies, regular parochial visitation; no daily throwing open the doors of the parish church, where the sublimities of prayer are dragged down to the dead level of routine, will compensate for that apostolic zeal and living fire which gave success to the preaching of St. Paul, of Luther, and of Wesley. The time has never been when

the Anglo-Saxon race, alike in their German forests and in their English settlements, ceased to discuss the course of action, the rights, laws, and privileges of their respective communities; and the time will never come when our people, the descendants of the same stock, will cease to discuss, freely and fully, the wants and requirements of their common Christianity. Dissent, with its three millions of children in its schools, is a virtual warning to every hierarchy of the danger of allowing CASTE to supplant CHRISTIANITY; it is a warning that learning alone, in ecclesiastical high places, cannot with impunity be substituted for that living piety which "is known and read of all men." The people of England, whilst freely acknowledging the value of sound scholarship, justly think that the days are passed away when the editing of a Greek play, the composition of Greek iambics, or the distinctions of a double first class, are indispensable qualifications for the Episcopal Bench. They know that, however learned, a soul-less teacher can never be a teacher of souls; they know that in him is wanting that well-spring whence he should draw for the supply of his flock. They witness with disgust the daily learned littlenesses of reference to patristic customs, and effete ecclesiastical models; and they recognize as the grand objects alone worthy of religion, —the soul of man and his Christ.

They acknowledge no right in past ages to bind them down to stone altars, or to the exhibition of the jewels and laces of a feminine priesthood; to brazen gates and ecclesiastical pomps; and they very naturally demand that the simplicity of the Gospel shall be taught with a corresponding simplicity of accompaniment. True dignity has been ever able to dispense with ornament. If all classes are compelled to support the National Church, all classes have a right to declare that the Christian congregation shall not be degraded to be the audience of paganized priests.

If the Reformation was not sufficiently clear, positive, and advanced, it is the duty of the Christian assemblies of our Church to insist that every doubtful phrase,—every ecclesiastical quibble in the spirit of the dark ages,—every dubious form,—and every objectionable ceremony, shall be at once discarded. Clearness, gravity, simplicity, must be the prevailing rule. In a word:—if the first Reformation was not efficient, it remains for this Christian people to make a second. Politics, science, political economy, laws, society—all have been reformed; but religious CASTE remains untouched; it is the dumb devil of superstition, which must be cast out by CHRISTIANITY.

Let us now briefly contemplate the different forms assumed by

Caste, in its social and religious aspect. In all cases, exclusiveness is its prevailing characteristic.

"When the classical division of mankind into slave and free was over, human pride had still the mediæval aristocratical system to repose upon—a system which substantially regarded the lower classes as different beings from the upper, incapable of ever rising to their level, and separated by an impassable barrier of nature from their communion. This structure of pride was as really opposed to Christianity as the Hindoo division of castes, or any other idolatrous creation."[1]

How beautiful and refreshing is the contrast afforded by Christianity. If there be a benefit for humanity, it loves to make it common to all. This was particularly the case at the Reformation.

"The catholicity of the Reformation is a beautiful feature in its history. The Germans pass into Switzerland—the French into Germany—and, at a somewhat later period, we see the English and Scotch passing to the continent, and the continental teachers to Great Britain. The Reformations of the several countries take their rise independently of each other. To them there is one Faith, one Spirit, one Lord. It is an error to treat the history of the Reformation in connection with any single country;—the work was one and the same in all lands; and the Protestant Churches were from the very beginning a 'whole body, fitly joined together.'"[2]

The state of heart produced by the institution of Caste, is unfavourable to the reception of Bible doctrine and spirit. When a Hindoo enters a place of worship, his first object is to secure a seat where he shall be sure of avoiding contact with persons of lower grade than himself. He is solicitous in the extreme to allow no part of his dress to touch that of one descended from less-honoured parentage.

"A person may be wicked, profane, devoid of every good principle, and an abandoned profligate; and yet as a Hindoo, he may enjoy all the privileges of his caste; but the moment he violates any of its rules, by eating with one of another caste, by journeying to a distant country to extend his observation of men and things, by dealing in articles which the Shastras prohibit, by espousing another system of religious belief; that moment he exposes himself to the most dreadful denunciations.

"If a Hindoo be convinced that the Bible is heaven-descended, he must become a martyr the same hour that he becomes a public and declared believer. He must literally 'forsake all' to become a Christian. Thus Naraputsingh, a convert in Bengal, during the

[1] "Times."

[2] D'Aubigné's Reformation.

days of his heathenism lived like a Nabob, with his train of servants and splendour of Oriental equipage. But the moment he submitted to the ordinance of baptism, his relatives seized upon his property, to the amount of £12,000! since which time he has been labouring for himself and family, at £1. 5s. per month." The same writer observes, "I once saw a high-caste Hindoo dash an earthen jar of milk upon the ground, and break it to atoms, merely because *the shadow of a Pariah had fallen upon it as he passed.* Again, shortly after our arrival at Bangalore, the roof of our house being under repair, one of the bricklayers fell from a great height, and was much injured. To relieve the sufferer, we called upon the workmen standing near, to run to the well and bring some water. Not one of them would stir; for, said they, '*that man is not of our caste*, and we are not allowed to give him water.' Once more,—several buildings were on fire in Madras, threatening a general conflagration of the city. There were several wells near at hand, but the Brahmins forbade the use of the water, lest a person of lower caste than themselves should approach, and thus pollute them."

Caste is a foe to all generous and noble feelings. It binds in chains of adamant a large portion of every community, saying to them: "You proceeded from the feet of Brahma! You are created for servitude."

A Brahmin would rather see a Soodra die, than give him food, if in so doing he must touch the body or clothes of the debased being. It is said that a company of these professed teachers of right and duty will stand upon the river's bank, and see a boat-load of Pariahs go to the bottom, rather than use any personal effort to save them from death. How ungodlike and unchristian! The Bible directs us to do to others as we would that they should do to us; and it commends the Samaritan, who bound up the wounds of the bleeding sufferer, while it condemns the Levite, who, Brahmin-like, would let him die of his wounds. Caste has done more than anything else to make India what it is, a land of limited attainments, selfish propensities, and grovelling aims.

After the establishment of the English power in Bengal, the caste of a Brahmin was destroyed by a European, who forced into his mouth flesh and spirits. After remaining three years an outcast, great efforts were made, at an expense of 80,000 rupees, to regain his rank, but in vain. In the sequel, an expense of 240,000 rupees more was incurred, when he was restored to his friends, purified.

All foreigners are considered as belonging to the lower class. In India, as in Ireland and Malta, the base principle of compro-

mise has been unhappily adopted by the government. To the disgrace of Christianity, it absolutely shared in the profits of oriental licentious worship.

All means were used to render the festival as profitable as possible to the public treasury. This was the case at Juggernaut, Gaza, and Allahabad in the north, and Trincomalee, Congeveram, and Seringham in the south. On certain occasions, the English regiment was called out; who, by their splendid equipage, music, and salutes, gave *éclat* to the idolatrous festivity. At other times, an officer of government, with much parade, presented to the officiating Brahmins a costly shawl with which to decorate the image. Surprise has been well expressed, that the Indian Government could induce a large body of educated English gentlemen so far to forget themselves as to perform the contemptible part of puppets in the procession of such images as Vishnoo, and other Hindoo deities. The agitation on this subject began with a few Christian officers, who were led to consider the relation they sustained to their heathen neighbours, and the meaning of the injunction, "Avoid even the appearance of evil." A consideration of the responsibility hereby involved, compelled them to the conclusion, that they could not, as conscientious men, lend the sanction of their presence to the exaltation of a senseless image into an equality with the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity. "*If*," said they to those who gave them their appointment,—"*if the alternative be attendance at heathen festivals, or resignation of our commissions, duty to God requires the latter, and we are ready to meet the issue.*" Memorable words, and worthy of the Christianity which was thus brought into honourable contradistinction with the Caste of the Directorship.

These are noble-minded individuals, of whom England may be justly proud. They exemplify the firmness and high-mindedness of that national character which dates from the era of the Ship-money, the overthrow of Laud, and the dignified rule of Cromwell. "Government being at that time wholly indisposed to yield the point, several resignations were sent in; among which was that of Sir Peregrine Maitland, commander-in-chief of the Madras Presidency, who withdrew from an honourable post, yielding an income of £15,000 per annum, rather than give the weight of his influence to a system so glaringly unchristian and so dishonourable to his Redeemer. Such instances of decision and self-sacrifice, with crowded petitions from all parts of the country, excited inquiry in England, and led to the agitation of the subject there;—until, after long debates in the Court of Directors, the resolution was passed directing a discontinuance of all such attendance and salutes, as were made

matter of just complaint on the part of Christian officers and soldiers of the Indian army.

How gratifying the change that has occurred and is still in progress. Many Europeans who now go to India, either carry their piety with them, without *leaving it at the Cape of Good Hope*, or if, unhappily, they reach its shores without this needful blessing, they secure it through an attendance upon the Christian sanctuaries which are scattered throughout the country. In the days of Henry Martyn, the chaplains of the East-India Company were, as a body, " blind leaders of the blind,"—"hirelings who cared not for the sheep." But now it is difficult to find in Christendom more conscientious and faithful ministers of divine truth, than are to be met with in India.

Multitudes are, at the present time, thoroughly convinced that Christianity has truth upon its side, and are deterred from acting up to their convictions only because they cannot make up their minds to bear the sacrifices which such a profession must involve. These persons, like the "ruler of the Jews," visit the Missionary "by night,"—state their convictions, and those of their friends, and inquire of him what they shall do:—"We know," say they, "that we are in the wrong. You are the true worshippers, and we trust that our children will be of your faith;—but how can *we* change now?" One of this class, a wealthy Brahmin of Benares, but a few years ago, called upon a missionary, bringing with him his youthful son.—"This child," he said, "I now give to you, and with him here are £200 for his support. Take him,—bring him up a Christian. I am too old to alter my faith; but I desire my child to be a follower of Christ."

In former times, to regard a Brahmin with other than feelings of reverential awe, was deemed one of the highest crimes. No matter what their character and principles—what the number of their lies, adulteries, and other vicious acts—they were regarded as the best and holiest of men. Their smile was better than the approbation of Heaven—their anathema worse than the prospect of hell.

But now, although the Brahmins still occupy the first place in Hindoo society—though to them, as priests, are committed duties of great importance and solemnity,—they by no means enjoy the high honours and special prerogatives with which they were once favoured. Their crimes are spoken of with the greatest freedom, and their threatenings command but little attention and less alarm. If, upon any part of the antique structure of Hindooism, there be inscribed with special truth "*Ichabod*," it is upon the institution of the Brahminical priesthood.

When we consider that the Government of India gives the most

ample protection to missionaries of all denominations, in the peaceable prosecution of their holy object—that a disunion is in rapid operation between governmental patronage and the national religion, the latter being left to stand or fall on its own merits,—that a most extensive and happy change has taken place in the character and consequent influence of European residents, civil, military, and ecclesiastical,—that the impression is wide-spead and deep among all intelligent and thoughtful Hindoos, that their system cannot endure a close contact with Christianity,—that the Christian Church has obtained a footing in the land, and attached to itself scarcely less than 50,000 nominal disciples,—that the whole array of evangelizing agencies, as schools, the press, Bible and tract circulation, and preaching, are in full activity,—surely we may say without the aid of prophetic vision, "*the morning cometh.*"[1]

To what scenes of horror did not this proud and exclusive institute give rise! And, alas! how has England, a nation pre-eminently claiming to be Christian, been, through the medium of her Indian authorities, the supporters of this structure of cruelty—"the habitation of darkness." Deep cause for thankfulness has this great nation that the stigma is for ever removed. Let us hear an eye-witness of one of those terrible scenes of suffering, in which a female, the wife of a Brahmin, was compelled to pass through the fire of Moloch.

"Beside her were bunches of flowers, clothes, cocoanuts, pounded spices, and money, which she distributed to the female friends who came soliciting her favours.

"She was attended by two Brahmins, one of whom held a book, from which he read sentences for her direction and comfort. While the poor woman and priest were thus engaged, others were employed in preparing the pile, which was constructed of dried wood in the shape of an oblong square, upon which were heaped combustible fagots.

"A stout branch of a tree was fixed in the earth at each corner, which suspended a canopy of heavy boughs. After the corpse was placed upon the pile, Hollee was led around it by a priest, and then walked twice around it alone. After kneeling by the right side a few seconds, she then mounted, and lay down a few seconds to the left of the deceased. Deliberately she composed herself; her infant child was placed in her arms for a moment and embraced; she saluted her mother, and called her sister, to whom she delivered her jewels: then having loosened her garments, she drew her cloth over her head, and laid herself down beside her husband with such calmness, as if it had been for a night's repose.

[1] Ward, American Missionary.

"They then covered her with straw, and poured oil and melted butter over all parts of the pile, the extremities of which were now lighted by the eldest male relative of the family. The flame, fanned by the wind, was at first suffered only to roll thick volumes of smoke over her, and then the suspended canopy, cut down by the attending officers, fell upon her with its heavy crushing weight. The poor woman had hitherto remained silent, but when the flames had reached her, she shrieked and screamed for help with piteous and heart-rending exclamations. The Brahmin assured the people that *she was now in communion with her God;* while the forlorn mother, overwhelmed with grief, was rolling herself on the ground, tearing her hair, beating her breast, and leaping with frantic bursts of passion; striving to throw herself upon the altar of her daughter's sacrifice and destruction. The scene was closed by the fierceness of the flame, which drove the bystanders to a distance, and forced even the priests to retire, while the victim was yet uttering the moan of helpless suffering. Thus was offered upon the altar of that sanguinary superstition, the infatuated Hollee Latchena.

"Such scenes, but often far more sickening in their detail, have been enacted throughout India from a period that goes back into the unknown past. While the subject of its suppression by British authority was under discussion, and means were being taken to rouse the public mind of England as to the character of the custom, steps were taken to ascertain with all possible precision the number of annual immolations. From official returns for the year 1818, it appears that *eight hundred* were thus sacrificed in that year alone; making, with the addition of the other two presidencies and the Punjab, which was not then under British rule, at least *three thousand.*" [1]

It was not till Lord W. Bentinck ascended the vice-regal throne of India, that the mandate was issued against these scenes of suicide and murder. In India, as in Europe, the priesthood claimed and held a proud superiority over royalty itself.

Such was their exalted position, that the Peishwa at the head of the Mahratta confederacy, who held the most commanding station of any Indian sovereign, was long excluded from eating at table with any Brahmin of high caste. We shall shortly contemplate the same fact in Europe, in the case of a queen humbly waiting upon a bishop as a menial serving maid.

Early in the present century, the Abbé Dubois, an eminent missionary of the Papal Church, returned from India to Europe, and communicated to his countrymen the following mature opinion :—

[1] Ward, American Missionary.

"The experience I have gained through a familiar intercourse with the Hindoos of all castes, for twenty-five years, has made me thoroughly acquainted with the *insuperable obstacles* that Christianity will ever have to encounter there; and it is my decided opinion that the people of that land are lying under an everlasting anathema—have for ever rendered themselves unworthy of the Divine favour—have been utterly forsaken by God, and given over for ever to a reprobate mind, on account of the peculiar wickedness of their worship, so that there is no possibility of converting them to any sect of Christianity." The church to which the Abbé belonged, wrought by material agencies, and therefore failed; Christianity has relied solely upon the Divine power, and has succeeded. What a change also has taken place in the views and action of the British Government! "Never in its introduction to a country," says Ward, "has the missionary enterprise met with greater difficulties than in India. As though it were not enough that we had fifteen thousand miles of ocean to traverse, and then contend with an insalubrious climate, and a strange language, or that the heathen in attachment to Caste, or our own countrymen in their prejudice against the Gospel, or the powers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places were against us; the Government, in its policy and in its laws, were in direct hostility to our entrance into the field. It was impossible to go in a ship from Britain, bound to any of our Indian presidencies. Dr. Bogue, Mr. Ewing, and other noble-minded and benevolent men, were interdicted from leaving our native country at all. Those who were not put under the ban, and whose zeal and intrepidity led them to brave every obstacle, had to find their way to Holland or America, that from thence they might embark, and, peradventure, be smuggled like contraband goods upon the shores of Hindoostan. The Baptist missionaries, Carey and Thomas, on their arrival at Calcutta, were not suffered to remain on British ground, and were obliged to take refuge in Serampore, a Danish settlement. Messrs. Judson, Newell, and Hall, from America, whose names are embalmed in the memory of the Churches, were driven from Christian protection, and were exposed to a long night of trial, privation, and suffering." But a policy so selfish and wicked could not stand the scrutinizing gaze and eloquent denunciation of Englishmen. When the charter of the East-India Company was to be renewed in the year 1813, William Wilberforce, the noble philanthropist, appeared as the advocate of liberty and truth, and missionaries were permitted to enter the country at any point.

The past and present position of the British Government respecting the *public parades of Hindoo worship, the pilgrim tax, and*

the property of temples and pagoda's, is an important consideration in the progress of Christianity. Until lately, the Hindoos have not only been protected in the performance of their religious ceremonies, but open and most important encouragement has been afforded by their *Christian* rulers. The principal temples, at the various great places of resort, were taken under the paternal care of Government; and European officials had the entire direction of pecuniary receipts and disbursements. At the place of concourse, places were erected to prevent intruders, and those without a pass, from descending to the sacred stream, or from entering into the holy edifice; none could obtain admission without a government ticket, paid for according to the rank of the applicant. Caste is a list of tyrannies co-extensive with the corrupt satrapy of the human heart. It is sometimes the giant braggart of civilization, crowned with the brazen helm and the glossy plumes of the theatre. Anon it hides its guilt beneath the snow-white robes of a holy order, and assumes the majesty of Heaven. Anon it is a brotherhood of polished murderers; straightway its spirit is pent within the living charnel-house of licentiousness, and leads the dance of death. Now it forms the foul banquet of associate butchers, and the food and the feeders are of one kin. The corporation has its chaplain, and his presence sanctifies its feast; human shambles are its temple, and Satan is its first "Prince of the Church." Once more, it is a band of intellectual regenerators; busying itself with the cure of the heart by the head; and sedulously taking the young into its schools. Here, it will teach anything, everything, nothing; much religion, little religion, or no religion. It will *be* anything, or *do* anything, in its complaisance; but then it must take the instrument out of the hands of the *people*;—the name of this caste is "THE STATE." It is a caste of shepherds, the people are its flock; and its pastoral principles are, to feed the sheep first, and eat them afterwards. It was that grand corporation of SELF, that starved thousands of men and horses on the shores of the Euxine,—threw away the lives of some hundreds of the most valiant horsemen that ever rode in a death-charge,—allowed thousands to perish miserably within the bare walls of hospitals, which were destitute of the most necessary medicines and surgical stores, and finally brought disgrace on the name of England. Yes! the grand, magnificent, lofty, irresponsible, high-caste, military SELF, wrought all this and much more.

But caste has its glorifications, alike among the savage and the civilized. Our "Golden Fleeces," and our "Black Eagles," and our orders of "St. Vladimir," have their special splendours for European greatness; but the spirit of these distinctions is as magni-

ficently enshrined in the glossy ebony of the African, as in the Hieratic temple of the Western priest. It is recorded in the travels of the two Landers, that having disposed of all their courtly orders to the natives, in the shape of metal buttons, made splendid by laborious friction, when tea-canisters, and everything showy and glittering had been given away, some cases, which had once contained portable soup, found a ready sale; and one of the natives was seen proudly strutting about with the motto, "CONCENTRATED GRAVY." Alas! how often does the empty tin case dangle from the neck of the statesman or the tyrant! How often, too, does the priest of a paganized Christianity gravely walk on with the depending ornament, unconscious that his little tin case is empty; that all its nutriment has been extracted! Walk on, poor man, with your glittering bauble, till you meet with poor "PILGRIM,"—for *meet* him you certainly will; for you both start from opposite points of the same road, and the ends of your journeys are opposite. If you ever should get HOME, you will have to leave that shining, tinkling emptiness behind you; to put on Pilgrim's burden, and set out from the contrary point of the compass.

Caste was the origin of the long-protracted and bloody conflicts between the nobles and plebeians of Rome, through centuries of struggle. Caste, too, was the source of the great social war of Italy. It was the origin of the serfdom of Europe and of Asia; it glorified itself in the institute of chivalry, alike on the banks of the Indus, of the Tagus, the Seine, and the Thames. The priest was content to share that institute with the warrior, provided the hierophant could hold the chief place. He gained it, and he kept it; for never did the spirit of SELF exist more undilutedly than in the unchristianized minister. Thus it is that the best wine has always made the most biting vinegar.

History has marked the progressive establishments of Caste, as Egyptian, Brahminical, Pharisaic, Buddhistic, Mahomedan, and Papal. These have had a specially local action; or, as in the case of the last, their sphere of agency has extended over distant lands. If these corporate despotisms have their dangers, civilization, refinement, and taste constitute another class of tyrannies scarcely less terrible; such as the tendency to the centralization of power—the State's eagerness to take into its own hands the education and the religion of a people—things that are never safe except within the control of the latter. These form a secondary class of despotisms, which often become truly formidable to a free nation. When such tendencies prevail, we too often observe, as at present, a substitution of form, for vitality of religion; the external for the internal. Then it is that the rule is made, that the ear must not be shocked,

though the heart be sickened. Then too, it is, that the human tongue is affected with a singular tenderness, called "Charity."

Whenever this occurs in civilized society, we may be sure that there is little solidity of principle amongst the immediate circle which is affected with this disease of high-caste civilization. It is the shilling that has not only been erased in its sharp and firm outline, but it has also passed through so many hands, that what it has gained in smoothness and polish, it has lost in value.

These are the special times when ecclesiastical pretension thrives. Hence it is, that the world seems just now retrograding towards a state of excessive worship of the order of goodness. Here, the transition from the worldly to the spiritual, and the spiritual to the worldly, is singularly locomotive. A bishop, which in the primitive era of Christianity was a title expressive of careful supervision of the flock of Christ, became in the middle ages virtually synonymous with prince: in fact, in the majority of cases, to be the former was to be the latter; and the veneration attached to the primitive function was superadded to the secular power.

Then it was that the judicial prerogatives, and legislative influence of the bishops of the church, were backed by the extravagant veneration of the priestly office, so natural to such a state of society as that which prevailed at the commencement of the middle ages; and these causes combined to elevate the rulers of the church to the loftiest position in society.

"As an example of the power of the clergy, and of the precedence which they claimed for themselves, as well as of the social manners of the period, we may quote an anecdote of the famous Martin, bishop of Tours, in the fourth century. Dining once at the royal table, the Emperor Maximus ordered the cup to be first offered to the bishop, expecting next to receive it himself. But the bishop handed it to a presbyter, who was sitting by him, as an indication that a priest took precedence of a prince. On another occasion, the empress waited on this celebrated ecclesiastic, in the capacity of a menial, preparing his food, bringing water for his hands, standing motionless by his side in the attitude of a slave, presenting him with wine, reverently collecting the crumbs which fell from his table, and, above all, in imitation of the woman in the Gospel, bathing his feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head. In the spirit thus displayed by this haughty prelate, the churchmen of that day maintained that the priesthood was above the crown, as much as heaven is nobler than the earth, and the soul than the body." [1]

[1] History of the Dark Ages.

' Rome not only indirectly countenances, but positively teaches, that priests are AS GODS. A confessor may deny *with an oath* any knowledge of any facts he has ascertained in the confessional, because he does not know them as a man, "BUT AS GOD." In like manner, he must not deal with his penitents from any knowledge he may have obtained through the confessional, because there "HE ACTS AS GOD."

It is thus that this principle of godship has ever been strenuously maintained by bigoted hierarchists. These are the men that up to the present day pretend, even in the National Church, to make Christ attend bodily in the sanctuary, at their invocation. In the case of one of the most bigoted princesses of Spain, we find that this arrogant claim of the priest-god was submitted to with that blind facility which the Papacy has ever demanded from its ignorant votaries. Thus we read, that Isabella's serious temper, as well as early education, naturally disposed her to religious influences. Notwithstanding the independence exhibited by her in all secular affairs, in her own spiritual concerns she uniformly testified the deepest humility, and deferred too implicitly to what she deemed the superior sagacity, or sanctity, of her ghostly counsellors. An instance of this humility may be worth recording: "When Fray Fernando de Talavera, afterwards archbishop of Granada, who had been appointed confessor to the queen, attended her for the first time in that capacity, he continued seated after she had knelt down to make her confession, which drew from her the remark, 'that it was usual for both parties to kneel.' 'No,' replied the priest; 'this is God's tribunal: I act here as his minister, and it is fitting that I should keep my seat, while your highness kneels before me.' Isabella, far from taking umbrage at the ecclesiastic's arrogant demeanour, complied with all humility; and was afterwards heard to say, 'This is the confessor that I wanted.'" [1]

As the hierarch of the East was equally a deity with that of the West, so the holiness of his person was guarded by penalties equally severe. For insulting a Brahmin, an iron stile, ten fingers long, was to be thrust, red-hot, down the culprit's mouth. For offering only to instruct him in his profession, boiling oil must be dropped in his mouth and ears. For stealing kine belonging to priests, the offender was instantly to lose half of one foot. He who assaulted a Brahmin, with intent to kill, was doomed to remain in hell for a hundred years; for actually striking him, with a similar intent, a thousand years. Here, then, we see a powerful proof of the method in which the humility of the Christian character was absolutely the

[1] Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

groundwork of an extensive edifice of spiritual pride. Christ had shown to his disciples, by the expressive washing of the disciples' feet, how the various duties of brotherly kindness were to be performed. Here, the case was totally reversed. Standing upon the flimsy platform of hierarchic dignity, we behold the imperative master of the household of pride issuing his silent, but equally powerful, mandates to a superstitious crowd. Alas! how had he forgotten the absolute negative of the apocalyptic angel, addressed to the evangelist, "See thou do it not;" or the noble humility of St. Peter, "We also are men of like passions with yourselves." But no—this was not a man,—he was to be a god!

In William the Conqueror's time, we find the clergy rank with the nobility; indeed they form the highest order. Their office invests them with a dignity which men in general revere. Even the *world thane*, as the nobleman is called, looks with respect upon the *mass thane*, or common priest, and treats him as his equal, while the greatest earl gives precedence to the bishop. Here we have just contemplated a case of spiritual arrogance in a so-called Christian, but in reality a Pagan.

Turn we now to the heathen Polynesians, and we shall find the same principles at work. The institutions of Oro and Tane, the Polynesian deities, inexorably required not only that the wife should not eat those kinds of food of which the husband partook, but that she should not eat in the same place, or prepare her food at the same fire. "This restriction applied not only to the inferiority with regard to the husband, but to all the individuals of the female sex, from their birth to the day of their death. In sickness or pain, or in whatever other circumstances the mother, the wife, the sister, or the daughter might be brought into, it was never relaxed. The men, especially those who occasionally attended in the service of idol-worship in the temples, were considered '*ra*,' or sacred; while the female sex, altogether, were considered '*noa*,' or common. The fires at which the men fed or cooked, were also sacred, and were forbidden to be used by the females. Hence the inferior food, both for wives and daughters, was cooked at separate fires, deposited in separate places, and eaten in lonely solitariness, by the females, in little huts erected for the purpose. To this cheerless and debasing distinction, the female sex had been for ages subject from the direct injunction of their false system of religion." [1]

Among the polished and subtler-minded Brahmins, we observe the same degradation of the female sex triumphant. In their religious system, the priestly husband is expressly enjoined to be

[1] Ellis's Polynesian Researches.

looked upon as a god, and the most servile adoration to be paid him by his wife. Nor does the Romish system affix a less significant stigma upon woman, by enjoining celibacy on its clergy.—Woman, forsooth, is an unholy thing in comparison of the god-priest. Hence Gregory VII. resolved to prohibit the marriage of the clergy; nay, to divorce all those who were married! "This," says a popular writer, "was perhaps the most daring measure which ever was attempted in human history. None but the most hardy and headstrong of men, but at the same time proudly sensible of the stupendous power which superstition had put into his hands, would have ventured on such an experiment. To rend asunder the tenderest ties of humanity; to call on a vast body of men to devote themselves to the worst solitude of life, to walk amid the joyous and affectionate charms of existence in a living death, for the sole purpose of giving the last finishing point to the despotism of priestcraft, was the work only of a giant mind, hardened to a perfect callousness to every feeling but that of a priestly ambition. Accordingly, this papal ordinance raised a most terrific storm. The clergy everywhere exclaimed vehemently against it. Gregory was declared to be an heretical monk. He had indeed fixed on the popedom the mark of antichrist, as foretold by St. Paul, in the act of forbidding to marry. 'The pope,' said the clergy, 'would have men live like angels; let him see, then, where he will get his angels to rule the people.' An assembly of the church in Paris passed a resolution not to obey this law. In Rouen the archbishop, and in Burgos the papal legate, were maltreated when they attempted to take away the wives of the clergy. In Germany it was worse.

"The archbishop of Mayence scarcely dared to make the pope's command known in his diocese. He first gave his bishops half a year's time for making it public; then he called a synod at Erfurt, in which the outcry was so fierce against him, that some declared it would be good, as example, to murder him. It was the same in Passau and other places. In many parts the bishops took the side of the enraged clergy, and Otto, bishop of Constance, gave to his clergy a formal permission to take wives. But all this did not move one atom the iron resolve of Gregory. He knew too well his power; and forbidding the people to receive any religious office at the hands of a married clergyman, the superstitious mob rose in all countries against their clergy, and compelled them to put away their wives and families; nay, they chased them away themselves; and, where the wretched husbands strove to protect their own flesh and blood, they heaped all sorts of insults and abuse upon them, and in many cases actually killed them."

The celibacy of the priestly Areois of Otaheite led to the horrible crime of infanticide, as it has often done in hieratic Europe.

The two mythological brothers, to whom the Areois traced their origin, lived in celibacy; consequently they had no descendants. On this account, although they did not enjoin the unmarried state on their devotees, they prohibited their having any offspring. Hence, one of the standing regulations of this institution was the murder of their children.

There was a superstitious opinion that men by marriage became doubly liable to the influence of evil genii; and traces of this belief may be found in most countries of Europe and Asia. Consequently, it was supposed that those who lived in celibacy were more pure teachers and were able to confer spiritual advantages on their disciples, and were less subject to the influence of religious dreams.

The sixth of the canons attributed falsely to the Apostles, but certainly belonging to an early age of Christianity, excommunicates the bishops and priests who repudiated their wives under the pretence of religion; and the fifty-first canon orders that the unmarried priests should be deposed.[1]

When, in the person of Luther, a Catholic priest three centuries ago took to himself a wife, the marriage was not a greater outrage upon the existing religious system of Europe than this first Hindoo widow's marriage is upon the old religion of Hindostan.—"The last relic of the suttee system has at length given way to the English law, and the removal of the prohibition of widows to marry has been taken advantage of.

"It is certainly observable that the subject of marriage is one upon which false religion is remarkably tender. It has particularly applied its efforts to curtailing, restricting, and shackling this great institution of Providence, and its meddling officious temper has particularly selected this great relationship for its experiments. The Manicheans would not allow the 'elect' to marry, the Roman Church does not allow the priests to marry, the Hindoo religion does not allow widows to marry.

"On no subject has the truth of the old Greek proverb quoted by Montaigne, that 'superstition is the child and pupil of conceit,' come out more prominently. One might fancy beforehand that a false religion would always err on the indulgent side, that it would always aim at making men comfortable; but it has another aim besides this, and which rather conflicts with it, but of which it is

[1] W. Cooke Taylor.

just as proud. It attains one of its great ends if it make man think himself much purer, loftier, and more spiritual than God ever intended he should be."[1]

The law permitting the re-marriage of widows has been carried into effect. "Pundit Greeschunder Surma, a Koolin of Koolins, a man of the very highest sacerdotal rank, has married the widow of a pundit of equal birth. The ceremony was attended by hundreds of Brahmins, and created a profound sensation.

"There has been some talk of excommunicating all concerned; but so extreme a step is improbable; for this reason amongst others: if the orthodox excommunicate the guilty couple, they must excommunicate every Hindoo who attended the wedding. They will do nothing so dangerous; and the prohibition may be considered finally abolished. I am told that some degree of coercion was exercised on the bridegroom; but Hindoos invariably account for their defeats in that fashion. Even if true, the fact will make no difference.

"A Koolin has married a Koolin widow: he has not been excommunicated. Anybody, then, may marry a widow without fear of consequences. This result is admitted by the most bigoted opponents of the reform; so there is an end of one of the oldest social evils that ever afflicted a community. The bride in this case was a girl of about twelve. Under the ancient system, she must have remained single all her life, an object of perpetual anxiety to her family."[2]

Nor is the king-priest a less tyrannous and presumptuous caste.

In the Sandwich Isles, the king, personating the god, uttered the responses of the oracle from his concealment in a frame of wicker-work. The god frequently entered the priest, who, inflated as it were with the Divinity, ceased to act or speak as a voluntary agent; but moved and spoke as acting under supernatural influences. "In this respect there was a striking resemblance between the rude oracles of Polynesia and those of the celebrated nation of ancient Greece. As soon as the god was supposed to have entered the priest, the latter became violently agitated, and worked himself up to the highest pitch of apparent frenzy; the muscles of the limbs seemed convulsed, the body swelled, the countenance became terrific, the features distorted, and the eyes wild and strained. The priests who were attending, and versed in the mysteries, received and reported to the people the declarations which had been thus received. When the priest had uttered the response of the oracle, the violent paroxysms gradually subsided. Like the oracles among the nations of antiquity, which gradually declined after the propa-

[1] "Times." [2] Calcutta Correspondent of the "Times."

gation of Chistianity, the divinities and the spells of the South-Sea Islanders have been laid aside since the receipt of the Gospel. The only oracle which they now consult is the sacred volume."[1]

In Otaheite the same regal godship prevailed. Here the king was also the priest of the god; and the highest sacerdotal dignity was possessed by some members of the reigning family. The intimate connection between their false religion and political despotism is, however, most distinctly shown in the fact of the king's personifying the god, and receiving the offerings brought to the temple, and the prayers of the supplicants, which have frequently been presented to Tamatoa, the present king of Raitea.

The only motives by which they were influenced in this religious homage were, with very few exceptions, superstition, fear, revenge towards their enemies, desire to avert the dreadful consequences of the anger of the gods, and to receive their sanction and aid in the commission of the grossest crimes. In Madagascar, it is very singular that the principle of the supremacy of kings, a maxim of the most polished nations of ancient and modern times, should be actually embodied in the designation of the chief national idol. Here, then, we see a king-god of wood; while in despotic Europe we observe a king-god of flesh aud blood. The name of the idol kept at the capital is Raman-jaka-tse-roa, *i.e.*, "there are not two sovereigns," or, "the king is supreme;" a motto not unworthy a despotic government. The idol is kept in the court-yard, and is strictly the national idol.

It was to liberate mankind from the dark superstition in which the selfish views of the priesthood of those days had kept the world, that Moses received his grand and important mission. "All were by him taught to offer their prayers directly to the Deity, without the necessity of depending upon a frail mortal like themselves, for his pretended intercession with ONE equally accessible to all; and they learned that heaven was not to be purchased by money paid to the cupidity of a privileged class, whose assumed right of pronouncing against a man his exclusion from future happiness was an unwarrantable assumption of divine authority, and an attempt to fabricate a judgment in this world which alone belonged to the Deity. Privilege and power the priests of Egypt certainly did enjoy, when they could rule a man after his death, by refusing him a passport to eternal happiness, and could still force his family to pay them for pretended prayers for their deceased relative. Nothing could be better devised to force obedience to their will.

"The priests enjoyed great privileges. They were exempt from

[1] Ellis, p. 235.

taxes; they consumed no part of their income in any of their necessary expenses; and they had one of those portions into which the land of Egypt was divided, free from all deductions. They were provided for out of the public stores, out of which they received a stated allowance of corn, and all the other necessaries of life; and we find that when Pharaoh, by the advice of Joseph, took all the land of the Egyptians in lieu of corn, the priests were not obliged to make the same sacrifice of their landed property; nor was the tax of the fifth part of the produce entailed upon it as upon that of the people." [1]

In the Sandwich Islands the despotic principle was grandly maintained. The sovereign and his consort always attended in public on men's shoulders, and travelled in this manner, whenever they journeyed by land. The king and queen were always accompanied by several pairs of sacred men; and the transition from the shoulders of one to those of another, at the termination of an ordinary stage, was accompanied with much greater despatch than the horses of a mail-coach were changed. The men selected for this duty, which was considered the most honourable post, next to that of bearer of the gods, were exempted from labour; and as they seldom did anything else, were not, perhaps, much incommoded by the office.[2] It is most remarkable, that the pope, the emperor of Austria, and the despotic sovereigns of Europe generally, should actually be carried, at the present time, on the shoulders of holy men, precisely as in the case of their Sandwich majesties. Whether their sacerdotal bearers will be able to post along with them much longer, is very problematical.

The spirit of Caste, which is found so strongly developed in many English establishments, where there is a numerous train of servants, is still more sovereign in its sway in India. There, the man who sweeps your room would resolutely refuse to take an empty cup from your hand; he whose business it is to groom your steed, would feel himself aggrieved if requested to mow a little grass for it. "The majority of the people of Bengal and Orissa will not eat meat, though all eat fish. In Bikanere, fish is held in the utmost abhorrence. The Hindoos rigorously abstain from animal food, yet all of them will eat deer and wild boars, if not killed by their own hands. In Kumaon, all will eat the short-tailed sheep of the hills, but none will touch one with a long tail; those who would shrink from the pollution of domestic poultry, eagerly eat the jungle-fowl. All Hindoos are defiled by contact with feathers, excepting those at the foot of the Himalaya. An

[1] Egypt, by Sir G. Wilkinson. [2] Ellis, *ut antè.*

earthen pot is polluted beyond redemption, by being touched by one of inferior caste, while a metal one experiences no such deterioration. Coolies will carry any load, however offensive, upon their heads; bid them carry a man a few paces, and though it be a matter of life and death, they will answer you, it is the business of another caste. The Rohillas will submit to be flogged within an inch of their lives with a leathern martingale, but to be struck with a whip, or cane, would be an indelible disgrace. The Brahmin is polluted by drinking from the same cup with a Sudra. In Mysore is a caste, in which the mother amputates the middle finger up to the middle joint, on the marriage of the eldest daughter. Caste, in one form or another, existed from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya—from the Ganges to the Indus,—its spirit penetrated every institution."[1]

"It is an impropriety," says Irving, "for a Brahmin to use the same cup as a Sudra. Sooner than this should be an obstacle to his partaking of this mystery, we would gratify his prejudice." So would not Christianity: for this would be singularly enough to forget, that if the Brahmin is become really a Christian, he is no longer a *Brahmin*. As a Christian, he has already learned to "call no man common or unclean." Such a Brahmin is not yet worthy to take the sacrament; for he has not, in that case, learned the very first principle of Christianity, viz., humility; and his heart has been totally untouched by its vital power. This is the effect of confounding the intellectual knowledge of Christianity with its spiritual results. Formality says, "Compromise!" Christianity, with the beaming eyes of love, says, "*First go and be reconciled to thy brother;*" *or*, "*Thy heart is not right in the sight of God!*"

The bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Wilson, spoke boldly and with authority, and other churches came round to his views. "As a system," says Ward, "it will henceforth find no favour with the promoters of Christianity in that land. He who would become a Christian, must renounce Caste heartily and practically. He will not regard himself as, by right of birth, the superior of Sudras and Pariahs in moral excellence, or entitled by a divine decree to immunities and prerogatives which they are for ever denied. He must be willing to say, with conscious honesty, 'YE ARE MY BRETHREN ALL.'"

Sometimes, however, even in our own country, the principle of Caste is evinced in a manner little less absurd than in some of these instances. There can be scarcely a doubt, that the peculiar fixity of social manners and opinions which is found to prevail with us,

[1] Irving, Influence of Caste, p. 18.

is an effect of the powerful groove of mediæval institutes, which have been but partially effaced. Singularities do not seem to be much more shocking to the layman, than pluralities to the clergyman; and some of the former are so peculiar, as to remind us of the Cambridge freshman, who, on seeing a man drowning, felt it very irregular to assist him, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I had had the honour of being introduced to that gentleman!" This peculiarity, indeed, of the introductory ordeal, is perpetually recurring at every turn in the social road to happiness.

Nor the less, in commerce, did this prohibitory, banning, and exclusive spirit extensively prevail in the middle ages; to the abolition of which, nothing has tended so much as the introduction of machinery. Our ancestors felt this species of obstructiveness in all its force. Certain employments were confined to certain classes of society, and something like Caste prevailed. The boy who laboured at the plough till he was twelve years of age, was doomed so to labour for life. And no man or woman was allowed to put son or daughter as apprentice to any craft, in any borough, who had not land to the value of twenty shillings. The punishment of such an offence was one year's imprisonment; and the cause assigned for the restriction was, the security of agricultural labourers. The number of lawyers was determined by legislative wisdom. "It is remarked, that in the preamble to an act passed in 1455, that before there were so many attorneys, great tranquillity reigned, and there was little trouble and vexation. But now," it goes on to say, "they come to every market, fair, and other place where there is any assembly of people, exhorting, procuring, moving, and inviting people to attempt untrue and foreign suits for small trespasses, little offences, and small sums of debt. It was enacted, that in the whole county of Norfolk there should be only six; and in Norwich, only two."[1] In one enactment, we find the following:—

"If any of the people of Kent buy anything in the city of London, he must have two or three honest men, or the king's port-reeve, present at the bargain. Let none exchange one thing for another, except in the presence of the sheriff, the mass-priest, the lord of the manor, or some other person of undoubted veracity. If they do otherwise, they shall pay a fine of thirty shillings, besides forfeiting the goods so exchanged to the lord of the manor."

In the eighteenth century, a law was passed prohibiting an Englishman from selling any articles to a foreigner, except for ready money; and certain foreign goods were altogether excluded. In connection with all these, repeated prohibitions occur of the

[1] The Dark Ages.

exportation of money and bullion,—an enactment proceeding on th prejudice, which is not yet eradicated, that gold and silver mer metal—constitute the wealth of a country. Regulations respectin the staple, or market for wool, which was confined to certain place either in England or on the continent, were very frequent an variable, especially in the fourteenth century; the general objec of which regulations was, to secure the payment of duties on th export, though their principal drift is not easily comprehended In spite of all the embargoes laid on the exportation of money, commercial writer of the fifteenth century complains, that th foreigners "bear the gold out of this land, and suck the thrift ou of our hand, as the wasp sucketh honey out of the bee." And notwithstanding the discouragement of foreigners by one act o parliament after another, most dolorous is the complaint in th preamble to a statute of the first year of the reign of Richard III respecting the "merchant strangers of the nation of Italy, wh bring and convey from the ports beyond sea, great substance o wares, and other merchandizes, unto fairs and markets, and all othe places of the realm, at their pleasure, and there sell the same b retail as otherwise."[1] We here see that this mediæval system wa the direct antagonistic of our present free trade, which has give such an impetus to the commerce of our native country.

"The history of commerce in England is connected very much with the history of guilds and fraternities of merchants. We find these in all the commercial towns of the period before us In the larger towns, there was a subdivision of the manufac turing and trading community into distinct companies. In the metropolis, these were numerous and important, and make a very prominent figure in the history of this city. The general incor poration of the London guilds of merchants took place in the reign of Edward III., who watched over the interests of commerce with a laudable zeal. He granted them letters patent, confirmed or bestowed their privileges, and especially ennobled such com munities, by enrolling himself a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company—a distinction now generally forgotten, when we think of the hero of Cressy. At the close of his reign, there were forty-eight companies who sent members to the Common Council. These guilds formed so many virtual castes, inasmuch as the members of one were not allowed to exercise the craft of another, and each carefully preserved its own secrets; whence the name of *mystery*, as applied to a particular trade. In this respect, an impassable gulf separated the mercer from the grocer, and the

[1] The Dark Ages.

draper from the fishmonger; and however unsuccessful one trade might prove, the individual apprenticed to it was by no means permitted to have recourse to another. These companies were monopolies; but it appears that the Lord Mayor sometimes interfered to check the selfishness inherent in such societies, and to prevent their raising the price of articles above a fair value. It has been already intimated, that the guilds of Germany partook of a religious character. The English companies did so, but, it would seem, not to the same extent.

"They were dedicated to 'the body of Christ,' 'the Blessed Virgin,' and various saints. They had their priest, went in procession to celebrate mass, and zealously prayed for the dead. In their appropriate liveries, with a large body of clerks and priests in surplices, and accompanied by the Lord Mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, and other civic dignities, these companies might be seen on election days, sweeping along Cheapside. These two united objects of commerce and religion were not less sedulously kept in view by the old Ionian Greeks at Delos, than in the merchant pilgrimages of the Hindoos to their holy cities, and those of the Mahomedans to Mecca.

"Thus again, in mediæval times, according to the fashion of that era, which blended religious forms and usages with all associations, without breathing into them anything of a religious spirit, the Hanseatic League, as it was called, had in its factories a kind of monastic discipline, binding the clerks to a life of celibacy."[1] The same principle was embodied in the two orders of the military monks, the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers, where reigned, in juxtaposition with the assumed holiness of the priest, a pride the most odious.

Never, perhaps, was any corporation more hatefully antichristian. "No barbarian," says Dean Milman, "no Saracen, ever perpetrated such wanton and cold-blooded atrocities of cruelty, as the wearers of the cross of Christ (who, it is said, had fallen on their knees and burst into a pious hymn at the first view of the Holy City) on the capture of that city. Murder was mercy; rape, tenderness; simple plunder, the mere assertion of the conqueror's right. Children were seized by their legs, some of them plucked from their mothers' breasts, and dashed against the walls, or whirled from the battlements. Others were obliged to leap from the walls; some tortured, roasted by fires. They ripped up prisoners to see if they had swallowed gold. Of 70,000 Saracens, there were not left enough to bury the dead; poor Christians

[1] Dawn of Civilization.

were hired to perform the office. Every one surprised in the Temple was slaughtered, till the reek from the dead bodies drove away the slayers. The Jews were burned alive in their synagogues. Even the day after, all who had taken refuge in the roof, notwithstanding Tancred's assistance, were hewn in pieces; still later, the few Saracens who had escaped, not excepting babes of a year old, were put to death, to avoid the danger from the Egyptian army, and to avenge the insults of the dead. Bishop Adhemar de Puy, the legate, was seen in his sacerdotal habits partaking in the triumph, and, it appears, not arresting the carnage.

"Nor was feudalism a species of Caste the least degrading, oppressive, or opposed to the Christian spirit of universal brotherhood. Its essence and its objects were terribly selfish. It grasped at power, place, and wealth;—and to grasp them in its iron embrace, it was perfectly reckless of the happiness or misery of the myriads whom it thrust beneath its feet. The individual affections were shamelessly set at naught, for the sake of the most sordid spirit of gain. Thus the lord paramount, on whose estate or immediate feudal district dwelt an heiress, who was his ward, had a tremendous power over her till she was fourteen years old.

"Before she attained that age, her lord could offer her in marriage to whom he pleased, provided it was without disparagement or inequality of rank; and if she refused the alliance, she had to forfeit from her estate just so much as the person to whom her hand had been offered, would have given for the match. The penalty was still more severe if she married without the baron's consent; for, in that case, a fine equal to double what an alliance with her was valued at was exacted by her ruthless sovereign. In addition to all this, the feudal lord in England extended his authority over the daughters of all his vassals, not allowing any of them to be married but on condition of the payment of a certain sum; so that marriages yielded him an abundant harvest of revenue."[1]

The distinct class of nobility became co-extensive with the feudal tenures. For the military tenant, however poor, was subject to no tribute, no prestation, but service in the field; he was the companion of his lord in the sports and feasting of his castle—the peer of his court; he fought on horseback—he was clad in a coat of mail; while the commonalty, if summoned at all to war, came on foot, and with no armour of defence. Every possessor of a fief was a gentleman, though he owned but a few

[1] Middle Ages.

acres of land, and furnished his slender contribution towards the equipment of a knight. Members of all these noble classes were eligible to hold offices of state; but none beside them had this privilege, except the clergy. These advantages being hereditary, all marriages between the noble and the plebeian class were forbidden. Thus an immense aristocracy was formed, having no sympathies with the lower classes. The inhabitants of towns were least dependent, and suffered least from feudal oppression. Next to these were the villeins, or cultivators of the land, who were attached to the soil, but yet permitted to hold property of their own; and below them came the serfs, who were in a state of abject slavery. The power of the lord over them was so absolute, that, in the language of a feudal law-book,[1] he might take all they had, alive or dead, and imprison them when he pleased, being accountable to none but God.

It may be said of the Rajpoots of Malwa, and Central India generally, that the Mogul emperors of Delhi made the same use of them that the emperors of Germany and the popes made of the military chiefs and classes of Europe during the middle ages. The heads of the clans held the land under the paramount power, on the feudal tenure of military service, as militia. The military chiefs, essentially either soldiers or robbers, were continually fighting, either against each other, or against the peasantry, or public officers of the paramount power, like the barons of Europe; and that paramount power often found that the easiest way to crush one of these refractory vassals, was to put him, as such men had been put in Germany, *to the ban of the empire*, and offer his lands, his castles, and his wealth to the victor. There is hardly a single chief of the Hindoo military class, in the Bundelcund or Gwalior territories, who does not keep a gang of robbers of some kind or other, and consider it a very valuable and legitimate source of revenue; or who would not embrace with cordiality the leader of a gang of assassins by profession, who should bring him home, from every expedition, a good horse, a good sword, or a valuable pair of shawls, taken from their victims.[2]

Thus, too, all power, political and civil, centred in the feudal aristocracy. They only were lords of the soil, and rulers of the state: property, military command, judicial authority, were all vested in them. The "people" had no political existence. In the feudal aristocracy were included the higher orders of the church—the prelates and the abbots of large monasteries. The fiefs they held rendered them, to all intents, feudal lords; and the spirit and

[1] Beaumanoir. [2] Sleeman.

practice of the system were displayed by them, in whatever related to their territorial possessions. They swore fealty to the king as the lord paramount, and divided their estates among vassals on military tenures; while, at the same time, they claimed and exercised, in their own territory, the same sort of civil jurisdiction as belonged to the temporal barons.

Their sovereign demanded that they should equip a certain number of men for his service in time of war; and hence it was customary for an abbot to choose some baron, in the character of "advocate," to lead the vassals of the monastic fiefs to battle, and generally to protect the interests of the abbey.[1] How degrading is it to the character of this age, which boasts itself pre-eminently Christian, that the hateful institute of slavery should still subsist, in a professedly moral and religious country, with all the bitter and grinding bondage of mediæval serfdom. A writer on America observes, "There exists a penal law, deeply written on the minds of the whole white population, which subjects their fellow-citizens to unconditional contumely. No respectability, however well established—no property, however large—no character, however unblemished—will give a man, whose body is (in American estimation) cursed with even a twentieth portion of the blood of his African ancestry, admission into society. They are condemned to be vagabonds and wanderers on the face of the earth."[2]

It is not a little singular, that the language of man should have positively become the transparent tomb in which have been embalmed his prejudices and his pride. Thus it is, that the Brahminical term "*Varna*," expressive of *Caste*, literally implies "*colour*;" thus exhibiting the conquering Arians of a more western country, as not only a more tyrannical, but a fairer race, than the aborigines of India, whom they enslaved.

Nay, some of the most ancient hymns of the Vedas give thanks to the gods for "assisting the Arian colour." And such, at this very day, is the feeling of the southern slaveholder towards his thrall, whom he

"Finds guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own."

Nay, so selfish has become the caste of American slave-holders, that one of their leading organs actually advocates the sale of the poor white men and their children into slavery who happen to be settled amongst them. "Let our legislature pass a law," says this writer, "that whoever will take these parents, and take care of their offspring, in sickness and in health,—clothe them, feed them, and house

[1] Dark Ages. [2] Fearon's Letters on America.

them,—*shall be legally entitled to their services.* And let the same legislature decree, that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live." If we turn again to India, we find, in the social history of the martial Rajpoots, the terrible records of the most horrid cruelty, from this detestable institute of Caste.

With them the pride of birth is carried to an extravagant pitch. Their chiefs exult in ancestors, who for 1,300 years held sway in Canouge. The descendants of such men hesitate to marry their daughters to Hindoos of ambiguous caste; husbands of fitting rank cannot be found; and the Rajpoots escape this difficulty by the crime of infanticide. Their female children were, at one time, nearly all put to death.[1]

If, again, we view the wild and savage Otaheitan, we find that *his family respectability* must be kept up by a similar tremendous destruction of life.

"Often, almost before the new-born babe could breathe the vital air, gaze upon the light of heaven, or experience the sensation of its new existence, that existence has been extinguished by its cruel mother's hands; and the 'felon sire,' instead of welcoming, with a father's joy, a daughter or a son, has dug its grave upon the spot, or among the thick-grown bushes a few yards distant. On receiving the warm, palpitating body from its mother's hand, he has, with awful unconcern, deposited the precious charge, not in a father's arms, but in its early sepulchre; and instead of gazing upon the tender babe with all that thrilling rapture which a father only knows, has concealed it from his view, by covering its mangled form with the unconscious earth; and to obliterate all traces of the dead, has trodden down the yielding soil, and strewed it over with green boughs, or covered it with verdant turf.

"But there are times when a mother's love, a mother's feelings, overcome the iron force of pagan custom; and all the mother's influence and endeavours have been used to preserve her child. Most affecting instances have been detailed by some who now, perhaps, are childless, of the struggles between the mother to preserve, and the father and relations to destroy, the infant. This has arisen from the notions of false pride, by which they are on some occasions influenced. The marriage-tie was dissolved whenever either of the parties desired it; and though among their principal chiefs it was allowed to remain, the husband took other wives, and the wives other husbands. These were mostly women of personal

[1] Irving, *in loco.*

attractions, but of inferior rank in society. The progeny of such an union was almost invariably destroyed, if not by the parents themselves, by the relatives of those who were superior in rank, lest the dignity of the family, or their standing in society, should be injured by being blended with those of inferior class.

"More infant murders have been committed under these circumstances, from notions of family pride, than from any other cause. By the murder of such children the party who was of inferior birth has been progressively elevated in rank; and the degree of distinction attained was according to the number destroyed. By this means, parties before unequal, were considered as corresponding in rank."[1]

Of the general effect of Caste in India, an excellent authority thus writes:—"It obstructs the free exercise of benevolent feelings which bind man to man,—with the Hindoo, as with the half-civilized Roman of old, 'hospes' and 'hostis,' 'stranger' and 'foe,' are synonyms; hence there is no political agglomeration. From Caste has arisen that marked characteristic of the Indian people—*want of patriotism*. Caste is the cause of extreme selfishness, which makes them look upon the misfortunes of others without sympathy. The traveller may fall sick by the way, but not a soul will render him assistance. If his caste be unknown, all will avoid him, for fear of pollution.[2] The Jesuit missionaries truckled to this selfish principle for the sake of gaining converts—the result was the gain of heathens under a Christian name. "The Jesuit missionaries separated themselves entirely even from their own brethren in the same country, and endured all the privations imposed upon the Pariahs. One missionary might be seen moving about upon horseback or in a palanquin, eating rice dressed by Brahmins, and saluting people as he passed. Another, clothed in rags, walked on foot, surrounded by beggars, and prostrated himself as his brother missionary met him, covering his mouth lest his breath should infect the lungs of the holy man."

In 1747, it was estimated that one million of Romanists were in Malabar and Coromandel.[3] What sort of Christianity was the result of this degrading system of political religion is seen in the evanescence of nearly the whole of these imaginary conversions—no vital religion has been the result.

The Abbé Dubois says of those whom he himself had converted: "During the long period that I have lived in India in the company of missionaries, I have made, with the assistance of a native, in all, about three hundred converts of both sexes. I am verily ashamed

[1] Ellis. [2] Irving. [3] *Ibid.*

that the resolution I have taken to declare the whole truth on this subject forces me to make the humiliating avowal, that those who continued Christians are the very worst among my flock." This will ever be the case when policy takes the place of religion, or where intellect usurps the throne of Christianity. It was thus that a Jesuit missionary of South America flattered himself that he had overcome the cannibal propensities of a female convert. In the course of time she was taken seriously ill; and on his being sent for, and being satisfied with her religious state, he granted her absolution. He then inquired if he could do anything more for her. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "if I had but some one to fetch me the delicate foot of a little Chinchiana boy, I think I could enjoy it." The teaching and the result were worthy of each other.

"The pomp and ceremony of the Catholic religion," says Irving, "the assumed power of working miracles, the imposing processions, accompanied with the beating of gongs and all the paraphernalia which attend the car of Kali or Shiva, added to theatrical or panoramic representations of the mysteries of Christianity, have had their effect; while sacrifices performed at the shrines of saints, religious pilgrimages, and worship paid to martyrs and their relics, together with many other of the peculiar customs and even tenets of the Romanist, have been familiar to the native mind in the rites of their own superstition.

"We are aware that in the eyes of the Indian the Roman Catholic ascetic appears identical with his own Yogī or the Mussulman Fakir, and is, in consequence, entitled to similar respect. The shrine of the Virgin and the saints, or an Indian temple, are so similar in their decoration and character, that Le Compte records a remark of one of the missionaries themselves that the devil must have got the start, and suggested these things for the purpose of mortifying them."

This is but too constantly the result of permitting the grovelling principle of symbolism to bear sway in religion. It is the absolute reversal of the law, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth." But, again, another terrible evil attends on this selfish principle. Absence of patriotism has ever been the companion of Caste. We find this the case in the Jesuits of Europe and the people of India, not less than in the case of the devoted papalist,—if he has any country, it is Rome. We have just seen that from Caste, too, springs that extreme selfishness which in India makes the people look upon the misfortunes of others without the slightest sympathy. It is the

antagonistic of the Christianity of "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

What a contrast is here between human selfishness and Divine beneficence! and here comes in the noble brotherhood of Christians. "Who is my *neighbour?*" sneeringly inquires Caste. Christianity replies by the divine apologue of the "Good Samaritan." Under whatever form Caste has exhibited itself, whether as a guild or trade, monopoly of privileges,—exclusiveness in religion, in society, politics, or philosophy,—it still bears on its forehead the brand of SELF. Caste must reserve the sanctities of its *honour*, for the cause of crime. Hence in India the most horrible atrocities have been perpetrated without fear of interference. No native would lay an information before a magistrate. It is the same in Italy and Papal Ireland. In the latter country the dire spirit of Caste is as omnipotent as at Rome; hence murders have been committed in open day in the middle of a village, and with impunity; no one knows the assassin, and if there be any sympathy, it is always for the murderer and not for the murdered. So, too, at Rome and other parts of Italy, Caste compassionates the captured assassin, by the condoling epithet of "povero."

The identification of a man's feelings with his own select society,—such Caste ties as these, account for the frequent perjury of Hindoo witnesses: "as such, they think it their duty to swear to anything and everything which may tell in the prisoner's favour, and to divulge nothing that may be turned against him. Every day's experience and reflection upon the nature of our courts, and the minds and manners of the natives, serve to increase any doubts about our capacity to discover truth among them; even the honest men, as well as the rogues, are perjured." As in Papal Ireland, so in Papal Italy. "Although the murderers were well known to every man, woman, and child in the place, they were not denounced; nay, although the murderers themselves perfectly well knew that they were known, yet they never tried to escape, which they could easily have done. They were indeed executed the following year, but not before they had committed another horrid murder."[1] So also in the case of Romish moral theology. That system teaches, for the "direction of the faithful,"—a lamentably biddable "faithful" for a long while,—that the obligation of an oath ceases by "dispensation;" "also, when it directly obstructs a greater good;" "also, if it is likely to tend to an unfavourable issue." In short, their moral theology renders it impossible to determine how far an oath is obligatory in the Church of Rome.

[1] Letter to the "Times."

Hence the low level of Irish "truth;" hence the degrading degeneracy of a once straightforward people.

"We remember sitting, some years ago, beside a celebrated veteran prisoner's counsel, in a country town of Connaught, who was defending a man on his trial for murder, committed apparently without provocation, in the open day, and before a number of witnesses; the prisoner having, with a heavy spade, clove through the skull of his unresisting victim. The defence intended to be set up was, as usual, an alibi. Numbers of people were ready to come forward and swear he was not, and could not be, at the place specified in the indictment at all. As the trial proceeded, however, the sagacious lawyer intrusted with the defence at once saw that he had not a leg to stand on, and, turning abruptly to the prisoner's attorney, swore with an oath bigger than that taken by any of the witnesses—'He'll be hanged. Could you not prove him mad?' 'O yes, mad as a March hare. I'll get plenty of people to prove that,' was the solicitor's ready reply. 'But did you ever know of his doing anything out of the way? Now, did you ever hear of his eating his shoes, or the likes of that?' 'Shoes, I'll get you a man who will swear that he ate a new pair of brogues, nails and all.' 'Well, then (said the barrister) put him up, and let us get our dinner.' The attorney retired to look after his witnesses; while a prolonged cross-examination of one of the prosecutor's then upon the table enabled the sharp practitioner to alter his tactics and prepare for the defence. Accordingly, the very first witness for the defence swore to the insanity of the prisoner; and the intelligent jury, believing in the truth of the brogue-eating,—including the digestion of tips, heel-taps, sole-nails, squares, tacks, sprigs, hang-ups, pavours, and sparables,—acquitted the prisoner! He was about to be discharged from the dock, when the judge committed him to a lunatic asylum."

During a recent assizes, in one of the southern counties, a witness, who prevaricated not a little, was rather roughly interrogated in her cross-examination as to the nature of an oath, and the awful consequences of breaking it. "Do you know, my *good* girl (thundered the crown lawyer), what would happen to you, if you perjured yourself?" "Troth, I do well, sir (said she); I wouldn't get my expinses." [1]

Turn we again to India, and we shall observe the results of falsehood and perjury from Brahminical as from Romish moral theology. "The Brahman," says the Abbé Dubois, who probably knew the Hindoos better than any European, "lives but for him-

[1] Church of England Quarterly.

self. Bred in the belief that the whole world is his debtor, and that he himself is called upon for no return, he conducts himself in every circumstance of his life with the most absolute selfishness. Feelings of commiseration and pity, as far as respects the sufferings of others, never enter into his heart. He will see an unhappy being perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if belonging to another caste, and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life. There is no country on earth in which the sanction of an oath is less respected, and particularly amongst the Brahmans. That high caste is not ashamed to encourage falsehood, and even perjury, under certain circumstances, and to justify them openly; as vices, no doubt, when used for ordinary purposes, but as virtuous in the highest degree when employed for the advantage of the caste." This is identically the spirit of Dens' Theology, which allows the doing of acts perfectly wanting in moral rectitude *for the good of the Church. The end sanctifies the means.*

Let us pause for a moment to observe how sedulously we have encouraged—how reverently propitiated Caste in India; nor have we been less tender of this monstrosity in Ireland. By the regulations of the Indian government of 1814, native Christians were debarred from filling any office of respectability. A Sepoy was actually dismissed from the army, in consequence of embracing Christianity. He was a naik, or corporal—a man of high caste, who, under the influence of Mr. Fisher, the clergyman, renounced Hindooism. On the report of the commanding officer, Government, to honour native prejudices, absurdly and wickedly disgraced him, by removing him from his regiment, although they still allowed him his pay.[1] The same base system of truckling to superstition caused the cashiering of an officer on garrison duty, in one of our military possessions in Europe, because he declined to salute the Host on its passage near his quarters. The civil power, which with us is supreme, acted treacherously to its free constitution, by authorizing the military power to override the conscience of its subaltern agent.

In India—as, indeed, was the case in England during the reign of Mary, and in Spain during that of the Holy Inquisition—the professional caste of murderers is a *religious* body.

"Their practice is to insinuate themselves into the society of a traveller whom they know to be possessed of property; such an one they accompany until they have an opportunity of throwing a noose round his neck, or of administering a stupifying drug.

[1] See Irving, p. 35; Heber's Journey, ii. 280; Shore's India, ii. 460.

He is then murdered without blood being shed, and so skilfully buried, that a long time usually elapses before his fate is suspected. These proceedings are supposed to be particularly pleasing to a deity under whose tutelage the whole caste is supposed to live. Like the banditti and priests of the middle ages, who made supplications for success, and vowed a portion of the spoil to the Madonna, they pay and present votive offerings to the goddess Bhawani."[1]

The same horrible cruelty and blind devotion is practised to this day in Italy, where Christianity has been paganized, and its true principles buried beneath a mass of ritualistic worship and absurd legends. The following account of a murderer's mode of uniting piety, cruelty, and assassination, is terribly descriptive of the results of that dark system of religious teaching—of that blind leading of the blind, which is but too prevalent in those parts of Europe which are most thoroughly papalized :—" While one of the murderers was compressing the throat of the poor woman, another was saying the prayers of the dying over her, actually invoking the Almighty at the very moment they were destroying His image! The awful deed done, and the valuable effects plundered, in due time the murderers repaired to the 'confessional,' where they were sentenced to do penance, to give one portion of the plunder for masses for the soul of the deceased, a second portion for 'carità' to the Church, and a third portion, I suppose, they were allowed to keep for themselves—and then absolution!"

The Thugs went on their adventures in large gangs; and two or more were commonly united in the course of an expedition, in the perpetration of many murders. Every man shared in the booty, according to the rank he held in the gang, or the part he took in the murders; and the rank of every man, and the part he took generally, or in any particular murder, were usually well known to all. "From among these gangs, when arrested, we found the evidence we required for their conviction, or the means of tracing it among the families and friends of their victims, or with persons to whom the plundered property had been disposed of, and in the graves to which the victims had been consigned." The following is an instance of their terrible subtlety :—A stout Mogul officer of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjab to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmucktesur Ghât, near Meeruth, to pass through Mooradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Toorkee horse, and attended by his khidmutgar, butler, and groom. Soon

[1] Irving, *in loco.*

after crossing the river, he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men, going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them, but all in vain; the Mogul was determined; they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner, talked of the danger of the road, and of the necessity of keeping together, and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted—his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bade them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waist-belt, and a sword by his side; and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening another party, that lodged in the same surae, became very intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road; and as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends, the groom and the butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul again bade the strangers to be off. The groom and butler interceded; for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do, and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got to the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans, weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran—would his highness but perform this last office for them, he would no doubt find his reward in this world and the next. The Mogul dismounted—the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread—the Mogul took off his bow and his quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body; called for water, and washed

his feet, hands, and face, that he might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down, and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence; the other four went off a few paces, to beg the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good man at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low undertone, gave the shiraee (signal), the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks; and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner, the head of one at the feet off the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldehee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of being able to win the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels which they knew he carried with him, they had adopted this plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul, being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle, as is usually the case with such; and his two servants made no resistance.[1]

Nor was India less afflicted with gangs of professional poisoners. The impunity with which this crime is everywhere perpetrated, and its consequent increase in every part of India, are among the greatest evils with which the country is at this time afflicted. These poisoners are spread all over India, and are as numerous over the Bombay and Madras presidencies as over that of Bengal. There is no road free from them; and throughout India there must be many hundreds who gain their subsistence by this trade alone.

They put on all manner of disguises to suit their purpose; and as they prey chiefly upon the poorer sort of travellers, they require to destroy the greater number of lives, to make up their incomes. A party of two or three poisoners have very often succeeded in destroying another of eight or ten travellers with whom they have journeyed for some days, by pretending to give them a feast on the celebration of the anniversary of some family event.

Sometimes an old woman, or man, will manage the thing alone, by gaining the confidence of travellers, and getting near the cooking-pots while they go aside, or when employed to bring the flour from the bazaar. The poison is put into the flour, or the pot, as opportunity offers.[2]

[1] Sleeman, *in loco*.

[2] Sleeman's Rambles of an Indian Official.

Man has drawn his contracted picture of Christianity in his own religion. There, with all the gravity of true ignorance, he subscribes his "*Homo fecit*,"—just as if he were some god-like artist, transferring to his canvass the light of heaven, shedding its beams upon the glorious Angel of Truth, standing in the centre of a new creation. Miserable daub!—that prominent figure is SELF.

"Religion is the highest divine symbol of unity, whether in the household, the tribe, the nation, or the state. But to appropriate that which belongs to God is the very essence of all selfishness, the true fall of man, which would fain be master of all goodness and truth, not their voluntary servant."[1] Had not Bible Christianity been crushed by the Papal power in France, the first great Revolution of that country could never have taken place; for vital religion would have given a gradual and a rational freedom to the main body of the people, as it has done in this country; and, shorn of its offensive attributes and tyrannical privileges, the nobility of France would still have been in existence, occupying a corresponding position to that institute in our own country. It is for lack of this genuine Christianity, that the nobility and church were swept away as with a whirlwind. The Christianity of the Bible would have taught the people how to struggle for their freedom temperately; how to win it well, and to enjoy it truly. It would have taught that nobility, as it has taught ours, how to yield, and yet how to preserve its institutions. The nobleman brings a safeguard and an ornament to his rank in his Christianity; but that must be of a sterling cast—it must be of the *soul*, not of decent externalism, nor of pompous ecclesiastical display. In him the commons recognize the highest motives for usefulness; he is humble, because he is a Christian; and his humility is the brotherhood, not of courtesy, but of piety.

The more truly Christian is he,—in the highest and purest sense of Christianity, the Christianity of the heart,—the less invidious does his position appear, and the less jealous are the commons of his honours: in him they recognize something more dignified than an earthly title—they discern a citizen of heaven. Individual Christianity takes a man clean away from his rotten prop of fellow-man,—whether he be called secular or spiritual, labourer or prince, merchant or priest,—and it compels him to direct communication with his God. That is the true test of his Christianity. The individual sheep is not made healthy by associating with the flock;—it is the soundness of the individual sheep that makes the soundness of the flock. Just so, it is as absurd to say that the aggregate

[1] Chevalier Bünsen's Signs of the Times.

Ecclesia, or Church, can constitute any single man a healthy member of Christ's fold. His health must have been independent of the flock. Christianity is not born of places, of persons, nor of things. Its Temple is all space, and its Deity all-mighty. "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, ought men to worship." Were Christianity local and objective, we might reasonably expect that heaven would possess a similar hierarchy, similar rites, and similar temples to those upon earth. And if it did not, how inexpressibly strange would a heavenly worship appear to him, whose Christianity was created, grew to maturity, and dwelt in what he had seen, and heard, and handled upon earth. Still more nobly may it be said of the Christian than of the poet, "Nascitur, non fit."—Yes! the Christian is *born*;—he is not an automaton, made up of mechanical agencies, and attired to suit the fancy of the paganized showman. He is a living being, whose life is Eternity.

Christianity, too, has its special penalties. To embrace that honestly makes a man lose caste with Christians, so called, just as inevitably as it does in the case of the Indian Brahmin. Each at once becomes the Pariah of its opponent's caste respectively; the Brahmin of superstition, the Christian of the world. Hence a distinguished writer[1] has well observed: "Boniface founded an hierarchical system, from which more persecution proceeded than from any other; the fact is incontestable. But even Protestant hierarchies have leagued with the power of the state to persecute. Thus the Lutherans persecuted the Calvinists, the Anglicans persecuted the Puritans. Under Cromwell, a Puritan parliament for a few years imitated, but did not equal, the hierarchy. The execution of free Servetus, in free Geneva, under Calvin, is quite a solitary instance. The Church condemns religious persecutions in general; her own is an exception, because she is right, while all these are wrong. She washes her hands of blood. She herself never condemns to death; but the laws in virtue of which the State does it are required, approved, brought to pass by her; only so that her left hand knoweth not what her right hand doeth. The Pope does not desire a Bartholomew night,—probably he never even advised it; but he celebrates its success by feasts and medals, and by adorning the princely antechamber with splendid paintings. Bossuet finds it quite natural that the Albigenses (and the Waldenses with them) should be burnt; and sees simple justice in the system of laws passed against the Huguenots, with its galleys and dragonades. And Bossuet was a pious and highly-cultivated bishop, the elegant defender of the rights of the Church."

[1] Chevalier Bünsen's Signs of the Times.

Is religion really, then, persecution? Is persecution really religion? The same feeling of Caste continues to be the bane of Christianity wherever man's religion bears sway; of this the most terrible evidences are constantly occurring in Italy, Austria, Spain, and Ireland. Of the latter country the following is a painful evidence in point:—

"I remember the case of one poor girl attending one of the Scripture schools, a school in which she was also taught industrial occupations; and, I believe, through her instrumentality her parents had been also brought to hear the Gospel, although her father still remained a Roman Catholic. The priest one day went to his house, and asked where was his daughter, 'the souper.' She was ordered out; and, in the presence of her father, the priest struck and beat her severely with a large whip. She was so beaten and abused that she was confined to her bed, and unable to work for some time afterwards. The case was brought before the magistrates, and the poor girl detailed the circumstances. The priest said that all she had been stating was false.

"The father was in court, and the priest, probably confiding in his power over him as one of his flock, requested that the father might be examined, for the purpose of contradicting and falsifying the evidence of his own child. Every one present was anxious to see the result. The father came forward, in an agitated and trembling way, and took the book; and, to the amazement of all present, confirmed every word his daughter had sworn. The priest was struck with confusion at first; but he then proposed to call a witness to prove that the man, to whom he had himself appealed, was not to be credited on his oath in a court of justice! All this came before me on sworn documents. The magistrate fined the priest thirty shillings. I confess when I read the case my blood boiled; and knowing that the fine would be levied on the flock in the chapel, I directed the informations of the daughter and father to be taken, and that the priest should be brought to trial at the next assizes in public court. I can appeal to some of my friends that I exercised in such cases the greatest forbearance, lest any undue suspicion should be attached to my motives; and if I erred, it was rather on the other side. As I have said, I sent the case for trial. I was not in office at the time of the last assizes; and somehow the priest was got off, for no trial has taken place; and that priest, who was guilty of cruelly beating a girl in the presence of her father, and attempted the defence I have described, has done so with impunity." [1]

[1] Church of England Quarterly, 1856.

And so, again, in the history of Protestantism the same tyranny occurs.

"Hardly were Luther and Melancthon dead, when the son-in-law of the latter, a pious and peace-loving minister, who preached peace with the Calvinists as brothers, was put into prison; and not long after, another was executed as a malefactor, with a sword inscribed for the purpose with these words, 'Beware, Calvinist.' And this took place in the very church of the Reformation which had preached the freedom of the Gospel, and sealed the testimony before God and man with the precious blood of martyrs.

"Every absolute church necessarily brings with it persecution. It denies the right demanded by the consciences of Christian individuals and the congregation, viz., freedom of thought, and, what is the same thing, freedom of speech and of teaching, on the highest subjects of human research and contemplation. This political church system equally denies the State, for it would make it merely the instrument of defending or avenging the prescriptions of the Church, which devolve on the State the right of punishment. And it demands this on the part of the latter as a divine right, which it were godless to withstand. Lastly, it denies the most divine thing on earth—the conscience of the individual and of humanity." [1]

Of this stigmatizing and persecuting spirit the same author observes, that it designates "the liberty of speech and of the press, under which all the existing sciences have blossomed forth, as an emanation of the spirit of destruction; and the diffusion of the Holy Scripture, from which it professes to derive its own authority, is the greatest crime of all. The printing-presses close, and the prisons open their doors. The atmosphere of our world resounds once more with the sighs and groans of innocent victims of persecution; bayonets surround the altar, and guard the throne of the absolute spiritual lord of Christendom. Meanwhile, reigning thrones regard the hierarchy as their best bulwark; and therefore hand over to its guardianship, to an extent hitherto unknown, the sanctity of the family, marriage, and the most sacred possessions of society—popular education and mental culture."

And again, of the same intolerant state persecution in Russia:—"There too the hierarchy and priesthood raises its voice against all toleration as against all education of the people or clergy which does not proceed from itself. In Russia every movement is dependent on an unlimited sovereign, who is at once Emperor and Pope. The clergy under his sway proceed against priests according to the severest canon

[1] Bünsen.

law in the world, and put this law into force in accordance with the most cruel regulations of the ancient Sclavic barbarism. What has saved the wealthy members of the old orthodox church in Moscow this year, but their treasures? Within the bosom of the empire itself, the wild hatred has been exalted almost to fury of the old orthodox against the state church of Peter the Great. The working of the system on the clerical body during the late eventful war, has been the extinction of the more liberal tendency which, under Alexander, had brought the modern Russian church nearer to the older church, and consequently nearer to the Bible and Protestantism. Alexander I. favoured the printing of the Sclavonic Bible, and ordained its introduction into the family and school; as indeed had been the case with the clergy of the Eastern church in general, who, whenever they have not beeen under the sway of the imperial pope, have always allowed the Scriptures to be in the hands of the people, and with blessed results."

The same jealous exclusiveness of Caste continues to prevail in France. There Romanism has endless resources. It has been upheld by laws in themselves restrictive, imposing fetters on controversy and religious liberty, and making proselytism impossible. "We have the State forming a school in every hamlet, subject to its influence; the Jesuits, its militia, penetrating into prisons and hospitals, and establishing everywhere colonies of brothers and sisters, to whom children are consigned, imparting bread to the poor, and enticing them and compelling them to the church. Romish missionaries, educated in five large establishments, have landed on every shore; and France contributes to the Society *De Propaganda Fide* £80,000 a year. The places of worship are resplendent with pomp and pageantry. All is outwardly bright and powerful. *But what are the fruits? A nation confessedly without religion.* Can there be a greater condemnation of a system than this of *no results?* In Brittany, silver, corn, horses, cattle of all kinds, facilities for manufactures, good harbours, a fine line of coast, a healthy climate, why are all these advantages turned to such small account? Let Spain, Italy, and Naples answer, for the cause is the same with all. It is because of that enthralling, demoralizing, deadening spiritual bondage, under which improvement sickens, and science dies. Is it by accident that Italy, once the centre of the world, and renowned for arts, is now its very cesspool, where stagnation alone reigns, and the very air abounds in unwholesome vapours? Is it by accident that Spain, once the most powerful state in Europe, and owning half of another hemisphere, is now the most abject? Is it by accident that Naples is pointed at with horror by the civilized world at this moment, as a

very shambles? Is it not a remarkable coincidence that these three countries are precisely those in which the Romish system has been not merely strictly, but fanatically, adopted?"[1]

The same hatred that the individual Christian has always experienced at the hand of the formalist, or of the conventional religionist, will equally be the lot of that entire nation that is practically and avowedly Christian. Here it is, that the burning hate, the deadly malice, and the heart-curse of all despotisms possessing a nominal Christianity, but an actual paganism, will burst forth in their malignity. Christianity in the man or in the community, it matters not which, will have to pay this penalty. It needs only that the people of England should be "a people fearing God and working righteousness," to be the mingled scorn and terror of the principalities and powers of false religion.

On the other hand, England need only descend from the awful heights of Calvary, and remember to bring down the "wood of the true cross" but to forget Him who died thereon—to remember the Vicar of Christ, but to forget his MASTER—to cultivate the artistic portraiture of saints, but to forget the likeness of the sinner—to materialize the spirit, but to spiritualize materiality—to throw open theatres, shops, and museums on the Sundays—to get a thorough taste for ecclesiastical pomp, Sunday reviews and the Sunday band, that jubilant purifier of man's corruptions, that spiritual tonic—to give God the half of his day and to filch the remainder—to cultivate the religion of the intellect and stifle the religion of the heart—to remember the priest and forget the Saviour—such is the certain recipe for conciliating the communities of paganized Christendom.

What is the test of true religion? Is it external, or is it internal? Is it form, or is it power?—stillness, or progress?—death or vitality? In a word, CASTE or CHRISTIANITY?

"But it is the religion of the *Church*," says one. But is it the religion of God? Was it not the religion of *the Church* that deposed kings, that burned myriads of Christians, exiled hundreds of thousands of pious and industrious men from their native land and stripped them of their property;—that systematically, annually, and mercilessly plundered the nations of Europe; connived at the doctrine, that the slaughter of wretched Hebrews was a sacrifice acceptable to God; ruthlessly destroyed provinces, cities, and their myriads of pious inhabitants; burned and denounced GOD'S WORD, as she had burned and denounced God's people? Have a care, my friend, you who speak of liberality

[1] The Bible in Brittany, by F. Hope, Esq.

and charity—you are standing upon a sepulchre, arched over by charred wood. Is this church a liberal church? is this church a charitable church? is this church Christ's church? or, plainly, is this a church at all? Is she not rather a corporation of pagan ecclesiastics, ruling from a pagan city, upon pagan principles, with worldly aims, for worldly power, with a worldly head? Is this *your* church, my friend? If so, may you never offend her; for though she *absolves*, she never *forgives*.

Let us look a little closer into the matter of liberality and charity. Christianity demands of the advocate of charity, how many places of worship England has permitted to be reared by a persecuting church in our island? And how many has she permitted Protestant England and Protestant Europe to build on the banks of the Tiber? Which allows free religious and political discussion by the press and by public controversy? Is it England or is it Italy? Is it the Church of Rome or the Church of Christ? Is it the land of Caste, or is it the land of Christianity? A voice from heaven has told us to "search the Scriptures." Is it papal Tuscany and priest-ridden Naples that close the BOOK, and thrust its reader in a dungeon, or is it Protestant England? Who casts into the sea the unburied corpses of her people, and outrages humanity, because the immortal tenant of that dishonoured tabernacle was a Christian? Is it Bible England, or Romish Madeira? Countries where such deeds are done by authority, *far from being christianized, are not yet civilized!*

It has been profoundly observed by an admirable writer, that "the religion of the Christian appears nowhere disproportionate to civilization; on the contrary, civilization advances in vain; it always finds Christianity before it." "Do not suppose," he remarks, "that Christianity, in order to place itself in harmony with the age, will complacently leave out a single idea. It is the same to-day as in the time of the Reformers,—in the time of the Fathers of the Church,—in the time of the Apostles and of Jesus Christ.

"Nevertheless, it is not a religion that flatters the nation, or the man. Those who dare not reject it, are forced to soften it down. They divest it of its barbarisms—*myths*, as they are pleased to call them; they render it even reasonable; but, strange to say, when it is reasonable, it has no power, and in this is like one of the most wonderful creatures in the animal world, which, when it loses its sting, dies.

"The soul of the negro receives from it the same impression as Sir Isaac Newton. The lofty intelligence of the one, and the stupidity of the other, have at least one great thought in common.

And let it be well remarked, the effects are everywhere the same. Christianity sheds a light that illumines all. As if by instinct, not by painful reasoning, they everywhere reach the same conclusions, recognize the same duties, and in different forms, civilized man draws nearer to nature; while the savage rises towards civilization; each in his turn, and in an inverse sense, makes some steps towards a common centre, which is that of true civilization."

Thus, while the savage Otaheite has risen to rapid civilization through Christianity, Italy has retrograded to darkness and the foulest practices through the curse of Caste. All these have flown from the arrogant claims of the King-Priest of the Vatican.

The forged decretals declared the pope to be the bishop of the universal church; that he was supreme judge of all bishops and their affairs; that he alone could call councils, or confirm their resolutions; that it was a presumptuous usurpation of the power and majesty of God, for any worldly prince or authority to pass judgment on a bishop; that the authority of the Romish Church proceeded immediately from Christ.

"Nothing," says a well-known writer, "can be more insolent than the language in which the priest addressed himself to Philip of France, recommending an humble and obliging carriage, from this consideration, that *both his kingdom and his soul were under the dominion of St. Peter*, i. e. *his vicar, the pope, who had power to bind and to loose him, both on earth and in heaven.* Nothing escaped his all-grasping ambition. He drew up an oath for the emperor of the Romans, that is, of Germany, from whom he demanded a profession of subjection and obedience." In the Caste of the East, we discern the same supremacy claimed by the hierophant over the king.

"An assembly of Brahmins sitting in judgment on a vicious, a tyrannical king, may condemn him to death; and the sentence is recorded to have been executed; but no crimes affect the life of a Brahmin. He may suffer temporary degradation from his caste, but his blood must never stain the sword of justice; he is a portion of the Deity. He is inviolable! he is invulnerable! he is immortal!"

Here, then, the parallelism is complete, and we at one glance discern the same unchristian spirit dominant at Rome and at Benares.

How different is the exhibition of Roman Caste at home and abroad! Here, in a free country, where discussion and an emancipated Press are the recognized distinctions of our country, we observe a privy councillor of the pope giving lectures, in a popular style, on literary, scientific, or political subjects. Our well-known

love of candour is appealed to, and the instruction and rational amusement of all classes is the object put forward. The pontifical lecturer goes his rounds unobstructed; his lectures are attended by numerous audiences; and he has free liberty of advancing or defending any tenet of his church. Now contrast this state of things with that prevalent on the continent, where Caste rules supreme. In these countries, what is the church of Caste doing to forward the intellectual state of its spiritual subjects? What lecturers go, or are permitted to go, round to give popular addresses on scientific or literary subjects? Why, so far from lectures being permitted, the bare reading, at home, of the purest volume of history, or poetry and morals, that man has ever possessed, has consigned the unfortunate reader to the house of correction for one year.

Where are the Ragged-schools, and the Sunday-schools, for the intellectual and spiritual enlightenment of the destitute classes? Would a bishop of Carlisle, or an archbishop of Dublin, be permitted to go his rounds, addressing assemblies on the identical subjects on which a Roman cardinal now so freely descants in this country? Let them make an essay in Austria,—let them hold a single meeting at Rome, or in Italy, if they dare. Would Spain, which has so lately denied burial to Protestants, grant such an unheard favour? Why, the very question is an absurdity. Every one knows that such a monstrous concession would never be granted. This it is to be in a land of Caste—to have the rule of a Caste, and to have statesmen of Caste. No! darkness—gross darkness! this is the congenial element in which Caste thrives. "Let in the air," exclaims the philanthropist,—"let in the sunlight—throw down the prison-wall—unlock the chain from yon prisoner's body and soul, and let him listen to the sweet music of truth."—"Englishmen, we answer you freely; we cannot, we dare not,—our Caste would be shattered into ten thousand fragments; what care we for a free Press or a free Bible! the slavery of the many is the license of the few." And what has been the earnest aim of the true patriot sovereign, in every land? Has it not been to keep down this bigoted spirit of Caste, among all classes of his subjects? Of this, we have lately witnessed an instance, in the case of the king of Sardinia, who has emancipated the Press, and appropriated the overgorged wealth of the Romish corporation to the civilization of his country. It was the same in Austria. How changed is the bright prospect under the present benighted sovereign!

Vehse has remarked that the principal reforms of Joseph, his noble-minded namesake, were applied to the clergy, as the stoutest opponents of the improvement of the intellectual condition of the

people, which he intended to bring about in Austria. This reform he wished to be carried out as speedily and as radically as possible. "The times of pious obscuranticism were now to cease, and Catholic Austria was to become as far advanced in the path of light as Protestant Prussia under Frederic. With this view, Joseph, in the very first year of his reign, issued those two addresses which, as he hoped in his sanguine enthusiasm, were to bring about that happy result; the address of the 11th June, 1781, abolishing the censorship of the Press; and the edict of 13th October, 1781, granting religious toleration to all the dissensionists from the Roman Catholic religion. These two radical edicts indeed effected a complete change; but in a very different way from what the philanthropic emperor had intended. Joseph, in his endeavours to force light on his subjects, lost sight of one fact, that the soil which he wished to cultivate was by no means prepared to receive the seed; that it was a field covered with stones and weeds, and trodden hard. The natural course of enslaved thought, bigotry, fanaticism, ignorance, and superstition, had reduced the nation to a condition in which the light that Joseph wished to let in could only dazzle and scare those whom it was intended to benefit.

"It was an utter impossibility to lead his stultified Papist subjects with one stroke of the pen, from the state of intellectual tutelage to that freedom of thought. Joseph was a sincere Christian. Passing in his journey to Rome through Bologna, he said to the professor of theology of that university, 'I am no divine; I am only a soldier: but so much I know, that one way and one truth only leads to heaven; and I hope you will, in your schools, keep to it—the truth of Jesus Christ.' Joseph began to appoint Protestants and Catholics indiscriminately, to public offices and dignities; but he met with insurmountable difficulties in trying to establish complete equality of civil right between the two confessions.

"He was forced to maintain the difference between the ruling church and the merely tolerated ones, and even to deprive the Protestants again of certain privileges which he had given them. In the case of the Jews, the distinctive dress—the yellow sleeves and stripes—were abolished; and they were allowed to farm lands, to carry on trades, and to engage in commerce. The principal obstacle to the exercise of supreme power in the state—the centralization, which Joseph was determined to carry out—consisted in the dependence of the Austrian Church on Rome. He therefore resolved to reduce the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy to the least possible degree; in fact, to render himself altogether independent of the priests.

"On the 1st of November, Joseph issued an order to the effect that henceforth no papal bulls should have force of law in the Austrian state without the '*placet*' of the emperor. The bishops were forbidden to accept titles and dignities from Rome direct; their oath to be taken to the pope was clogged with the clause, that is was not to interfere with the duty of the Austrian subject, and they had to swear a special oath to the emperor; and thus one source of money for Rome was cut off. Joseph also ordered all the inmates of convents in the Austrian states to be subject to the jurisdiction of the ordinary bishops, and not to that of their generals at Rome. With this, another source of money was cut off. Every sort of remittance of money to Rome was put a stop to. Immediately, within the first year of his reign, Joseph began to reduce the number of the two thousand monasteries and nunneries, with their seventy thousand inmates, which had, until then, existed in the Austrian monarchy. He at one stroke suppressed seven hundred religious houses, with thirty-six thousand occupants, who, however, were allowed a pension.

"Joseph applied himself to strike at the root of bigotry and superstition in the very innermost recesses of their strongholds. The famous bull against the heretics, '*In cœna Domini*,' had to be cut out from all the rituals. A large quantity of monkish literature, belonging to the libraries of the suppressed monasteries, was sent to the stamping-mill to be crushed into a pulp.

"The oath to be taken (according to the law of Ferdinand III.) by the doctors of the universities, on the immaculate conception of the Virgin, was abolished; nor were people to kneel any longer in the streets before the Host, when it was carried by. Joseph said that the people should only take their hats off. The miraculous images and the relics, which, as a regular article of trade, were imported from Italy, were put out of sight; and the sale of amulets, consecrated waxen *agni Dei*, wafers, printed charms, and other similar articles, which used to be carried on near the gates of the churches, was now forbidden. The images of the saints were stripped of their tawdry and sometimes ludicrous ornaments, of their old yet precious dresses, of their periwigs and petticoats. The theatrical style of church music was cast aside; the mass sung in German; the ribaldry and the buffoonery at processions were put down; the pilgrimages limited, and the numerous large general processions reduced to one on Corpus Christi day."—The same author gives us a very interesting account of the pope's journey to Vienna, with a view to the restoration of the papal supremacy. Here, as in all previous ages, the object was not RELIGION, but POLICY. The influence of the Vatican was to be

regained; and nothing less than a personal visit to the quasi-heretical son of the Church was considered available.

"Pius, after having prayed at the solemn hour of midnight before the shrine containing the relics of St. Peter, at his church, set out from Rome on the morning of the 27th of February, 1781.

"Joseph, on the 22nd of March, drove out with his brother Maximilian (afterwards elector of Cologne), beyond Wienerisch-Neustadt.

"Instead of kissing the slipper and holding the stirrup, he embraced the pope three times, *à la Française;* then took him in his own carriage, and accompanied him to the Hofburg, where the apartments of Marie Teresa were in readiness for him. Pius stayed four weeks in Vienna.

"At the solemn high mass which the pope celebrated at the cathedral of St. Stephen, Joseph was not present. The papal manager of ceremonies having demanded that the throne of the pope should be raised a step above that of the emperor, Joseph gave orders that his own throne should be entirely removed. The most remarkable treatment, however, the handsome and vain pontiff received from Prince Kaunitz; who, when the emperor introduced him to the pope, offered his hand to Kaunitz to kiss. Kaunitz grasped it, and shook it heartily, *à l'Anglaise,* repeatedly exclaiming, 'De tout mon cœur! de tout mon cœur!' Kaunitz did not call upon the pope. The pontiff himself then honoured him with a visit at his park in the suburb of Mariahilf, under the pretext of seeing his pictures. Kaunitz received the Italian father in an easy morning dress, and then acted as cicerone, but in a manner at which the pope certainly might be astonished. Before the first picture he unceremoniously pushed the Vicar of Christ, whom other mortals scarcely dared to look at, now to the right, and then to the left,—it is true, always placing him in the best light to see the picture, but handling him in the most irreverential manner."

Pius, after this foolish visit, which was just of a piece with the whole of his ill-judged journey, confessed himself to have been "*tutto stupefatto.*" The Holy Father, however, did not forget to suggest to the "ministro eretico" that it would be high time for him in his old age to do something for the Church.

On his return to Rome, the pope was repeatedly reproached with having yielded too much. In fact, he had utterly compromised his papal authority by his journey. "Who knows," said Ferdinand the Great to the Spanish ambassador Las Casas, "whether I might not at last have believed in the infallibility of the pope?—but—but, that journey to Vienna!"

Very violent was the opposition against Joseph's clerical reform. The excitement among the faithful, who thought Christianity was in danger, rose to such a height, that Joseph, not to exasperate them still more, was obliged to stop in his reforms. The fanaticism which was excited against his person ran very high. At Lemberg a monk wanted to murder him. Joseph ordered him to be shut up in a madhouse.

At Innspruck an altar was to have been changed; the priests there made a great outcry that "the emperor was going to overthrow the altars." The consequence was, that the Tyrolese broke out into rebellion.

An instance of the malign aspect which the Pontifical Caste has always worn towards the civil liberties of mankind is afforded in a bull issued by Innocent against the barons of England, who had nobly wrung the Great Charter from their worse than contemptible sovereign:—"On the part of the omnipotent God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; by the authority also of the blessed Peter and Paul, his apostles; and by the common consent of our brethren, we reprobate and condemn a treaty of this kind; prohibiting, under pain of our anathema, the king from presuming to observe, and the barons and their accomplices from daring to exact, its conditions." The bull was treated by the barons with the contempt it deserved.

Even at the distance of three centuries England bitterly feels the effects of this CASTE.

Our Protestant constitution and our reformed church have both been oppressed by legislative machinery of papal construction. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have succeeded up to this moment, more than three hundred years after the throwing off of the Romish yoke by the English nation, in rendering our ecclesiastical laws a curse and an abomination to the people.

"Throughout the chequered history of these transactions nothing is more remarkable than the extraordinary fact, that, by the 25th Henry VIII., c. 19, the legislature has been pledged to a revision of these laws, which, during an interval of three centuries, has not been performed.

"The appointment of the proctors, as well as of most of the officials, is vested solely in the bishop. Many of the chief officers, even judges themselves, according to their own admissions to the Ecclesiastical Commission, had received no legal education whatever. Some of them, in receipt of exorbitant salaries, had no duties to perform; others, insignificant as their duties were, left them to be performed by a deputy for a trifling remuneration. The principal registrar of the Exchequer and Prerogative courts of

York, in answer to questions circulated by the commissioners, stated that he had been appointed, when a minor, to that office by his father, and that he had, as an associate, a nephew, also a minor. The emoluments averaged nearly £2,000 *per annum*, yet there was a deputy. This fortunate official was at the same time registrar to the Consistory Court of York.

"The principal registrars of the Prerogative court of Canterbury were appointed by their relative, the archbishop, towards the close of the last century. In 1829 the net income of the office amounted to £9,084. 4*s*.,[1] and the duties were performed by deputies. The principal registrar of the diocese of Chester was appointed to his office by his father when only fourteen years of age; and the emoluments of that office in 1829 amounted to £3,657. 12*s*. 8*d*."

Such are some of the relics of English papalism; a system that a treacherous and unchristian band are stealthily and resolutely moving every engine, national and political, to restore in all its despotism and selfishness.

Let us now survey this scheme of unqualified self-gratification, spreading a moral pestilence throughout Europe, a great part of Asia, and the islands of the Pacific. Here the assumed "Holy Man" is the vilest of his species; and what is lamentably remarkable, his church is always the "true church," just as the Jews were accustomed to exclaim, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we!" The Church never made the sons of Eli holy; their "Orders" were the only holiness they possessed. So, too, it was with the banded licentiousness of mediæval religion, falsely so called, not less than in savage life. The wandering mendicant orders of the middle ages were a horrible disgrace to Christianity and to civilization.

"Their licentiousness," says a popular writer, "so early as the fifth century, was become proverbial, and they were said to have excited thus early, in various places, the most dreadful tumults and seditions. In the next century, they multiplied so prodigiously in the East, that whole armies might have been raised of them, without any sensible diminution of their numbers. In the Western provinces, also, they were held in the highest veneration, and both monks and nuns swarmed. In the seventh century the contagion spread still more enormously. Heads of families, striving to surpass each other's zeal for the advancement of monkery, shut up their children in convents and devoted them to a solitary life as the highest felicity.

"Abandoned profligates, terrified by their guilty consciences, were

[1] See Church of England Quarterly, *in loco*.

comforted with the delusive hopes of pardon by leaving their fortunes to monastic societies. Multitudes deprived their children of their rich lands and patrimonies, to confer them on the monks whose prayers were to render the Deity propitious. In the following century the mania had reached such a height that emperors and kings conferred whole provinces, cities, and titles of honour on these creatures."

A class of such persons existed in Italy before the foundation of the Benedictines in the year A.D. 531, under the name of Gyrovagi; and even at so remote a period as A.D. 390, we find Libanius, in his speech for the temples, making mention of them. "These black-garbed people," says he, "eat more than elephants, and demand a large quantity of liquor from the public, which sends them drink for their chantings: but they conceal their luxury by a pale and artificial countenance." Lardner says that the ground of charging the monks with demanding liquor for their hymns might have been the practice of some heathen priests.

The priests of Isis, says Blunt, "like the mendicant monks, were supported by the charity or credulity of the public. At six in the morning, they opened their temple, and having performed their religious devotions, they dispersed to beg, with the sistrum in their hands, till two in the afternoon, when they returned to the evening service of their divinity; after which the temple was closed. The practice of the mendicant monks is at this day almost the same. And as heretofore, there were few persons bold enough to repel from the door one of these importunate beggars; who by rattling his sistrum at once indicated his approach and his errand.

> Who from his door dares chase the Pharian band,
> The sistrum tinkling in the insatiate hand?

"So there are numbers amongst the poor who would think it an act of dangerous consequences to turn a deaf ear to the craving Franciscan, whilst he shakes his alms-box, and solicits charity for the souls in purgatory, the Church, or the Madonna."

The Grandmontanes, another writer observes, "besides fondness for good cheer, were remarkable for their foppery; they painted their cheeks, and washed and covered up their beards at night, as women do their hair." Of the order of St. Anthony, the gossiping minstrel tells an odd story:—"They have established an hospital which has neither funds nor revenues; but by the abundant alms which they have the secret of amassing, it procures them immense riches. With a bell in the hand, preceded by relics and a cross, they run over, begging, not only all France, but Germany and

Spain. There is neither fair nor town, nor oven, nor mill, where they have not a purse suspended. At the season of the vintage they go into the country to beg wine. The good wives give them linen, rings, hoods, clasps, girdles, cheeses, gammons of bacon, in one word, all they have got; and everything comes alike to them. This year their pigs will bring them five thousand silver marks; for there is not a town or castle in France where they are not fed."

Chaucer, that keen observer of mankind, describes the English friars of the fourteenth century as licentious, profligate, and avaricious, "full of dalliance and fair language;" "easy to give penance," knowing well "the taverns in every town," begging at the beds of sick men, and asking of the housewives "milk and cheese, or ellis corne."

If now we turn to India, we find the same selfish caste of assumed holiness. Of all the singular anomalies to which superstition gives rise, religious mendicity, and the honour paid to sanctified beggars, bear the palm. "Crowds of sturdy beggars," says Irving, "in general members of some religious caste, parade the country, and extort a plentiful subsistence from the united effects of compassion, fear, and superstition. They may be seen each day, wandering from house to house, and extorting their customary handful of rice or other food, from the poor ryots, with a regularity and insolent importunity worthy of the mendicant friars of the middle ages. It has been calculated, that no less than one eighth of the inhabitants of Bengal and Behar—about two millions—subsist in this manner, and cannot levy less than two or three millions sterling from the wretched ryots.

"But of all fanatics who have ever commanded respect, astonishment, or fear, the Senniasie Fakirs bear the palm. They are an assemblage of men who unite the several characteristics of saints, jugglers, robbers, and cut-throats; which, according to Indian notions, are not irreconcilable. These wander over the country as beggars, and profess to live by alms, but really plunder and steal. The Fakir and Bairagi, covered with sores and filth—an object often as disgusting as can well be imagined—still wanders through India, and still extorts alms from the inhabitants."

If again we cast a glance on the ocean isles, we shall encounter the same spectacle of deep-seated selfishness, in a self-constituted holy caste. Alas! for the holiness of man, when he quits Revelation, as in the papal caste, or knows it not, as was once the case in that of the Areoi of Otaheite. The Areois were a sort of strolling players and privileged libertines, who spent their days in travelling from island to island, and from one district to another,

exhibiting their pantomimes, and spreading a moral contagion throughout society.

"The numbers connected with this fraternity," says Ellis, "and the magnitude of some of their expeditions, will appear from the fact of Cooke's witnessing, on one occasion, the departure of seventy canoes filled with Areois.

"If they remained in the neighbourhood, preparations were made for their dances and other performances. On public occasions, their appearance was in some respects such as it is not proper to describe.

"Their bodies were painted with charcoal, and their faces stained with the *mati*, or scarlet dye. Sometimes they wore a girdle of the yellow *ti* leaves, which in appearance resembled the feathery girdles of the Peruvians or other South American tribes. At other times, they wore a vest of ripe yellow plantain-leaves, and ornamented their heads with wreaths of bright yellow and scarlet leaves of the *hutu* or *Barringtonia;* but in general, their appearance was far more repulsive than when they wore these partial coverings. In performing their histrionics, they sometimes sat in a circle on the ground, and recited in concert a legend or song in honour of their gods, or some distinguished Areoi. The leader of the party stood in the centre, and introduced the recital with a sort of prologue; when, with a number of fantastic movements and attitudes, those that sat round began the song with a low and measured tone, which increased as they proceeded, till it became vociferous and unintelligibly rapid. Their public entertainments frequently consisted in delivering speeches, accompanied by every variety of gesture and action; and their representations, on these occasions, assumed something of the histrionic character. Dancing, however, appears to have been their favourite and most frequent performance. When one of these companies thus advanced towards the land, with their streamers floating in the wind, their drums and flutes sounding; and the Areois, attended by their chief, who acted as their prompter, appeared on a stage erected for the purpose, with their wild attire of person, antic gestures, painted bodies, and vociferated songs mingling with the sound of the flute and the drum, the dashing of the sea, the rolling and breaking of the surf on the adjacent reef—the whole must have presented a ludicrous, yet imposing spectacle, accompanied with a confusion of sight and sound, of which it is not very easy to form an adequate idea. This was the principal occupation of the Areois; and in the constant repetition of these often obscene exhibitions, they passed their lives, strolling from the habitation of one chief to that of another, in sailing among the different islands of the

Pacific. The farmers did not, in general, much respect them; but the chiefs, and those addicted to pleasure, held them in high estimation, furnishing them with liberal entertainment, and sparing no property to detain them. The plantations were plundered to support them, by command of the chiefs, every day, so long as the Areois remained in the neighbourhood; and when they departed, the gardens often exhibited a scene of desolation and ruin. Singular as it may appear, the Areoi institution was held in the greatest repute by the chiefs and higher classes; and, monsters of iniquity as they were, the grand-masters, or members of the first order, were regarded as a sort of superhuman beings; they were treated with a corresponding degree of veneration by many of the vulgar and ignorant.

"It was imagined that those who became Areois were generally prompted or inspired to adopt this course by the gods.

"The candidates for this caste were taken to the temple. Here, in the presence of the gods, they were solemnly anointed, the forehead of each person being sprinkled with fragrant oil. The sacred pig, clothed in the *hairo*, or cloth of the order, was next put into his hand, and offered to the god. Each individual was then declared by the person officiating on the occasion, to be an Areoi of the order to which he was thus raised. The artist of the tatau was now employed to imprint, in his unfading marks, the distinctive badges of the class to which the individual had been raised. These, though the general objects of the Areois, were not the only purposes for which they assembled. They included

'All monstrous, all prodigious things,'

and these were abominable, unutterable; in some of their meetings they appear to have placed their invention on the rack to discover the worst pollutions of which it was possible for men to be guilty, and to have striven to outdo each other in the most revolting practices.

"The systems of iniquity, and acts of more than bestial degradation to which they were at times addicted, must remain in the darkness in which even they, felt it sometimes expedient to conceal them.

"In these pastimes, and in their accompanying abominations, and the oft-repeated practice of the most revolting, murderous cruelty, these wandering Areois passed their lives, esteemed by the people as a superior order of beings, closely allied to the gods, and deriving from them the direct sanction not only for their abominations, but even for their heartless murders. Free from labour or care, they roved from island to island, supported by the chiefs and by the

priests, and were often feasted by provisions plundered from the industrious husbandman, whose garden was spoiled by the hands of lawless violence to provide their own entertainments, while his own family was not unfrequently deprived thereby, for a time, of the means of subsistence. Such was their life of licentious and luxurious indolence and crime. And such was the character of this deleterious system of superstition, that for them, too, was reserved the elysium which their fabulous mythology taught them to believe was provided in a future state of existence for those so pre-eminently favoured by the gods."

Such then have been the terribly degrading results of selfish Caste, alike among the savage and the civilized communities of our race. If man *will* make his own god, he must expect his deity to resemble himself. Pilgrimages, another mode of human salvation, the salvation of locality, or the absurd doctrine of "holy-place" religion, has been the cause of the most disgraceful and licentious deeds on a gigantic scale.

A more impious delusion was never invented by the father of lies, nor a greater social curse inflicted, even by him, upon mankind.

The market in which this abominable traffic was carried on was ever open; but Boniface VII., not satisfied with the ordinary demand for his infamous wares, instituted, in the year 1300, the papal jubilee, which was a sort of holy fair, for the purpose of attracting pilgrims to Rome, as the purchasers of absolution.

And well it succeeded. Multitudes of all classes came thronging to the city, and crowded her gates; and it is said that during the festival two priests stood day and night by the altar of St. Peter, holding in their hands *rakes*, with which they scraped up the profuse offerings which were poured on the floor, in heaps, by the infatuated votaries.[1]

Nor was the enormous wealth amassed by the Brahminical, less surprising than that collected by the Roman mediæval hierarchy.

Mahmoud of Gazna, hearing astonishing accounts of the riches of the great pagoda of Sumnaut, whose roof was covered with plates of gold, and encircled with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, besieged the place, and took it. On entering the temple, he was struck with astonishment at the inestimable riches it contained. "In the fury of his Mohamedan zeal against idols, he smote off the nose of the great image. A crowd of Brahmins, frantic at his treatment of their god, offered the most extravagant sums for his desistance; but the soldiers of Mahmoud only proceeded with greater ardour to demolish it, when, behold! on

[1] The Dark Ages, by the Religious Tract Society.

breaking its body, it was found to be hollow, and to contain an infinite variety of diamonds, rubies, and pearls of a water so pure, and a magnitude so uncommon, that the beholders were overwhelmed with astonishment. But the riches accumulated by the priests of this affluent region were so immense that they exceed the power of the imagination to grasp them; and I shall leave this subject with what Mr. Orme, in his "History of Hindostan," tells us:—"That the Brahmins slumbered in the most luxuriant repose in these splendid pagodas; and that the numbers accommodated in the body of the great ones was astonishing."[1]

The same ignorant doctrine of salvation by "Holy Places," or "Tirt'ha," prevails in India. There is nothing which strikes a European more, in travelling over the great roads in India, than the vast number of pilgrims of all kinds which he falls in with. They consist for the most part of persons, male and female, carrying Ganges water, from the point at Hurdwar, where the sacred stream emerges from the hills, to the different temples in all parts of India, dedicated to the gods Vishnu and Siva. There the water is thrown upon the stones which represent the gods; and when it falls from these stones it is called "Chunda Mirt," or "Holy Water," and is frequently collected and reserved to be drunk as a remedy "for a mind diseased." This water is carried in small bottles, bearing the seals of the presiding priest at the holy place.

"Here were four members of a respectable family, walking a pilgrimage of between twelve and fourteen hundred miles, going and coming, and carrying burthens on their shoulders, for the recovery of a poor sick boy; and millions of families are every year doing the same from all parts of India. The rest of the pilgrims we meet are, for the most part, of the two monastic orders of Gosaens, or the followers of Siva, and Bairages, or followers of Vishnu, and Mohamedan Fakirs. They are all disciples of the high-priests of the temples of their respective gods; and in their name, they wander over all India, visiting the celebrated temples which are dedicated to them. They make collections along the roads; and when they return, commonly bring back some surplus, as an offering to their apostle, the high-priest who has adopted them. What these disciples get from secular people, is given, not from feelings of charity and compassion, but as a religious or propitiatory offering; for they are all considered to be armed by their apostle with a vicarious power of blessing or cursing, and as being in themselves men of God, whom it might be dangerous to displease."[2] In India, as in Italy, and in the

[1] Howitt, *in loco*.

[2] Ward, American Missionary, *in loco*.

pilgrimages to Palestine, the licentiousness was past conception. What cared the ignorant pilgrims in these several lands for the commission of the grossest enormities? Was not the Brahmin in the East, and the Friar in the West, the potent God who could absolve them from the foulest sins? Then why stint themselves in sensuality?

A popular writer has well observed, in speaking of the Western pilgrimages, that this licensed vagrancy "was naturally productive of dissoluteness, especially among the women. Our English ladies, in their zeal to obtain the spiritual treasures of Rome, are said to have relaxed the necessary caution about one that was in their custody."

"Many," says old Wickliffe, "think that if they give a penny to a pardoner, they shall be forgiven the breaking of all the commandments of God, and therefore they take no heed how they keep them. But I say thee for certain, though thou have priests and friars to sing for thee, and though thou each day hear many masses, and found chantries and colleges, and go on pilgrimages all thy life, and give all thy goods to pardoners, all this shall not bring thy soul to heaven. While, if the commandments of God be revered to the end, though neither penny nor halfpenny be possessed, there shall be everlasting freedom and the bliss of heaven."

If missionaries, with the Bible in hand, and with God's blessing, could work so thorough a change in heart, and life, and thought—such a progress in civilization in a whole race of savages of the most degraded character as in Otaheite, and that in the short space of twenty-eight years—then how tremendously guilty, how darkly diabolical must that church be, which for successive centuries, with all the wealth of her treasury, all the learning of her priests, all the sway of her councils, and all her influence with subject kings, left whole masses of the people and their immortal souls, without a Bible to read, without a knowledge of Christ to mediate, and without freedom, religious or political.

For ages engaged in the Satanic work of crushing the bodies of Christ's people in the wine-press of her wrath—her holiest chalice charged to the brim with this purple vintage—she literally became "drunk with the blood of the saints." Were one single minister of the humblest dissenting congregation to perpetrate the one-hundredth part of the atrocities, profligacies, and impieties of many of these "Holinesses," not only would his people expel him from his office, and drive him from their presence with ineffable disgust, but the very civil authorities of the city would, though possessed of no higher morality than the innate dignity of manhood, step in

to bridle his high-handed licentiousness and atrocities, and remove him from the face of the sun to a prison gloom, congenial to the blackness of his deeds.

"God has never ceased," writes Vinet, "to be the want of the human race. Alas! their homage wanders from the proper object, and becomes depraved: their piety itself is impious; the religions which cover the earth are an insult to the unknown God, who is their object. But, in the midst of these monstrous aberrations, a sublime instinct is revealed; and each of these false religions is a painful cry of the soul, torn from its centre, and separated from its object. It is a despoiled existence, which in seeking to clothe itself, seizes upon the first rags it finds;—it is an exile, which, in seeking the road to his native land, buries himself in frightful deserts. From the brutal savage who kisses the dust from the feet of some hideous idol, to the Magi of the East adoring in the sun the immortal soul of nature, the religious principle makes itself everywhere known. Man cannot renounce either his sins or his God; his corruption chains him to this world,—a mysterious instinct impels him towards that which is invisible. Between these two opposing forces he makes no choice;—he confounds his morality with his devotion; he makes gods resembling himself; he erects even his vices into divinities; his religion becomes the faithful mirror of his natural corruption; he prefers infamous gods, rather than adore nothing."[1]

[1] Vinet, On Vital Christianity.

CHAPTER II.

OUR LADY.

"Belgravia!—lost for ever, shouldst thou lose
Thy sacrificial priest and lustral dews,—
Thy jewell'd lace, shrines, candlesticks, and cross;—
Thine altar too!—*that* were Salvation's loss.
All *thy religion* thus, at one fell blow,
Would straight be banish'd from thy Holy Show.
Then, left with nought but Christ and Luther's 'BOOK,'
How could thy soul, unshrived, for mercy look?
Laud then thy SAVIOURS!—thank 'MY LORDS' 'tis given
To soar on rainbow altar-cloths to Heaven!"

T. C. F.

"This much I dare say; that since lording and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times: for they preached and lorded not; and now they lord and preach not."—LATIMER.

No institution can afford to rest its fame on past celebrities. This world is a world of action,—intellect must not be a laggard; and Christianity is a life of progress. Shall the Christianity of the Church of England be an exception to this? Are we to rest satisfied with that species of religious neutrality, which would condemn to ruin any single art or science? Zeal and enthusiasm are the very life-blood that circulates in the veins of the poet and the painter. The flashing eye of the orator, and the majestic sympathies of his voice, are expected to stir the feelings of his audience; that a Pericles should have sent forth the lightnings and thunders of his eloquence, and have shaken Hellas to its centre—all these notions, forsooth, in poet, in painter, and in orator, are admissible.

These are but sublunary secularities, you will say; but religion is a subject so holy, that all energy must be excluded. No "sons of thunder" must be heard in the church. There, even a Christian Pericles would be a ranter. Impurities may possibly exist, it seems, in the physical, in the moral, but not in the religious atmosphere. Providence may ordain elemental disruptions to purify the former; but Christian enthusiasm would degrade the holy elemental stillness of the latter. Here at least, it seems, no sinner's sigh should taint the hallowed regions of the Anglican Holiest of

Holies, and the cry of the contrite publican would be very unrubrical in our Belgravian temples.

> "How shock'd the intoning Levite's nerves would be,
> To hear the Publican's deep agony,
> 'A SINNER!—God be merciful to me!'"

For the classic offspring of such æsthetic parentage, who have "worked out their own salvation" with the serenities of sacerdotal manipulation, no emphatic address is required: for them is the *pianissimo* of the pulpit, and the *fortissimo* of the chancel. Alas! yon poor boy, taught by the unapostolically-descended layman, can tell your "educated teachers,"[1] the men of "solemn and beautiful edifices," what they have not had the faithfulness to tell their fine congregations. He can tell the men of Caste, that their factory for god-making is a whitened sepulchre, whose inner part is as black as the outer is fair.[2] His rustic truth is a holier thing than the lying reticence of the sanctuary. Let the plain sense of Englishmen say, what have "solemn and beautiful edifices" done for modern Rome—what for Italy at large?—how much for Spain? Is the holiness of Paris to be calculated by the height of Notre Dame? Has architectural beauty regenerated the impurities of any one of these regions? What have *their* "highly-educated teachers" done for the morality of these realms of spiritual darkness? And what have *our* "solemn and beautiful edifices" done for England? Are our cathedral towns the very best specimens of our holiest places? Let the men of Cambridge work this problem for Oxford:—Who is the holier—the American, who trades in negro flesh and blood; or the priest, who purchases the cure of souls which he never intends to cure? Educated men of solemn and beautiful buildings! you have done your worst in Austria, in Italy, and in Spain; you are doing your worst here—but your detestable conspiracy will never succeed! The men of England want not the paralytic beauty you desiderate: they demand the beauty of the "feet of him that bringeth 'GOOD TIDINGS.'" Where went out from our universities more "highly-educated" men than Newman, and others of that stamp? Or who teach in more "solemn and beautiful buildings" than do these men? And what have all these things to do with vital, individual Christianity? Behold the effects of this brilliant Christianizing process in the immorality of whole nations! The Temple of Jerusalem was a "solemn and beautiful" edifice; but it did not prevent the Lord

[1] See "Times" of December 11, 1856, on the religious advantages of highly-educated teachers, and solemn and beautiful edifices.

[2] Matthew, chap. xxiii. verse 27.

of the Temple from driving out ignominiously the buyers and sellers—a work that He will not fail to do once more in the Church of England.

Our people are leaving these solemn and beautiful edifices: they have no idea of a spiritual famine, when they can get abundance within a stone's-throw. It is not, as has been superficially stated, because "crowded forms of jaded and listless children are taught by the lowest order of pedagogues," that "few of these children grow up attached members of the Church."[1] No! all-ignorant as they were, they have learned a great truth: they have learned what Oxford has not yet learned—what Wickliffe could not teach, and what Ridley and Latimer could not teach, nor even the Photograph of Martyrs' Memorial; they have learned to discriminate between Caste and Christianity, and they know enough of reading, to read the book of spiritual pride through the robes of the Anglican priesthood, even as Socrates discerned the vanity of Antisthenes through the holes of his cloak.

The disposition to arrogate the dignity of holiness, in other words, of religious worth and excellence, has never become extinct among men. "In some instances, an assumption of superior holiness has been made upon the ground of belonging to certain divisions or classes of mankind; in a class having its distinctions in the circumstances of descent and nativity. Thus the ancient Jews, in virtue merely of being Jews—(imagine the worst Jew comparing himself with Aristides, Phocion, or Socrates!) The Brahmin, in virtue of a pretended pre-eminently holy descent;—an emanation from the head of the creating God. In popish countries, the numerous ecclesiastical class. Something of this even in Protestant England. In these cases, there has been an assumption of holiness, independently of individual personal character.

"Again, in many periods and places, men have reputed themselves holy, on the ground of punctilious observance of religious forms and ceremonies, whether of Divine appointment or of human institution. This took the place of the true religious sanctity among the Jews. It is a grand characteristic of Paganism. It actually stands instead of religion and morality among the far greater portion of the people under the dominion of the Romish Church. Superstitious and ceremonial observances have their stronghold on human beings in this very delusion; that they will do instead of real piety and devotion."[2]

The people of England are not so ignorant as not to know what is the main requisite for the ambassador of Christianity. They

[1] "Times," December 11, 1856. [2] Foster's Essays.

are, as a body, essentially non-ritualistic; they like plain-spoken truths, and truths to be plainly spoken: this is the great secret of success. Let any dispassionate individual look around him and observe the disgust with which the whole middle classes of society gaze upon the religious fopperies of the day—those specious counterfeits of the Middle Ages—where the priest aims at being ALL, and the people are as NOTHING—where the master of the ceremonies proudly assumes the dignity of the AMBASSADOR—where the performances of the opera take the place of eternal realities—and he will perceive the honest commons of England, driven by disgust from these spiritual theatres, are swelling the ranks of independent Christianity, or on the eve of founding a Free Church.

The time has come, when the stern voice, calm, clear, and *determined*, is at length heard—"Who is on My side—WHO?" The painted face and the "tired" hair of the harlot queen have been seen but too long at the upper casement; her struggle will be a death-struggle, nor will it be long protracted. Are these then the times when those in high places can affect CASTE in the Church? Is the whole body of the Christian congregation of England to hear the arrogant cry, "Stand by, I am holier than thou"? England does not want churches so much as WITNESSES, who will speak "the TRUTH, the WHOLE TRUTH, and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH;" she requires men, and not milliners, upon the bulwarks of the leaguered city of MANSOUL.

> Yet, New-men,—Wise-men,—both cry out together,
> To MANSOUL's leaguer'd town,—"There's nought like *leather!*"[1]

The Christian commons of this great country—nay, its common sense—demand piety and zeal in the Church, and not the chandler's shop, or the florist's arboretum.

We have been long enough anxious for architectural beauty in our churches; we eschew ecclesiastical solecisms; we provide a gorgeous casket, but what care we for the jewel? It has been a growing fashion, of late, to improve what is called the national *taste*. This taste is the mighty machine by which the regeneration of British society is to be brought about. Museums are to purify the soul from sin, and pictures, by the best masters, are to strengthen religious *views*. St. Cecilia is to preach in our parks, and St. Paul is civilly requested to hold his peace. The heathen Athenians were liberal enough to "hear what this babbler said;" but our Christian rulers are somewhat more despotic than the Areopagus.

If honest men would know what taste can do for society and for morality, they had better look to the results in the Rome of

[1] See Æsop's Fable of the Town Besieged.

to-day. What did the magnificence of the Parthenon, the sculpture of Phidias, and the artistic glories of the classic world, effect for Greek or Italian morality? What populations more impure, more morally degraded, than these, with all the advantages of the grand genius of a Pericles, to plan and to carry out the noblest works of art in the city of taste, backed by the lavish expenditure of a nation of free men? Behold Italy—the land of poetry, of painting, of music: say, what is the moral purity of that central soul of taste—Rome? Ask the harlot who tends that lepers' ward, what taste has done for them? She will answer, "I have hung these walls with the glories of art, but my lovers are lepers still."

The highest authority teaches us that "the world by wisdom knew not God"—Christianity is a thing of the soul, not of the intellect. Communion with the Great Spirit is not the sensuous manipulation of Caste. Could we believe such an absurdity, there is no reason why the mimic convent-bell of the theatre and the imitative vesper service of the opera, with its exquisite chants and choral harmonies, its piteous *misereres* and triumphant *jubilates*, should not save many a "soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

IMMORTALITY requires not the puritan of taste, but the puritan of heart.

Many of our churches have become the show-rooms of spiritual nursemaids and their "infant prodigies;" the most prominent individuals, with true feminine taste, laying out their ghostly counters with lace and jewels, and variegated linens and cloths, and doves and lambs; though, with the under-bred assumption of the spoiled shopwoman, they too often turn their backs upon the fine ladies and gentlemen who frequent their show. Well may the Church be personified as "SHE," when we have such a confluence of robes and robing-maids, and lace and jewellery, within her boudoir, once her vestry. The singular silence of these church-women in our pulpits is scripturally correct, according to the apostolical precept, "I suffer not a woman to teach in the Church!"[1] The following is an English churchwarden's description of the sort of Gospel preached in *his* church:—"While the clergy-bell is ringing, the choristers, boys and men, about twenty in number, issue from the clerks' vestry in procession, followed by one of the curates, cap in hand. When they have taken their places, Mr. Liddell and two curates, with occasionally volunteer clergymen, walk in procession from the vestry, each bearing one or more of the vessels

[1] On the Christian Ministry. See "What is Wanted." By the Rev. J. Ryle.

to be used at the communion. As they approach the altar, on which stands a large cross, Mr. Liddell bows to it reverently, and places on the Credence-table by its side the vessel he has brought. Mr. Nugee, also bowing reverently, now approaches, and, giving up what he has brought to be placed there, takes his place on the south side of it, followed by the others, who, having followed his example, with the exception of bowing, take their places behind him. While this is going on, the choristers and congregation have all risen."[1] Is this Christianity? Well may it be said that Divine service will *be performed* by such and such a one. Here, in the full blaze of knowledge, in the nineteenth century, we see a body of men, with their eyes closed, and their ears hermetically sealed, going over to a politico-ecclesiastical corporation, as being the only guild of godliness,—a corporation which they know right well tortured, burned, and imprisoned myriads of their fellow-creatures; all whose blood-stained laws, and treacherous morality, form the rule of that political Church to this very day. Englishmen! look around you. Mark those men, who, after having been trained at a so-called Protestant university, for a national Protestant ministry, have leagued themselves, not with a pure Christianity, but with a tyrannical policy and a tyrannical organization, whose prince is an Italian priest. Is it for this that your universities are maintained? The Christianity of Wickliffe, of Ridley and Latimer, of Hooper and Jewell, never designed these ancient edifices for the normal training-schools of Italian Jesuitism.

A crooked policy that tampers with the Christianity of a nation may anticipate a righteous national doom.

It is thus that men treacherously degrade the offices of a church which they betray, and which they desecrate by heathen ceremonies and Italian paganism! Is it for this that Ridley perished? Is it for this flagrant superstition, these processions of spiritual nursemaids with the toys and rattles, the coral and bells of the heathen children whom they bear in their arms, that England has endowed a noble institution?

Look, Monk of Oxford!—see you yon high ambassador of Heaven, the Christian JEWELL? Oh! bend your knee to Christ, and breathe an earnest prayer that He would dignify your grovelling aims, to make you such as he was—the terror of false priesthoods, and the messenger of good to man. Once more, behold that Great-heart, Wickliffe:—strip off yon jewelled lace, and fight for TRUTH as he did. See you that MAN, of Bunyan's stalwart mould?—that is a Gospel labourer; be you like him: work for

[1] Mr. Westerton's Letter to the Bishop of London.

your MASTER, Christ; your wages shall be ample; but for priests He has no pay.

If you are not prepared for this, you have mistaken your part in the world's great drama; for of the world you should be. Be you that for which your habits of a fine gentleman have fitted you—your hands are too dainty to dig in the vineyard. A master-of-the-ceremonies' place will suit you well. Do this, and the honest people of England will commend your growth in honesty and wisdom. That no idea of harshness may attach to the designation "Monk of Oxford," just applied to this hybrid species of Christianity that has built its nest within the walls of the Church of England, like some foul bird that shuns the day, we here present the reader with the acknowledged doctrines of this recreant band, who are luring on the country to its destruction, and who openly scout the principles for which Latimer and Ridley perished, and avowedly proclaim their adherence to that paganized religion which Rome practised in England before the murder of these holy men by the merciless hands of those who held those very doctrines in which they now glory.

All the authorities are taken from the recognized and leading writers of this heathenized Caste. The sum of their doctrine is, to "say anathema to the principle of Protestantism;"[1] to "depart more and more from the principles of the English Reformation;"[2] to "sigh to think we should be separate from Rome;"[3] to regard "Rome as our mother, through whom we were born to CHRIST."[4] It is to denounce the Church of England as being "in bondage, as working in chains, and as teaching with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies;"[5] it is to eulogize the Church of Rome, as giving "free scope to the feelings of awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, and devotedness;"[6] and as having "high gifts, and strong claims on our admiration, love, and gratitude."[7] It is to declare that our Articles are "the offspring of an uncatholic age,"[8] and that the Communion Service is "a judgment upon the Church;"[9] it is to teach that "the Romish ritual was a precious possession;"[10] and that the Mass-book is "a sacred and most precious monument of the Apostles."[11] It is to assert that "Scripture is not the rule of faith;"[12] that "the oral tradition of the Church is a fuller exposition of God's revealed truth;"[13] that the Bible, "placed without note or comment in the

[1] Palmer's Letter to Golightly. [2] British Critic for July, 1841.
[3] Tracts for the Times. [4] Tracts for the Times. [5] Ibid.
[6] Newman's Letter to Jelf. [7] Tracts for the Times. [8] Ibid.
[9] Froude's Remains. [10] Tracts for the Times. [11] Ibid.
[12] Ibid. [13] Linwood's Sermons.

hands of uninstructed persons, is not calculated, in ordinary cases, to make them wise unto salvation;"[1] and that only persons "disclaiming the right of private judgment in things pertaining to God" are members of the Church of Christ.[2] It is to teach that baptism, and not faith, is the "primary instrument of justification;"[3] that we are not to "neglect the doctrine of justification by works;"[4] and that "the prevailing notion of bringing forward the doctrine of the Atonement, explicitly and prominently, on all occasions, is evidently quite opposed to the teaching of Scripture."[5] It is to assert that in the Lord's Supper, Christ is "present under the form of bread and wine;"[6] that "He is then personally and bodily with us;"[7] and that the clergy are "intrusted with the awful and mysterious gift of *making* the bread and wine Christ's body and blood."[8] It is to "maintain the lawfulness of prayers for the dead;"[9] and to make a "distinction between venial and mortal sins;"[10] and to assert that "a person may believe there is a Purgatory; that relics may be venerated; that saints may be invoked; that there are seven sacraments; that the Mass is an offering for the quick and dead, for the remission of sins; and that he may yet, with a good conscience, subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England."[11] It is to put the visible Church in the place of Christ, by teaching that "she alone is that true hiding-place into which the servants of God may flee for refuge, and be safe;"[12] it is to put the sacraments in the place of God, by declaring that they are the "SOURCES of Divine grace."[13]

Here, then, is a set of men, officiating in the so-called Reformed Church of England, with nearly the whole of the leading despotic principles of the hierarchical government of the Church of Rome as their veritable guide. If we look around in the vicinity of the metropolis, we shall find these antichristian principles completely carried out.

The church of St. Peter at Pimlico, once Charlotte Chapel, enjoys an unenviable notoriety, and receives polite attention from the Popish organ: "The hymn-book used at the Puseyite chapel in Charlotte Street, Buckingham Place (the minister of which lately became a Catholic, and was followed soon by other clergymen in his locality), is almost entirely derived from Father Caswell's

[1] Linwood's Sermons. [2] Ibid. [3] Newman on Justification.
[4] Linwood's Sermons. [5] Tracts for the Times. [6] Linwood's Sermons.
[7] Tracts for the Times. [8] Ibid. [9] Ibid. [10] Ibid.
[11] Ibid. [12] Linwood's Sermons. [13] Tracts for the Times.
See W. Elfe Taylor's "Spirit of Popery," whence these authorities are extracted.

beautiful translation of the Breviary and Missal hymns, though it has a few from the Oratory hymn-book and other sources. Here, also, we have the antiphons and introits. In the hymn for All Saints (taken, we believe, from the St. Saviour's selection), the following verse occurs :—

"'Mary leads the sacred story,
Mary with her heavenly child;
Sharer with him now in glory,
Maid and mother undefiled.'"

"On All Saints' Day," writes the *Tablet*, "they sing the same introit as is used by the Pope and all his bishops and clergy in the mass of this day, 'Let us rejoice and keep a festival in honour of all the saints, on whose solemnity the angels rejoice,' &c.; and the greater antiphons of this season (which are also used) cannot be said to be derived from any other source than the Roman. But not only are our hymns, and antiphons, and introits appropriated by these good people, who aspire to be Catholic without the Pope; Catholic prayers and offices are equally used by them. Thus, at Margaret Chapel, the *Præparatio ad Missam* and the *Gratiarum*, from the Roman Missal, have been 'privately printed' (as the title-page states), and circulated among the congregation, with prayers from St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius of Loyola, and other Catholic saints, containing, of course, the doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Mass, Purgatory, &c."

"At the time when Cardinal Wiseman was in the midst of that odium and unpopularity excited by the recent Papal aggression, and the Papacy-loving propensities of the Margaret Chapel flock were the subjects of much and indignant comment, some unhallowed wight, forgetful that the church, however desecrated, was still the house of God, obtained a number of sparrows, and attiring them in scarlet gowns and cardinals' hats, leaving at the same time their wings unconfined, set them loose, in the midst of the evening service, among the worshippers. Their extraordinary and impish appearance, their beating against the lamps, and the confusion which they occasioned, gave rise to a scene such as it is to be hoped will never again be beheld in any church professing to belong to the English communion."[1]

The following is the Rev. Mr. Palmer's idea of the position and office of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Palmer was a leader among the Anglo-Catholics :—

"Assuming that in and under Christ, the head, the Blessed Virgin is, after her assumption, as it were the neck of the Church,

[1] Church of England Quarterly Review, April, 1854.

so that all grace whatever flows to the body through her—that is, through her prayers—it might seem that it would be an improvement[1] if every prayer, both of individuals and of the Church, were addressed to, or through, St. Mary; a form, beginning 'Our Lady which art in Heaven,' being preferred for general use to the original letter of the Lord's Prayer and the Psalter; the Te Deum, and all the daily offices, being used in preference, with similar accommodations."[2] Without being uncharitable, we have very little doubt of the *accommodations* provided for Mr. Palmer in a future world, judging by God's word;[3] unless, indeed, his friends have already provided accommodations for him where his sanity will be the main object of medical treatment: in this case he may yet have the same chance as the perjured Peter, who affirmed that he "knew not the MAN."

We have all heard of "Pinnock's Goldsmith's Geography." Piety has at length an edition of "Palmer's Lord's Prayer." As to the strange idea, that the Virgin is "the neck of the Church," Christians would say with poor Anna Boleyn, that "*it is a very little neck.*"

Behold what human vanity does! We have had Dr. Newman's "Development" of the Bible, and now Mr. Palmer's "Improved Lord's Prayer!"

Dr. Newman, in his "Addresses to Mixed Congregations," assures them, "Tradition, wafted on the aromatic breeze," affirmed that there was a growth of lilies from the tomb of the Virgin. This is very pretty; and a truly poetical card, for a florist of the hierarchy of the senses, might run thus:—

> *Lilies planted by Gardener Newman,*
> *and Aromatic Breezes imported by the same,*
> *on the Shortest Notice.*

That a man who once wrote so sound a treatise on Miracles, and

[1] Should Mr. Palmer ever get to heaven, he might suggest this to Latimer and Ridley (*should he see them*).

[2] Palmer's Dissertation on the Invocation and Worship of Saints, and especially of the Blessed Virgin.

[3] "There is none other name given among men whereby we may be saved, but Jesus Christ."

exposed the absurdities of the Roman Catholic claims on this score, should now write such nursery tales as the above, is a melancholy exhibition of what intellect is reduced to, when the plain truths of the Bible are neglected.

And what is the result of this Popish teaching in our English Church? Just what might be expected from the gay absurdities of the manipulatory ecclesiastical jeweller of the Sabbath morning. "The Sunday amusements at Belgravia rival the Sabbath desecration of Belgium or Portugal. The Tractarian party have established what they call 'high teas,' concerning which we shall only say, Why not copy Eleusis altogether, and for shame's sake preserve the decorum at least of a mystery?"[1]

Let English congregations be thoroughly aware of the true tenets of men under whose teachings such degrading practices and such unchristian desecration of the Sabbath become prevalent. It is well that our people should be aware of the exact nature of that model which this antichristian party has set up for its guidance.

Let us see, then, what are the doctrines held by the Church of Rome relative to the Virgin Mary; a church which the Anglo-Catholics avowedly "reverence," and whose Mass-book they esteem "a sacred and most precious monument of the Apostles." Let us hear Bernardine de Bustes :—

"All things are subject to the command of the Virgin, even God himself. Considering the blessed Virgin is the mother of God, and God is her son, and every son is naturally inferior to his mother, and subject unto her, and the mother has pre-eminence, and is superior to her son, it therefore follows that the blessed Virgin is superior to God; and God himself is subject to her, in respect of the manhood which He assumed from her."—"Howsoever she be subject unto God, inasmuch as she is a creature; yet is she said to be superior to Him, and preferred before Him, inasmuch as she is His mother. So great is her glory, that she exceeds the nature of angels and men joined together, as far in glory as the circumference of the firmament exceeds its centre in magnitude."

These opinions are precisely similar to those just noticed, which advise us to address the Virgin as "Our Lady, which art in Heaven." Let us hear a further testimony from the same writer :—

"If any one feels himself aggrieved in God's court of justice, he may speak unto His mother's court of mercy; she being that THRONE OF GRACE of which the Apostle speaks when he says, 'Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need.'"

[1] Church of England Quarterly, July, 1854.

"THE GLORIES OF MARY," by a modern saint of Rome, is full of blasphemy. We have before us a translation of this impious production by a Roman Catholic clergyman, published in 1845, from which the following quotations are made :—

"'To thee this belongs, O blessed Virgin ;—to thee,' says St. Bernard, 'it belongs to dispense the merits of Christ's blood to whom thou pleasest.' Hence St. Bernardine says, 'that all gifts, all virtues, all graces, are dispensed by Mary to whom she wishes'" (pp. 188, 221).

"If I have thy favour, I do not even fear the wrath of an offended God! Thou canst obtain for me a general pardon...... O Mary! O Mary! my light, my consolation, my refuge, my hope. Amen. Amen. Amen" (p. 229).

In the service-books of the Church of Rome, as well as its other devotional works, for some hundreds of years past, we find the Virgin adored and supplicated, as if she were truly God. All the praises which Christians are accustomed to address to God and to Christ, are addressed to her. And all blessings—even salvation from hell, and the enjoyment of heaven—are repeatedly sought directly from her hands. In addition to this, all those acts of worship which are peculiar to God—the erection of churches, the offering of sacrifices, vows, &c., &c.—were paid to her; and in many particulars, Mary, the creature, received more honour than God, the Creator!

"Great and singular is Mary's privilege of obtaining from her Son whatsoever she asks" (p. 247).—"I fear not thy Son, justly enraged against me, for by one word from thee He will be appeased" (p. 136).—"St. Bernard asks, 'Why the Church calls Mary the Queen of Mercy.' He answers, 'Because we believe that, by her prayers, she opens the abyss of Divine mercy to whom she wills, when she wills, and as she wills." [1]

Nor is the use of the rosary less approved by these spurious Christians. We would recommend to their notice the following practice of the Roman Catholics :—

"The most effectual plan for extending the use of the rosary was the institution of societies of the Rosary. This association, aptly designated by Southey 'a joint-stock prayer company,' united the members of the Papacy together for the purpose of reciting the rosary at stated seasons, and joining in certain processions in honour of the Virgin. The advantages of it were, not only that every member becomes a partaker in all the merits of the other members of the society in every part of the world,[2] but a vast

[1] The Glories of Mary. Dublin, 1845.
[2] Rosario, p. 12: quoted by Southey.

treasure of indulgences conferred upon it by the prime pastors of the Church, there being no pope since Sixtus IV. who hath not liberally laid out the Church's storehouse to enrich the sacred rosary, and add new benefits to his predecessor's bounty." [1] There is nothing like the accuracy of arithmetical religion; and if Oxford monachists *will* vie with Rome in these baccaceous pieties, it would be well for them not to omit the sins of the sanctuary—that is, supposing they have a rosary long enough to count them. Those men who have been brought up beneath the sound of Gospel truth, within the walls of our Church, must have a conscience terribly blunted and seared, who thus

> Sins aggregate and single mark by beads,
> As waiters, at a dinner, count the heads!
> Like well-fed guests, sins brook no dull delay,
> For both with "*benedicte!*" pass away.

These antichristian priests scruple not to eulogize the Church of Rome as "giving free scope to the feelings of awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, and devotedness." This is true; for nothing can exceed the "awe and mystery" of this their beloved Church in her institute of the "Holy Inquisition." Apply this doctrine to your heart's content, oh! Church of development. Improve your feelings of *mystery* by going into the dungeons of the holy house; improve your feelings of *tenderness* by trying on yourselves its thumbscrews, racks, and its long list of ingenious tortures; and still further increase your *reverence* for her by witnessing the murders and atrocities of Borgia, and the infamies of her holy fathers. Then, when you have satiated your reverence for this holy mother, if you have any reverence left, perhaps you will bestow a little of it on Cobham and Huss, and Jerome of Prague. The Church of your love is full of mysteries. Perhaps one, however, will do for many. Give, then, free scope to the feeling of mystery for the miraculous flight of the Chapel of Loretto, and believe us when we say, that if this is a mystery to you, it is a greater mystery to us.[2]

It were but consistent in our young sacrificial hierophants, who cultivate the Aaronic priesthood and its brazen gates and altars,

[1] Jes. Mar. Jos. p. 86.

[2] A chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, near Recanati in Italy, was, towards the fifteenth century, declared to be her house, which had been brought thither by angels from Palestine. This report which was industriously circulated, and as generally believed, speedily rendered this shrine of the Virgin the most famous in Europe. Pilgrimages to "Our Lady of Loretto," were, for many centuries, undertaken by kings and princes, as well as the common people, from all parts of the continent.

to antedate, whilst in their Jewish babyhood, episcopal ordination, by Hebrew circumcision; they might then present, simultaneously with letters of ordination and Oxford honours, the certificate of baptism and the certificate of circumcision; the last duly signed by the Hebrew rabbi of Belgravia. They might thus be acolytes in the Jewish Temple, graduate on the banks of the Oxford Tiber; and then, like the victorious Titus, classically march, with the captive candlesticks, from theocratic Jerusalem to pagan Rome.

But let us hear the boastful confession of one of these unhappy clergymen, now a Roman Catholic priest :—

"I was the means," says he, "of securing a free importation of missals and breviaries into Oxford."[1] A recent pervert to the Church of Rome in Leicester, lately revealed to an audience in the north of England the steps of his progress to Rome. He began with a notice of the causes which first tended to lead him away to Roman Catholicism, and prominent among these were the influences of his college life at Oxford, and an earnest study of the "Tracts for the Times." For many years after he was ordained to the charge of a parish, he made a practice of regularly going to confession, but he did not deem it necessary to state the name of the clergyman to whom he confessed; suffice it to say, he is now an eminent priest in the Roman Catholic Church.[2] Here are some of the fruits of confession. Far better is it that such men vacate their places in the Church, than remain to corrupt others.

The "Oxford and Cambridge Review" for January, 1848, says, "Already confession is practised to a considerable extent in our Church. It now prevails in a great number of parishes. A vast body of the clergy are impressed with a sense of its importance. Many probably are convinced of its necessity. It is not often urged in sermons, but it is recommended privately to the most religious of the parishioners, and it is accepted by them in numerous instances thankfully."

But let us consider the nature of that confession with which the Anglo-Catholic heresy is so much in love.

The Church rigorously enjoins the faithful, as they would escape perdition, to make the most intimate and circumstantial disclosures of their guilt, without which it says, "the sacred physician cannot be qualified to supply the remedy." The sacrament of confession, when it came to be thus explained and enjoined,

[1] Personal Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement; addressed to the Islington Roman Catholic Popular Club.
[2] "Sunderland Times," quoted in "Tablet" of June 9, 1855.

naturally drew in upon the Church, in tenfold quantity, the impurities of licentious times.

Is this, we would inquire, the process which the mothers of England would recommend to their daughters? And are these paganized Christians the men to whom they would intrust them? Those who are acquainted with the "Manuals of Confession," in use among Papists, will at once feel the force of this argument against auricular confession. Dens' "Theology," for instance, and the questions for examination on the commandments, published in that popular book of Popish devotion, "*The Garden of the Soul*," may be referred to in proof of these assertions. The gross indecency of these passages positively forbids our quoting them. We can only say, that the knowledge of vice, in its most loathsome forms, is by such means imparted to the young and simple; and all but the vile and the debauched depart from the confessional with ideas of wickedness to which they before were strangers.

And what is the state of this their darling system of the confessional in Rome—that Rome which is the avowed object of their *love and reverence?* It is there reduced to an absolute retail trade!

Here, there are persons who have no desire for confession, and who yet wish to avoid the disagreeable consequences of its neglect; and there are others who help them out of their difficulties by going through the Easter confession, twice, thrice, or four times, and selling their superabundant certificates; that is, persons, who really make a trade of communicating. Even women are employed as instruments on this occasion, who, at other times, are engaged in meditating affairs of a very different description. Is this the purity and the holiness that the wholesome feeling (to say nothing of religion) of this Protestant country desiderates? And what safeguards has human nature provided, that we should implicitly intrust the dearest treasures we possess to beings as sinful as their fellows?

"The unnatural condition to which the clergy are reduced, the open and intimate disclosures of the penitent, the secret retirement of the confessional, and the superhuman dignity and power with which the priesthood is invested, all combine to urge onward the confessor, and to allure the penitent to the commission of a horrid crime."

Nor is this a theme for speculation, but a fact of a terribly national, nay universal, nature. "The unmeasured immorality of the Spanish clergy appears in the history of sacerdotal and monkish 'solicitation' in that kingdom. These solicitants were Spanish

monks and priests, who, abusing the privacy of sacramental confession, tempted women, married and unmarried, to a violation of chastity, and, in the language of Pope Gregory, administered poison instead of medicine (*pro medicina venenum porrigunt*).

"This kind of solicitation became so prevalent as to demand pontifical interposition, and the publication of an express bull was the result. When this bull was first introduced into Spain, the inquisitors published a solemn edict in all the churches belonging to the archbishopric of Seville, that any person knowing, or having heard of any friar or clergyman having committed the crime of abusing the sacrament of confession, or in any manner having improperly conducted himself during the confession of a female penitent, should make a confession of what he knew within thirty days to the holy tribunal; and very heavy censures were attached to those who should neglect or despise this injunction. When this edict was first published, such a considerable number of females went to the palace of the Inquisition, only in the city of Seville, to reveal the conduct of their infamous confessors, that twenty notaries and as many inquisitors were appointed to minute down their several informations against them; but these being found insufficient to receive the depositions of so many witnesses, and the inquisitors being thus overwhelmed, as it were, with the pressure of such affairs, thirty days more were allowed for making the accusations; and this lapse of time proving also inadequate to the purpose, a similar period was granted not only for a third, but a fourth time."[1] Let us see now how this lauded Puseyite practice has answered in our own country.

The reformer Wickliffe, who lived in the fourteenth century, tells us, "So great was the license of sinning, that the priests and monks, besides violating married women and nuns, slew virgins who refused to consent to their desires. They were in the habit of persuading women that it was a smaller crime to commit sin with priests than with laymen, boasting also that they could absolve them, and would be answerable to God for their sins; with more that is unfit for publication."[2] Turn we again to the neighbouring land of Romanism, and what do we find? Ireland is by no means exempt from this offence, as the following extracts from the "Diocesan Statutes of the Roman Catholic bishops of the province of Leinster" abundantly prove:—"It must be confessed how great is the burden and danger of those who undertake so formidable an office, since experience proves that this remedy, so salutary

[1] See Narrative of the Inquisition, by Joseph Hyppolyto de Mendonea, vol. i. pp. 117—119.

[2] Joh. Wycl. de Hypocr. apud Wolf. Lect. Mem. tom. i. p. 643.

to the fallen, is sometimes so perverted by the ignorance and negligence of confessors, that this fountain of grace is turned into an occasion of perdition. We fear that there is no time in which the melancholy saying of St. Thomas of Villanova is not fulfilled in some confessors, 'that they send themselves and sinners down careless to hell.'" Here then is authority, that at least cannot be said to be prejudiced. And what is the result of the sister practice, Absolution? Let us hear. "Absolution removes the great check to wickedness, which consists in the fear of future woe. It pours oil upon the raging fire of man's depravity; and ranks amongst the foremost of the causes to which the acknowledged corruption of society in Papal countries must ever be traced."

As to the PENANCES imposed upon the sinner, so far are these from "tending powerfully to preserve and restrain penitents from sin, and render them more cautious and watchful in future,"[1] that any one having the slightest acquaintance with their nature will ridicule such an idea.

After confession had been included among the sacraments, the opposite views began to prevail, at first, only in opinion, but afterwards sanctioned by the ordinance of Innocent III., that every one should confess to a priest, at least once in every year.

From this time the notion grew up that confession was the only means of obtaining the forgiveness of deadly sins; and that *the priest, as God's representative, could bestow such forgiveness, and the priest only.*[2] Up to this time the form of absolution was, "THE LORD GRANT THEE absolution and remission."

Alas! for compromise!—Compromise that has been so much lauded by those whose intelligence should have at once penetrated the necessary consequences in religion. This it is, that, for the sake of retaining within the pale of the National Church, men who *would* tamper with superstition, drove out the sound-hearted portion, and left a precedent on record for secessions to Rome. It is thus that the Book of Common Prayer was allowed to retain the Papal formula, "In the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, *I absolve thee from all thy sins!*" Thus, too, it has left on record that terribly unscriptural formula, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost." An imperative is not a precative; commanding is not praying. Let us again survey another mode by which absolution is obtained in Rome. Full remission of all sins in the hour of death is promised to those who are diligent in visiting the holy stairs. No one is allowed to tread upon these sacred steps with his feet; they must be ascended on the bare knees, and saluted

[1] Conc. Trid. sess. xiv. c. 8. [2] Text-book of Eccles. Hist. ii. p. 353.

from time to time with a kiss. "A whole crowd of young women came laughing over the square, cast themselves upon their knees at the foot of the steps, and commenced the operation of ascending. In a state of paradisaical innocence this might be regarded as admissible; but, as the world now is, it seemed to me that the exhibition was a violation of decency." This is the testimony of an individual who was inclined to be more charitable than the generality of travellers from Protestant England; he had, however, seen quite enough of the absolving system.[1]

The following are some of the fees paid to the pope for *Absolutions*, *Dispensations*, *&c.*, as given in the Paris edition of "The Taxes of the Apostolic Chancery," published A.D. 1520.

ABSOLUTIONS.

	£.	s.	d.
For him that reveals the confession of another	0	10	6
For him that has committed perjury	0	9	0
For a layman, for the vice of simony	0	9	0
For a priest, for the vice of simony	0	10	6
For a monk, for the vice of simony	0	12	0
For a layman, for murdering a layman	0	7	6
For him that has killed father, mother, or wife ..	0	10	6
For laying violent hands on a clergyman, or a religious man, without effusion of blood	0	10	6
For a priest that keeps a concubine	0	10	6
For a layman that keeps a concubine	0	10	6
For him that has committed incest	0	7	6
For him that possesses many benefices	2	17	0

DISPENSATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.
To marry in the fourth degree of consanguinity ..	1	5	0
To marry in the third degree of consanguinity	2	0	6
To marry in the second degree of consanguinity ..	2	2	6
To marry in the first degree of consanguinity	2	14	0
For one that is found hanged, to have a Christian burial	1	7	6
For one under age to enter holy orders	2	9	6
To be ordained at any time of the year	4	1	0

[1] In Suetonius's Life of Vespasian, he records several vexatious plans which that emperor pursued for raising a revenue, and amongst the rest that of selling pardons—"ABSOLUTIONES"—to culprits, whether just or innocent.* The pope has confessedly adopted some practices of his imperial predecessors, those Pontifices Maximi, whose title he inherits; such, for instance, as his offering his foot for salutation, which was first done by Diocletian.

* Vespas. 16.

LICENCES.

	£.	s.	d.
For a man to change his vow	0	15	0
To eat flesh and white meats in Lent, &c.	0	10	6
For a king or queen to enjoy the same indulgences as if they went to Rome	15	0	0
For a king or prince to exact contributions of the clergy ..	3	15	0
If the contribution amount to 100,000 florins, then, for the first thousand	0	7	6
And for every other	0	1	6
To found a chapel or hospital	1	4	0
For a city to coin money	37	10	0
For a layman to choose his confessor	0	15	0
To have a portable altar	0	15	0
To go into a nunnery alone	0	18	0
For a town to take out of a church those who have taken sanctuary there	4	1	0
For a bishop to take to himself a year's profit of every vacant benefice for three years	3	15	0
To exact a subsidy of his clergy	1	10	

Let us now observe how Protestant places of worship become the factories of the Papal agency. "Margaret Chapel," observes a Romanized clergyman, "has yielded some scores of converts to the Roman Catholic Church, including four of its successive ministers; and this, although it never aimed at anything but to promote the cause of the Church of England. It continued to do its work long after I quitted it; and it has now merged into one of the most magnificent churches of England, which I have no doubt will do its work also." This ingenious plan of "never aiming at anything but to promote the cause of the Church of England," puts us in mind of doing a thing "accidentally on purpose." That it *did its work*, was to be expected from an agency that was so mechanical. The religion of Rome is better known to-day in England than it has ever been known since the days of her rule and governance in these lands. "Sympathy with Rome there should be none,—Rome, that burned our martyrs,—Rome, that sought the desolation of our land,—Rome, that cursed our queen of former days,—Rome, that Sardinia disendows,—Rome, that Spain deems a yoke too heavy,—Rome, that Tuscany upholds by the incarceration of the children of God,—Rome, that, as it were but yesterday, added her latest article—and none can tell when she shall add the last—to her developed and still developing creed."[1]

Now, the whole of this treacherous conduct on the part of the degraded clergy of the national Church arose from the base and selfish spirit of CASTE. Their power, as a separate and peculiarly

[1] Church of England Quarterly, *in loco*.

holy order of men, was not generally granted by their congregations; they had no real hold over their minds; their dignity, their holiness, their CASTE, was to be insured. For this there was no other way than the descent to the rites of a heathenized Christianity,—their taste was to be gratified, at all hazards; and conviction was to be smothered by sacerdotal holiness. These gods would have their altars. How far these paganisms were consistent with the true worship of the Reformed Church, we shall see. We learn from Cardwell's "Documentary Annals," and also from the works of Bishop Ridley, published by the Parker Society, that an order in council was issued to Bishop Ridley "to take down all altars, and to place tables in their stead;" and Bishop Burnet informs us that, in November, 1550, letters were sent to every bishop "to pluck down the altars;" and the high-sheriff of Essex was sent down to see Bishop Ridley's injunctions carried out. [1]

It would be well for men who will cavil in defence of every obsolete ecclesiastical custom and darling antiquity, to look well, not so much into the letter of so-called Protestant worship as its spirit; nay, still more, the spirit of Christianity. It is the duty of every individual who would worship God "in spirit and in truth" to take care that there be nothing in form or circumstance that may distract the meditative and prayerful faculties. The true model of the spirit of all devotion, private and public, is "shutting the door and praying in secret." That principle should not irreverently be interfered with, in the most crowded congregation. Parade is not prayer. It is not what was used or done, or said or sung, in Laud's time, or Elizabeth's time, or in any other time of the English Church. It is what the Christian commons of England will have it to be. They will not trouble men nicely learned in the dusty lore of the last pages of Romish superstition to pry through the cobwebs and mildew of mediæval antiquity—to tell them what lingering heathenism taught or acted in the house of God; they have a higher, a holier, and a truer standard, in vital Christianity and its grand text-book. The spirit of its common law will be their rule of action. Again: in the Litany, why not be consistent? Why not honestly write down, "Let us intone," instead of "Let us pray"? What a difference is there between praying and saying prayers! Behold the bloodthirsty Jewish inquisitor brought to his knees, and hear that commendatory approval of God—"Behold he prayeth;" not "Behold he intoneth," or "Behold he hath a remarkably fine tenor voice."

[1] Church of England Quarterly.

Mark, too, the contrite publican: his heart is full of anguish—a groan bursts from his bosom; he sees eternal ruin before him—there is but ONE to save him: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" This is to pray, indeed; and if there was intonation here, it was the intonation of utter anguish—of conscious helplessness; it was not a cultivated performance of the temple; it was a reality, and not a theatrical mockery—a living being who felt, and not a soulless automaton.

Let us now look at the causes of this movement towards Rome. "The younger clergy of both universities," says Marsden, "were strongly prejudiced in favour of a system which promised to give dignity to the priesthood, and invest religion with magnificence. The old gentry viewed with approbation the return of a system which promised to reinstate them, with the sanctions of the Church, with almost feudal power." Here was the selfish principle of CASTE again at work—Caste for the old, and Caste for the young. And where, meantime, were the main body of the people to be located? Were they to exercise the influence they had won in many a hard-fought parliamentary contest, or to give way to the renewed despotism of the mediæval principle?

Had this treacherous course of action continued much longer, a terrible explosion of popular indignation would have been the result. "At this time the Church was distracted in numberless parishes with attempts to restore usages which, though in many cases strictly rubrical, or in accordance with the canons or the Prayer-book, were, nevertheless, obsolete; and together with these, attempts were often made to introduce practices unknown in the Church of England since the Reformation, or known only during the primacy of Laud. Some of the clergy preached in surplices; some placed the elements, before consecration, on a piscina, or side-table of stone; some placed two lighted candles upon the communion-table; some read the offertory after sermon. At the close of 1852, the secessions to the Church of Rome were upwards of two hundred of the clergy, with at least as many of the laity. The Anglo-Catholics, previous to their secession, used to administer penance; they encouraged auricular confession, and gave especially priestly absolution. They taught the propitiatory sacrifice of the Eucharist, and the adoration of Christ as really present on the altar, under the form of bread and wine; they encouraged the use of rosaries and crucifixes, and especial devotions to our Lord, as, for example, to His five wounds. They had also endeavoured to introduce the conventual or monastic life. The Sisters of Mercy were established at Devonport, under the sanction of the Bishop of Exeter. Here private confessions to

the visiting clergy were practised, and severe penances sometimes enforced."[1] It is clear that the first Reformation was a dam badly built: it must be reconstructed of stronger and more solid materials; no more chinks must be allowed to remain—otherwise, we shall have the waters of the Tiber first leaking, next trickling through the dyke, and finally making a sweeping breach through the whole structure. Is it not high time for the commons of this great country to carry out practically the legitimate rights of the great Christian congregation, which have been so basely usurped by an insignificant minority, and that, too, not of godly men, but of paganized religionists? It is not the mere expulsion of treacherous teachers; it is the absolute purging of the whole preparatory system which compels this noble country to receive into its pulpits numbers of men who possess not the slightest qualifications for their high office beyond a blank morality and the decencies of learning; and who, though the loudest to boast of apostolic succession, are, among their own brethren, the most deficient in apostolic zeal, and apostolic ministrations, and apostolic evangelism.

What think the people of England, when one of these Tractarian writers thus unchristianizes Christianity?—"The prevailing notion of bringing forward the atonement explicitly and prominently on all occasions, is evidently quite opposed to the teaching of Scripture. The exclusive and naked exposure of so very sacred a truth is unscriptural and dangerous." Here, indeed, as of old, to this pagan "Greek," "the Cross is foolishness." St. Paul preached "Christ and Him crucified;" our Tractarians preach the Church, the whole Church, and nothing but the Church. How vast is the difference between Christianity and Caste! St. Paul "determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." St. Barnabas determines to know nothing but candles, and candlesticks, and altars, and credence-tables, and jewelled crosses, and jewelled communion-cloths, and bronze gates.

> Oh! when, like Wesley, shall such learn to think
> Labour is rest, and preaching meat and drink?

We would say to this fallen ministry, with all earnestness, "By FAITH are ye saved"—not by CANDLES.

The parentage of these sensuous principles and practices is mirrored forth distinctly enough in the following writer:—

"Nothing, I found, so much helped my imagination," writes Dr. Middleton, "in fancying myself wandering about in old heathen

[1] Marsden.

Rome, as to observe and attend to their religious worship, all whose ceremonies appeared plainly to have been copied from the rituals of primitive paganism, as if handed down by an uninterrupted succession from the priests of Old to the priests of New Rome. So that, as often as I was present at any religious exercise in their churches, it was more natural to fancy myself looking at some solemn act of idolatry in Old Rome, than assisting at a worship instituted on the principles and founded upon the plan of Christianity. And in some of the principal churches, where you have before you, in one view, a great number of altars, and all smoking at once with steams of incense, how natural is it to imagine oneself transported into the temple of some heathen divinity, as that of the Paphian Venus!—

"'Her hundred altars there with garlands crown'd,
And richest incense, odours, breathe around.'"[1]

Our young pagan priests of Oxford are the very first that require to be Christianized; and a well-organized society, with its missionary fund, might profitably employ the agency of the adult members of our Ragged Schools to convey introductory notions of humility and piety—in fact, to exhibit the difference between Christianity and Caste. It is to be feared that the studies of the learned heathen on the banks of the Isis singularly disqualify them for the religion of the Nazarene; since their readings of Jupiter and his flower-decked altars are so well remembered as to be passionately theatricized in our churches, where these *pontifices* have lovingly set up his altars, and celebrated many of his pagan rites. In fact, the Christianity of this order of priests reminds us of the Christianity of the Goths, which consisted of as many baptisms as each could get, with a white robe per baptism. These, forsooth, are the teachers of religion, receiving national stipends. Nor is the degradation of obscene public punishments, in those institutes which train students for the National Church, less harmonic in its vocalization.

Here reigns the majestic symbolism of the Anglo-Catholic Church. In these mediæval institutes for education, fundamental truths must be *fundamentally* taught. Vulgar academies, now-a-days, are not privileged with these chaste and chastening exhibitions, or, as our Gallic friends would call them, "grandes expositions," these "Foundation Exhibitions" being exclusively reserved for the Anglican children of the "Symbolic Mother." It may possibly be

[1] ——"Ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant."
VIRG.

on this account that, judging them by their ecclesiastical toys, she takes her young men for little children, and trains them with the motherly birch accordingly. Truly the interval between the public whippings of these little ones and their deification before the brazen gates of our St. Barnabases is singularly brief.

The more classically antique, it seems, our Oxford students have become, the more have they left a Christian Church where they can get no incense, for a half-pagan one where they may participate with their favourite deities in the grateful odours which equally flatter both godships.

> "E'en now I view the long processions near,
> The opening temple and the weltering steer,
> Then turn and mark the shifting scene, and hail
> The Briton lifting high the embroider'd veil."[1]

Besides, a transfer from Oxford to Rome has many delightful privileges. Instead of the young clerical student having to kneel as a matrimonial suitor at the feet of the fair, the young lady will now have to bow down right humbly before his holiness, her young Oxford father-confessor. Imagine Adolphus and Helen, only a short time before, sporting and making merry together, in some gay coterie of Belgravia. Now, how changed! Adolphus has left Oxford—from Oxford, after finishing parade in the church militant at Pimlico, he has gone over to Rome, and is now Helen's father-confessor. There at his feet she kneels, while, mindful of his religious dignity, he duly probes all the pieties and all the amiable weaknesses of the convert maiden. This is power indeed! This is worth going to Rome for! Where, within the old-fashioned, white-washed walls of the old country church couldst thou have gotten this? This is indeed to be the mighty pagan "king and priest" of antiquity—the true classical *idem rex et sacerdos.*

D'Aubigné tells us that "the Ciceronians of Italy affected a great contempt for the Bible on account of its style. Men who arrogated to themselves the title of priests of Christ's church, translated the words of the Holy Ghost into the style of Virgil and of Horace, to accommodate them to the ears of men of taste. The Cardinal Bembo wrote always, instead of the *Holy Spirit*, 'the breath of the celestial zephyrs;' for *remission of sins*, he substituted the 'pity of the Manes and of the gods;' and instead of *Christ the Son of God*, 'Minerva sprung from the brows of Jupiter.'"

[1] ——— "Jam nunc solemnes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, cæsosque videre juvencos:
Vel scena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque
Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni."
GEORG. iii. 25.

This is just that feeling which makes the hieratic worshipper of the religion of Caste despise the very name of a conventicle, no matter how nobly Christian may be the ministrations found within its walls. This it is that equally drives out of the Established Church the man of a taste so tyrannously refined as to be the very slave of spiritual pride. He wears its chains; and because they are of gold, he deems himself superior to the Christian freeman, who boasts of no such order of slavery.

Such æsthetics are in the very worst taste, and demonstrate a grovelling care for names, and a base disregard for grand substantialities. Thus it was that but recently we had it gravely proposed by a refined critic, that the Bible should be *improved*, by the gratuitous placidity of the gaoler of Philippi—thus: "GENTLEMEN! what must I do to be saved?"

The strong affection of certain of our pontifical Oxonians for large candles is well known. This was doubtless a taste imbibed from classic Greece. These Anglicans eulogize the Church of Rome, "as giving full scope to the feelings of awe and mystery."

So did the mysteries of Eleusis. Here, too, strangely enough, we find a similar rivalry in presenting monstrous lights to the shrine; and Damasippus is said to have "sent the greatest torch to the mysteries."[1] Certainly, *mysteries* seem very naturally to require a corresponding *illumination*.

Herodotus tells us of the Egyptians, that they had a famous yearly festival, called the Lighting-up of Candles.[2] The primitive writers frequently expose the folly and absurdity of this heathenish custom. "They light up candles to God," says Lactantius, "as if He lived in the dark; and do not they deserve to pass for madmen who offer lamps to the Author and Giver of light?"

It is said that the former irreligion of Englishmen in India proved a great obstacle to Hindoo conversion. In some cases the natives absolutely regarded them as demons of iniquity, and incarnations of their most terrible deities. The Shamans of Travancore, who are almost all devil-worshippers, with horrible ceremonies and disgusting dances, propitiate the objects of their fear, and continually add to the number of their devils. In one district an Englishman is said to have been worshipped as such; the offerings on his tomb being spirits and cigars.

[1] Eleusis had its special "day of torches"—a festival that seems to have been successfully revived of late in one of the paganized temples of Belgravia, when the officiating priest took advantage of a fog to light the large candles, in spite of the presence of several Christians near his heathen shrine.

[2] Καὶ τῇ ὁρτῇ οὔνομα κέεται Λυχνοκαΐη.

In this Christian country we can conceive of no greater obstacle to the conversion of the intellectual profligate, and the degradedly ignorant, than the revolting impieties of those papalized Anglicans, whose pretended creation of Christ in our churches, and whose infatuated passion for candles, candlesticks, altar-cloths, and the whole livery of paganism, stamp them a heathen priesthood. May we not reasonably anticipate that their spirits, like that of the Anglo-Indian just noticed, will, on their death, be propitiated by profuse offerings of candles, submissively laid on their tombs, by their ignorant worshippers, in deprecation of the terrors of these lymphatic deities?—

> As side by side, in contrast vast, they lie,
> The Belgrave wax-light thus, with scornful eye:
> "Poor tallow Protestant! how mean thy look!
> And fit alone to fire thy pastor's book—
> While, spire-like, sinners' souls I raise on high,
> And my bright tints remind him of the sky."

The following is a description of one of these feasts of candles in Italy, of such surpassingly pious utility as would have gladdened the heart of St. Barnabas—it is the festival of St. Agatha:—"On the third day of the feast," says Blunt, "twenty-one clusters of monstrous wax candles, four in each cluster, were stationed in the great square, called the Piazza di Porta di Aci Reale, every candle measuring from ten to fifteen feet in height, and some of them not less than a foot in circumference. They were fixed in gilt frames, decorated with a small picture of the saint, and were all votive offerings from the several companies of shoemakers, tailors, painters, ice-sellers, &c., &c., each contending with the rest in the magnitude of the candles which it presented to the saint. A procession being marshalled to conduct them to the mother church, the Black Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Canons in their red silk robes and mitres, and the indefatigable senate, walked along in due solemnity. To these succeeded the cluster of candles, each cluster supported by four men, all groaning under the burden and the heat of the day. The members of such companies, with small tapers in their hands, followed.

"At length they were all deposited in the nave of the church, amid shoutings and tossing of hats, and every demonstration of such frantic joy as ill accorded with the solemnity of the house of God.

"In Italy there has ever been a certain connection between the theatre and the church. The union was formed, when plays were for the first time represented at Rome, under a vain expectation of dispelling a pestilence, and appeasing the anger of the

gods. It was strengthened by the part they continued to play in the festivals of the gods; and it has been prolonged by that insatiate thirst of the people, whether in the solemnities of worship or the frivolities of amusement, for the gratification of sense; and I cannot but think that the same taste, whilst it leads the Italian to contemplate the material form under which his saints, his Virgin, his God himself, are represented, may have disposed him to indulge in a scenic parade of processions and robes, and ecclesiastical ornaments."

And what have these gorgeous processions and symbolisms done for Italy, with all the holy grosseries which a lymphatic and deluded band would introduce into all our churches if they could? Italy is now as grossly addicted to the vices of impurity as in the days when Bishop Hall exclaimed, in his "Dissuasive from Popery:" "I bewail our wickedness, I defend it not. I only ask how they live in Italy. If they be not for the most part filthy in comparison with ours, go with them and prosper. Let all indifferent tongues say, whether that very see on which their faith depends, even within the smoke of his holiness, be not, for viciousness, the sink of the world. We may condemn ourselves; their lives shall justify us."

Vessels, lamps, statues of massy silver and gold, diamonds, and precious stones, were the characteristics of the shrine of Delphi, not less than that of Loretto. Well does the saying of old Homer, relative to the impotence of these Delphic treasures towards the giving of life, apply to the powerlessness of these our modern Delphic church trinkets, in the restoration of spiritual life:—

"Nor all the wealth Apollo's temple holds
Can purchase one day's life."[1]

Well may the heathenized portion of the ministers of the Church of England delight in the title of "sacrificing priests," since they look back with fond regret to that period when their mother,[2] as they lovingly call her, employed this sacerdotal order to sacrifice her children, after the fashion of Moloch, in the true pagan type, by *making them pass through the fire.*

We plainly warn these men, and all others who may feel inclined to resort to this "mother," that they shall learn to imbibe not milk,

[1] *Οὐδ' ὅσα λάϊνος οὐδὸς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸς ἐέργει
Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος.*

[2] "We regard Rome as our MOTHER, through whom we were born to Christ." (See p. 70.) We had always thought that the Christian's birth was by a *spiritual* agency. See the doings of this "Mother" under the chapter, "The Fire Assurance."

but blood; for that, for centuries, has been her ordinary nourishment, and with that is her system charged.

Men of England! this is the "tender mother" whom your own paid ministers love so dearly, for whom you toil with the sweat of your brow, that they may teach such deadly treachery. Mothers of England! would you have your children grow up innocent and wholesome members of society, with an honest heart, a clear eye, and a Christian spirit, and in the sequel untorn from your embrace and their home, keep them from approaching the seductions of these ecclesiastical milliners, who have turned Christ's temple into a show-room.

It is the same hierarchic spirit of Caste that still maintains and tenaciously clings to the absurd and soul-destroying doctrine of spiritual regeneration by baptism.[1] Here, forsooth, man must again interfere to help God! No salvation, except by material agents! It must come to fallen man by something that he is to do for his fallen brother! It must be water, or altar, or chancel, or organ, or priest—anything but Christ—anything but being "born again," or being "born of the Spirit." Strange that these people will mistake a "washing" for a "birth"! We say to such an one, if this monstrous doctrine must be taught, teach it not within sight of the martyr's monument.

> Beneath St. Peter's flag at Rome unfurl'd,
> Purvey thy liquid Saviour to the world—
> Thy sinner's WATER-CURE—Death's fount empearl'd!
> But, brazen, walk not where a Ridley stood,
> Thy surplice draggling in the martyr's blood.
> For were thy laundress Joan—St. Peter's, soap,—
> To cleanse that crimson never couldst thou hope!

The fact is, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is one of those terrible blots which Rome dyed so deeply in her services, that it has never been blotted out of the Prayer-book. It is inveterately papal. The Roman Catholic chaplain attached to M. Freycinet's vessel, off Otaheite, was in the practice of baptizing natives at many of the islands visited by that navigator, from a belief that even uninstructed heathens, though utterly ignorant of the nature and design of the ceremony, would by it be rescued from endless perdition.

M. Arago, in his letters on M. Freycinet's voyage, after relating the whole ceremony to his readers as a religious farce, observes:—"After exchanging presents with M. Freycinet, the minister

[1] Anglo-Catholicism teaches that "Baptism, and not faith, is the primary instrument of justification."

Pott took his leave, and, furnished with his passport to Paradise, went home to his seven wives, and to sacrifice to his idols."

Here, then, was the *opus operatum*—the work performed: no matter that the agents were material, and the results demanded were to be spiritual. The actor in this transaction, being supposed to possess a transferable sap of holiness, is considered to have transfused it from his own spiritual tree to what was now grafted in as a branch.

We find the same principle carried out in papal Ireland during the rebellion, when the priests and friars were busily employed in baptizing the Protestant women, and such of the men as were admitted into the rebel ranks. They then granted them passes and protections; of one of which, the following is a copy, given by Father John Broe, a friar, to a person whom he had baptized:—

> "I hereby certify, that A.B., of C——, in the parish of D——, has done his duty, and proved himself a Catholic.
>
> "F. John Broe.
>
> "Wexford, June 21, 1798."

This priest was constantly in gaol baptizing. Baptizing the heretics was not confined to Wexford; it was also common on Vinegar-hill, and through all the camps in the country. In the barony of Forth, all the Protestants were ordered to the chapels to be baptized.

Nothing can more thoroughly demonstrate the complete identity of doctrine held alike by Anglo-Catholics and Roman Catholics, relative to the regenerating effect of baptism, than the following process of faith and practice, which demonstrates the utter absurdity of the tenet held by both these schismatics from Christianity:—

"Some of the earliest converts in the Pacific were baptized and regenerated unconsciously to themselves, and unsuspected by the idolaters around. M. Battaillon, one of the priests, describes his own proceedings, and thus writes:—'In order to experience no difficulty in administering baptism, even in presence of their mother, I act in the following manner. I have always with me one bottle of scented water; I pour at first some drops of the former on the head of the child, under pretence of soothing it, and whilst the mother pleases herself by softly spreading it with her hand, I change the bottles, and shed the water which regenerates, without her suspecting what I have done.'"[1] Now here is a very ingenius process for producing holiness and "the fruits of the spirit;"

[1] Ellis.

which, with the bottle of scented water, we would recommend to Belgravian divines, for the special benefit of those ladies who wish their own regeneration to be a perfumed one.

In the Roman Catholic homily of the olden time in England, which was appointed to be read in Rogation week, we find this idea of holiness attached to processions; and every Christian is told that "ryght as he withdraweth himself fro the holy procession, *ryght so will God put hym from all the company of Heven*, and from all the prayers that ben done in Holy Chyrche, till he come to amendment." Here then is *processional salvation!*

Nor must we suppose that this idea of transferable holiness is peculiar alone to Roman and Anglo-Catholics, or that the idiosyncrasies resulting from it are confined to the polished populations of Europe. The same due preparation, careful manipulation, jealous, holy impenetrability of purpose, and grand resulting effects, are equally the property of the savage officiating hierophant. Thus we find in Madagascar, that when the idol-keeper purposes to sanctify the idol in order to offer prayers to it, or prepare it for the prayers of the worshippers, he closes the doors, observes strictly that no one is watching, and then, opening the case, takes out the idol and pours castor-oil upon it, after which he returns it to its proper place. Here then is a dose of castor-oil administered by this savage spiritual physician to his own god, that the forthcoming operation may be effective to his godship, whatever be demanded of him; that is the true doctrine of supposed sanctified agency—the true "*opus operatum.*"

But again:—The grand doctrine of holy localities and holiness-transferring localities, was as vigorous among the Otaheitans before their conversion to genuine Christianity, as it is at this day among the Puseyites. There, too, the priest was the agent who infused the god into the idol; without the man of paid sanctities it was but an image. Let us for a moment listen to the able author of "Polynesia," as to the idols there worshipped, and the means by which they arrived at the dignity of deities. He thus writes:—

"Those representing spirits, they call '*tü;*' those representing the national or family gods, '*toos.*' Into these they supposed the god entered in answer to the prayers of the priest. During this indwelling of the gods, they imagined that even those images were very powerful. I had repeatedly conversed with a '*tahua-tarai-too,*' or maker of gods, whom I met when on a visit to Raiatea. As he appeared a serious inquirer after truth, and I could place some confidence in what he related, I was anxious to know his opinion as to the idols it had been his business to make—whether he really believed they were the powerful beings which the natives

suppose, and, if so, what constituted this great power above the other parts of the tree of which they were hewn.

"He assured me, that although at times he thought it was all deception, and only practised his trade to obtain the property he received for his work, yet at other times he really thought the gods he himself had made were powerful beings. It was not, he said, from the alteration his tools had effected in the appearance of the wood, or the carving with which they were ornamented, but because they had been taken to the temple, and were filled with the *atua* (or god), that they were so powerful." Here then the holiness of the temple and the holiness of the priest actually give the god his holiness. How exactly is this the system of formalism—how precisely identical with the doctrines of our St. Barnabases! Here, too, the temple is holy—*that* makes the people who resort to it holy. Then, the priest is holy—it is this holiness of his that enables him to make a saviour ready for man as often as he pleases—just as the Otaheitan priest made *his* god come into the image. In very fact, the one is just as pagan as the other. Just as though the Eternal Spirit were necessarily tied down to some special locality, and some special set of men, and as though He did not fill all space.. What an arrogant claim is this! It is nothing less than to make a gaudy prison-house for the Deity, and boastfully to proclaim the shutting up of the sources of eternal mercy and beneficence, by the registered and graduated heathendom of pride.

It is thus that the bigoted Mohamedan sees the centre and stronghold of his religion in the Keblah, that point of all his hopes—the temple of Mecca. The son of Islam must tie down a special sanctity to one spot; he must localize his divinity.

Nanac, the founder of the Sikh religion, was once insulted and beaten by a bigoted Moolah for lying on the ground with his feet turned towards the Keblah, or direction in which the sacred temple of Mecca is supposed to stand. "Dost thou dare, wicked infidel," exclaimed the irritated priest of Islam, "to turn thy feet towards the holy temple of God?"—"Turn them, if it be in thy power," replied Nanac, "in a direction where the temple of God is not."

Here was a noble, and, indeed, Christian reply. It was a direct acknowledgment of the spirituality of God, and of His freedom from the accidents of time, or persons, or things, or places.

The very grandeur of Christianity consists in its applicability to all climes, individuals, and seasons, totally irrespective of what man can do. Nor can the proud hierophant chain, or set free, or order, the sacred influences of the Great Spirit, any more than he can arrest the revolution of the planets, regulate their course, or launch them into eternal motion.

Is it not so? Alas! if not, what will be the future state of yon roving Arab's soul? How can he become *religious* who has no temple in which to worship—no pealing organ—no stone altar—no brazen gates—and nothing but God's sky above him, and the arid sand beneath his feet, and the date-tree for his shade? Alas! what a lost soul would he be in the view of the "Church," even should he obtain a Bible, and though the Eternal should shed the light of His glorious Spirit upon his benighted soul!

The poor heathen would certainly be lost! for no sacrificial priest has he, and no "regenerating" baptism. For him, alas! no varied change of communion covers of purple, black, or violet! His case is hopeless! Ah! he must perish, for there is no *church* there to administer its salvation through its symbols! Observe, again: this system of holy localities, not content with æsthetics, or taste metaphorical, embraces a taste physical. Gastronomy has its special holiness; reminding us of that Scriptural truth, that there are those "whose god is their belly." Here, then, the kitchen is as holy as the chancel. Among the Mohamedans, the Melevees are, for many reasons, the most remarkable of the rigid orders. A thousand and one days is the mystic number prescribed for the noviciate, and the candidate receives elementary instruction in spiritual knowledge in no other than the kitchen of the convent. During his noviciate he is called "the scullion," and it is by "the head cook" that he is presented to the abbot or superior as worthy of full admission. The cook assists at the ceremony of initiation, and holds the head of the noviciate, the superior pronouncing over him some verses of the founder. And was not this the whole stock of holiness of many a plethoric alderman in days gone by? Did he not imbibe his piety from his noviciate of "a thousand and one days"? Even now, with some of us, does not "the cook assist at the ceremony of our initiation" into Christianity, our spiritual "superior pronouncing over us some verses of its FOUNDER"? Is not this too often the holiness of our charitable dinners, where we eat ourselves into a fictitious corporate piety?

And what is the testimony of a mind naturally vigorous, though comparatively uncultivated, and yet from independent meditation rendered still more masculine,—what, we say, is his testimony as to the influences of externalism in the worship of the sanctuary? It is entitled to the more weight, because it comes from one who was, in the sequel, a mighty opponent of anything that tended to nullify purity of devotion. This individual was John Bunyan, whom a variety of concurrent causes had led to modify his once notoriously bad and open course of ill living.

All these things together wrought upon him for an external

reformation at least, and produced certain church-going habits, to fall in, as Bunyan says, "very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that, too, with the foremost; and there should very devoutly say and sing, as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things, both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment-service, and what else belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed.

"This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, supposing they were the ministers of God, I could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, their work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me." The able and Christian lecturer upon that immortal work of Bunyan, "The Pilgrim's Progress," has admirably observed, that such was the intoxicating effect of the glare of religious formalism on his soul, that he adored, and that with great devotion, all things belonging to the church. "Mark the phraseology, and see if it does not wonderfully characterize some in our day. He did not adore God, but the church, and the things in it, and the forms of it—its altar, priest, clerk, vestments. Never was described more to the life that sentimental mixture of superstition and devotion, which, borrowing something from the Spirit, but bewildered and carried into ecstasies by the beauty of religious rites, rests in and worships, not the Saviour, but the form.

"In this state of mind, if Bunyan had seen a babe baptized, the holy water, and the white robes of the priests, and the sign of the cross, would have made a much deeper impression on his soul than the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, named upon an immortal spirit."[1] These are the things that form the lime-twigs of the immortal soul, when its object is anything less than to wing its flight to eternity. "With the heart man believeth unto salvation." All other faiths, whether of the eye or of the ear, are gross impostures. It is not a faith in the things which are seen, but a faith in invisibilities. This is a Christian's faith: anything less than this is an impotent faith.

[1] Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress.

"Though gilded domes and splendid fanes,
And costly robes and choral strains,
And altars richly drest,
And sculptured saints and sparkling gems,
And mitred priests and diadems
Inspire with awe the breast;—

"'Tis not the pageantry of show
That can impart devotion's glow,
Nor sanctify a prayer.
The soul enlarged, devout, sincere,
With equal piety draws near
The holy house of God,
That rudely rears its rustic head
Scarce higher than the Indian's shed,
By Indians only trod."

Our monks of Oxford are much the same that they were in the days of Wickliffe. Since the time of that great man, England has been crying to the Church—"Mother! give us bread, and she has given us a stone." In the days of Edward VI., the cry was as usual, Give us bread! It was given us; and pure it was. Again the cry arose in Mary's day, Bread! bread! give us bread! How did this unnatural mother answer them? Savagely annoyed that her deep slumbers should be disturbed, she thrust her children in the oven, telling them that if they would have bread, they should have it hot. Ah! that was a luxury provided for many a poor man in those days, that she does not even provide for the rich, now-a-days! But once more arose, in Charles's reign, the old craving family cry,—Bread! mother—*do* give us bread; for you can if you will. Bread too was given then; but oh! how bitter! Laud was the chief baker, and the poison he put into his loaves cost him his head, and brought England's royal Stuart to the block.

Bread now began to be distributed, wholesome, nutritive, and in abundance. Nay, every one might freely help himself without let. At length, in Wesley's time, her children again called, and called in vain; for deeper than ever was the slumber of this MOTHER—hers seemed the sleep of death. Then arose a mighty cry from the fluttering hearts of her children; it was almost a wail of despair! But this time, the cry was to "OUR FATHER." Joy! joy! that cry was heard. Bread was given;—life revived—the half-famishing were fed—her children rushed from the milkless breast of their starved and starving mother, and found a nutriment on which they have fed and grown.

What think you of your mother? Has she not spent too much

of her time of late in self-adornment—in laying out money at the jeweller's and lace-dealer's, and robe-maker's, and chandler's, and toyman's, while her poor children were starving? Say, has she not neglected to free them from their swaddling-clothes, till their limbs have become cramped, and the circulation impeded, and the lungs oppressed? Has she not absolutely left them till the present moment with a horn-book for the encyclopædia of Christianity? Has she yet taught her children to do more than lisp?

Why this stunted growth of theirs, in the healthiest spiritual clime of Christendom? Happy! happy! thy most disobedient sons! happy is it that they have long since left thee. Lo! hardened by travails inconceivable—supported by their FATHER'S strength—they have grown to a vigorous stature, and show a freeman's mould. Nay, weep not, mother; their sturdy arms shall generously shield thee from the Italian dagger of thine own traitorous sons. Alas! poor mother, that thou hast no authority over thine overgrown children. Lo! even now they walk up and down in their FATHER'S house arm-in-arm with the Italian harlot. Wretched mother! hear you even now her converse? "I have peace-offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. Therefore came I forth to meet thee. I have decked my bed with covering of tapestry."[1] Hear you not, too, a majestic voice? What say its thunders as they shake the brazen gates, the altar, and the idol candlesticks, and make the sacerdotal automata themselves tremble, as they glide along clad in the ghastly robes of leprous holiness? —"Take these THINGS hence!" Ay! and let degraded humanity, "loud as the voice of many waters," reverently say, Amen! amen!

It is vain to boast that the Church of England is "the poor man's church;" for of what advantage is the spiritual sustenance still provided for him in a great proportion of our national places of worship? The food offered to him is, alas! but too often a cruel mockery. He can extract no vitality from it. The bread looks, indeed, fair and white; but still a loaf of alum is not a loaf of bread. How can it be otherwise, when we see not merely the numerous apostascies from this "poor man's church,"—ay, and the poor man's Christ—to the paganized worship of Rome; but when we survey the trivial nature of those tests, which our universities and episcopal authorities demand, as the evidence of true piety in those who are ordained to teach? These authorities seem rarely to have troubled themselves to ascertain if those who are to teach others have as yet been taught at all by the GREAT TEACHER. A

[1] Proverbs, vii. 16, 17.

knowledge of theology, as a matter of the head, and not of the heart, is required; whilst evidence as to morality, and proof of scholarship, are the remaining ingredients which go to make the young student eligible to the pastorate of the national Establishment. What whit more of Christianity is here demanded than a Phocion or a Plato could have furnished, with the additional "getting up" of "the evidences," and the outlines of a respectable theological scheme? Any man of education, in fact, by tagging on to his literary acquirements these *addenda*, may be just as much a candidate for "holy orders;" being blind to the great truth, that "orders" can never create holiness,—holiness is of God and not of man. The defect here, then, is that intellectuality, and not piety, is made the test of fitness for him who should be emphatically a "man of God." Christianity can never be so lowered to the conventionalities of moral paganism, without proving a sterile plant or a barren stock; if it has *any* fruit, it is not native, it is parasitic, or it is poisonous,—it is not the acorn, but the gall-apple.

How do the young men of our universities—at least the majority—prepare themselves for a national church, and for gaining the heart of the nation? Do they recognize the great fact, that the bulk of that nation look to the vigorous, unswerving, zealous teaching of the grand truths of revealed Christianity, as the annunciation of the GLAD TIDINGS of Heaven to their fellow-countrymen? Do they, with this feeling, and in this spirit, emulate the zeal of Wickliffe, of Latimer, of Jewell, or do they affect the haughty Caste of Laud? Is their object the salvation of souls, or the distinctions of self?

> Say, priestly conclave! do ye long to see
> Yon altars dedicate to vanity,
> Where clouds of incense, as they blandly rose,
> Seized, pious-barber-like, the sinner's nose?
> Say, does the taller candle tempt your glance,
> Your sacrificial splendours to enhance?

Well would it be for you to bear in mind the grand but humbling truth, that "the human minister no longer goes before God on behalf of man, but he comes now to man on behalf of God. Hence the title given in the New Testament to ministers is 'ambassadors;' never once are they designated as 'priests.' And, since the ministers of the Gospel are never once designated as priests, and have no specially priestly acts ascribed to them, it cannot be pretended that they offer up a true and proper sacrifice at the Holy Eucharist." [1]

[1] Rev. W. Jenner, Truth's Conflicts, p. 71.

The Christian people of England have the melancholy spectacle, almost every month repeated or varied, of bishops squabbling with the neighbouring population about the unholiness of a wall that does not rise more than eighteen inches from that soil where pomp, and Caste, and ecclesiastical arrogance should learn a lesson of humility; while the episcopal sanctity of a six-feet wall is the big bone of contention between the Pariah Dissenter and the Brahminical Ecclesiastic. Here, a skilful Jesuit, profound in the mysteries of processions, candlesticks, stone altars, and jewelled communion-cloths, denies burial to the child of the Baptist, and raises a dire quarrel between his own holiness and the secularity of his congregation. There, an Oxford monk-regular builds, in spite of the protest of his people, a Papal-*sanctum sanctorum*, and sets the parish at defiance. Meanwhile, these disgusting pretensions on the clerical part, and obstinate resistance on that of the people, go on throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is high time to put a stop to this. Let us hear the trenchant and vigorous authority of that great soldier and true Christian, Cromwell, for such was he, in spite of the calumnies with which the base and despotic court of Charles II. and his venal writers have blackened his memory. In a letter which he wrote to the prelates of Ireland, he has shown himself as great a master of the pen as of the sword. In this he justly takes exception to the arrogant use of the phrase "clergy and laity," and points out, as has been recently done by a great writer and profound scholar,[7] that the great Christian congregation is "The Church."

"I wonder not," he writes, "at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so antichristian and dividing a term as 'clergy' and 'laity' is given and received—a term unknown to any save the antichristian church; and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive times, as they best knew what true union was, so, in all addresses to the several churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the churches are styled 'brethren,' and 'saints' of the 'same household of faith;' and, although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances, yet it nowhere occasioned them to say *contemptim*, and, by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, 'laity and clergy.' It was your pride that begat this expression, and it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up; that, by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might, for their penny, purchase some sanctity from you, and that you might bridle, saddle, and

[1] Chevalier Bünsen: Signs of the Times, *in loco.*

ride them at your own pleasure, and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their 'laity'—keep the knowledge of the law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, 'This people that know not the law are cursed.'

"In the last place, you are pleased,—having after your usual manner remembered yourselves *first*, and his 'majesty,' as you call him, next, like a man of your tribe, with his *ego et rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the people into consideration, lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather you would make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor 'laity!' That you and your king might ride them, and jade them, as your church hath done, and as your kings have done by your means, almost in all ages! Arbitrary power is a thing men begin to be weary of, in kings and churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold civil and ecclesiastical tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off both, and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and bent. This principle, that people are for kings and churches, and saints are for the pope, or churchmen, as you call them, begins to be exploded; and therefore I wonder not to see the fraternity so much enraged. I wish 'the people' wiser than to be troubled at you, or solicitous for what you say or do.

"You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable, and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them, and instead thereof give them your senseless orders and traditions."

This Laudian spirit of hieratic pride, which has been on the increase in this country for the last twenty years, is inevitably doomed to bitter penance; more from the ever prevailing and increasing force of true religion among all the Christian churches of England, than from any direct interference of the legislature. The usurping process of one insignificant section of God's people is most ably noticed in a recent work,[1] which we here quote at considerable length:—

"The priestly character of Christians in general, in its true spiritual sense, is distinctly recognized by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and even still more by Tertullian himself, by whom, as well as others, it was sustained in the primitive ages of the Gospel; and, just in proportion as this reality declined, the shadow of a priestly character, in its gross and Jewish sense, was grasped by that portion of the Church which was rising into eminence on the ruins of the other.

[1] Rev. J. Riddle's Political History of the Papacy.

This tendency to represent the inward by the outward, and then to substitute the latter for the former, and so to put form and name in the place of life and power, disclosed itself during the second century, in the conduct of Christian worshippers, no less than in the formation of a sacerdotal class. As early as the beginning of the third century, we discover some traces of adaptation from primitive simplicity in these respects, and we find also that ascetic practices had risen into some measure of repute, and that the commemoration of the deaths of martyrs at their graves, began, to say the least, to wear the semblance of superstition. As the century advanced, and the borders of the Church were enlarged, many additions were made to the Christian ritual, and we shall find that before the time of Constantine a large number of rites and ceremonies had been introduced, tending to the support of that evil influence, the power of the priesthood.

"The clergy were now universally regarded as the representatives of the Church, the lawful managers of its property, and the guardians of its rights; and as such, they formed a highly privileged, powerful, and wealthy class of citizens. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that their numbers rapidly increased; in fact, before the expiration of the fifth century, their numbers had become prodigious, notwithstanding that, for some time past, repeated attempts had been made by the emperors to restrain them within more moderate limits. The third Novell of Justinian (A.D. 535) sets forth in strong terms the evils which had arisen from the enormous multiplication of clergymen in Constantinople.

"The distinction between clergy and laity became more strongly marked. Tokens of respect from the laity towards the clergy were not only constantly shown, but required by ecclesiastical law: St. Martin of Tours could affirm, without contradiction, that an emperor was inferior to a presbyter. The Council of Maçon (A.D. 585) enacted that whenever one of the laity met one of the superior clergy, in the public streets, he should make a lowly and reverent bow. If both parties were on horseback, or the clergyman on foot, the layman was to dismount and to make his obeisance.

"A distinctive clerical habit came to be universally adopted during the period under review. This does not seem to have taken place during the first three centuries. In the fourth century, a clerical costume apart from the vestment worn during the performance of Divine worship was still unknown.

"During this period the laity lost nearly all share in the filling up of church offices, and therefore also their original right of choosing their own ministers, representatives, or rulers. This

right had been considerably infringed in the course of the third century.

"As early as the third century the laity had lost their legitimate power, which was transferred to provincial courts. In the fourth century 'it was established as a maxim, that every layman was bound to regulate his faith according to the prescriptions of bishops assembled in council, and that none were entitled to canvass or question any doctrine decided by their authority. By Theodosius the Great the laity were expressly forbidden to hold any public discussion on religious subjects. To reject established doctrines was denounced at once as a crime against Church and State; all persons who should adopt and advocate contrary opinions were liable to the loss of civil privileges, confiscation of property, banishment, (in some cases) death."

Who is there ignorant that the fox-hunting vicar of Wesley's time was as common in the Caste of "Church and State" as the intoning vicar, the confessing vicar, and the candlestick-loving vicar of the present day?

How strange is it that these Oxford mediævalists have so little knowledge of what is required by the Christian community of England! The activities of the former Caste of the venatic priesthood are now turned into a different channel. Would that they were as innocent! That this priestly Caste *do* much, and that their congregations *see* much—that the eye and the ear be filled, though the heart be empty—that is, alas! but too often, the sum of their religious teaching. How far is such an individual a more rational, a more healthy-minded being than his predecessor? In a Protestant Church, he virtually indoctrinates Brahminical Caste, instead of Christianity. His jovial precursor of the pastorate never, at least, perpetrated the glaring impiety towards God, or the insult to the Christian, of making his Christ for him, and sacrificing for his sins. His predecessor killed indeed many a fox, but he never "hunted souls to destroy them."

Frail humanity, disgusted and outwearied with the pompous orientalisms of such heathen deities, is ready to exclaim to these aspirants after theistic unity—"Be so good as to be absorbed into the Brahminical essence!"

Sometimes the latent activity that shines out in so prominent a manner in genuflexions, bowings, processions, and candle-lightings, within the house of God, bursts forth in far more innocent and healthy demonstrations outside of the temple; they are not, however, the less peculiar from the glaring contrast of affected Levitical holiness with the genuine and wholesome outbursts of nature. Amid all the cramped and unnatural attitudes of the

player of the "KING-PRIEST," the good old healthy feeling of the Eton schoolboy will break out. "Well, my good dame," said a friend who resided in a rural district, addressing an old woman who had long dwelt in the parish, "you ought to get on well at your church. I hear that the minister who is just come is a young and active man." "Ees, zur, that a' is," said the old dame; "'tis cricket and prayers—cricket and prayers, all day long." Alas! it is to be feared that the daily formality of throwing open our church-doors for the heartless repetition of the Litany, however sublime in itself, has but too often the result of sealing more firmly the spiritual blindness of those who never hear the Gospel preached within its walls, nor its grand doctrines faithfully expounded. Here it is that such ministers absolutely subside from Christians to Buddhistic lamas or priests. In Thibet, every lama has his prayer-barrel. Prayer and meditation being regarded as the only effectual means of attaining sanctification, the continual repetition of the mystical "*Om mani padme Om*" is considered as the first essential of faith. Hence the number of repetitions is the test of merit; and for multiplication of them the device of turning a barrel, on which the words are written, has been imagined, and obtains universal credence in its efficiency. How many a benighted creature in our own happy England is reduced to this unconscious state of prayer-barrel Christianity through the spiritual ignorance and formalism of men whose pulpit ministrations are not of power and of life, but of dull morality and respectable ritualism! No wonder that such men leave the National Church for the papacy; so that, like the young curate just noticed,

> Their barrel-prayers revolved, they leave the sacred dome,
> And, lighter in their cricket-jacket, run to Rome.

What avails the throwing open of the church-door daily, when a lifeless ritualism takes the place of an earnest Christianity—where the inner life of the Christian and his union with his Redeemer form no part of the leaden ministrations? What but this same false spirit throws open daily on the continent the doors of a superstitious temple, into which the peasant entering feels no more of the grand vitalities of Christianity than the worshipper on the hill of Areopagus? for, alas! his altar is to "the unknown God;" whilst his genuflexions, his beads, his crossings, and his Paternosters constitute his religion, and his priest is his deity. "I have," says an Englishman who travelled much in France, "talked with many Frenchmen of religion generally as at least a subject of high importance; but they do not understand you, and will either reply by scoffing, and desiring you not to spend time on such nonsense,

or else by, '*Mon cher ami*, I do all *comme il faut*—mass every Sunday morning—confession once a year—sign of the cross when I go to bed—and never pass a crucifix without taking off my hat; and what more can I do?' As if religion were an external system, in which they had no personal concern—a series of forms without life or interest." Alas! in how many instances does this painfully apply to the ritualistic section of the Establishment!

Alas! when shall the National Church be served by men of zeal, of burning love towards lost humanity, and of talents suitable to their high office? When shall the dignified unfaithfulness of the hierarchic section of our Episcopal bench be brought to a happy end?

This penance-like system of saying and doing—of acting and moving—of busying and bustling in the repetitory formalities of daily external worship, where no true vitality of Christian life exists—is thoroughly the papistical system; to which, indeed, it forms a direct introduction, by virtually making Christianity to consist of the church-bell, the church-door, and the church-prayers. Thus Nicholas Ferrers, of Little Gidding, a churchman of the Laudian school, in the days of Charles, attached to his house a chapel, in which the worship incessantly went on. "The family was divided, like the priests of the temple, into courses, succeeding each other at intervals of three hours, day and night, without intermission. The song of praise was never silent—at least, the organ never ceased; for he must know but little of the Gospel of Jesus Christ who can mistake these acts of superstition for the offering of a free heart which rises acceptable to God. The perfection of this system is, indeed, to be found in the Church of Rome—in ministrations where the service of the lips is incessant, and the heart averse or profoundly unconcerned."[1]

And this is Gospel England.—She must view
Her Heaven, her Bible, and her God, say you,
Through glasses made by Messrs. Tract and Co.—
The only "licensed hawkers" well-to-do!
What if the blind the blind should lead, and fall
Into the ditch?—'twould not surprise at all!
But that a great-heart armed, by pigmies thrust
From off LIFE's path, should grovel in the dust,—
His sword be mastered, and his helm be torn
From brows defenceless,—and, while thus forlorn,
The gewgaw of the pasteboard triple-crown,
In lieu of casque, should on his head be thrown—
This, this indeed, would make a Bunyan sigh,
Draw tears from Ridley in heaven's cloudless sky.

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[1] Marsden, *in loco*.

"One great and inveterate superstition," writes Riddle, "which had taken deep root even before the age of Constantine, was that whereby the clergy were no longer regarded in the true scriptural light of ministers of Christ and of the Gospel, but rather, and chiefly, as mediators between God and man—as sacrificing priests, bearing the same distinct and sacerdotal character, and appointed to discharge substantially the same functions under the Gospel, as the Aaronic priesthood under the Jewish dispensation. When once this system of true mediatorial or sacerdotal dignity and power had attached itself to Christian ministers in general, it was easy, and even more or less necessary, to concentrate it more and more, until at last it should be fully enlarged into the idea of a Pope, or Christ's supreme vicar upon earth. These ideas, which lie at the very foundation of the Papacy, had already gained great ground when the empire was declared Christian."

Behold this same feeling flourishing among the hieratic Anglo-Catholic schism of the National Church. How loth is human nature to come down to the solid level of Christian humility; and how little is that profound and ennobling policy comprehended by these graspers of exclusive holiness, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."[1]

Nor is the vainglorious exclusive use of the term "the Church," by this unchristian Caste, less absurd.

"Of all the vague, mystical, indeterminate ideas enveloped in any term of theology, there is none more so to most minds, than that attempted to be introduced in the term 'the Church.'

"We cannot deny the practical mischief of such applications of the term 'Church' as those we have been considering; for, in perfect accordance with the absurd jargon which speaks of the Church as an active, living being, having a 'personal existence,' a 'life and consciousness of its own,' our inner sense is continually insulted by other writers, of the same school, with such sickly sentimentalities as 'the tender sympathies of the Church'—the 'motherly solicitude of the Church'—the 'gentle smiles of the Church'—and the 'life-giving influences of the Church;' by means of which expressions, we are led to look to the Church, rather than to Christ, to be our Saviour. What less than dethroning Christ from His office, or than blasphemous presumption, is it to speak of any individual human minister as the 'public voice of this collective being,' or as 'presenting the combining adorations of many hearts, blended together in the awful solemnity of one Christian sacrifice?'"[2]

[1] St. Matthew, xxi. 27.
[2] Jenner, Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs, p. 63.

Certainly, this Church—"this mother"—of the Anglican Catholics has for the last twelve hundred years been an eminently "*collective* being," and by that property has her religious vitality been chiefly demonstrated. But never was she more collective than in the time of Tetzel and Luther, the latter of whom sadly interfered with this propensity. Scarcely less active was this "collective being" in the days of England's Peter-pence, extracting annually as she did from this country a revenue far larger than that accruing to the crown. The Anglican may once more gladden his eyes by observing this "being" again becoming exceedingly collective in Austria, whence the ecclesiastical revenues of the whole empire are being so efficaciously transferred to Rome by assiduous Jesuits.

Once more, let us hear another authority on the true and treacherous uses of the word "Church," a religious property that has been stolen, and passed on from hand to hand, by designing ecclesiastical forgers.

"The word 'Church,' as adopted by Christ and His Apostles, occurs one hundred and twelve times in the New Testament, and invariably it is used by them in one and the same sense, namely, to denote, a congregation, or society of real or professed believers in Christ. *Never once is it applied exclusively* or distinctively to the clergy. Here, then, one main prop of what is termed 'the Church system' is gone at once."[1] And again, hear we Bünsen: "The congregation is the root, liberty of conscience is the soil; but religious self-determination, the sense of moral responsibility, is the divine energy which causes the plant to spring up. This root of the Christian life in union, the CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION, is called by a term which the clergy have appropriated to themselves, and which has thus lost its true meaning of THE CHURCH. This properly signifies the Christian people, regarded as a well-organized community, with its elders and servants. The congregation existed before the Christian imperial, or Papal power, and will outlive both." And again, of this Christian *ecclesia*: "Her faith builds up nations and states, but she has no fatherland but heaven—that is to say, the perfected kingdom of the Spirit. In spiritual matters, she knows no father (*papa*) but God; no master and lord but Christ; no code but the Bible; no supreme tribunal but the universal conscience of humanity. Only in connection with liberty of conscience does the page of history present us with the free Christian congregation in victorious possession of its rights, and exercising a conservative influence on the course of history. With majestic tranquillity the Christian *ecclesia* advances to the reconstruction of a world; while

[1] Jenner.

absolutist hierarchism, which condemns her as devilish, is found totally powerless to save peoples or states, though mighty, indeed, to draw them down to deeper and deeper destruction."[1]

One of the prime marks of heathenism in worship is the presence of symbols. God the Eternal is degraded by any attempt of a sensuous representation of His deity. In fact, symbolism is a direct approach to heathenism. The godships of the heathen are material and gross—the adoration is so, too. The God of the Christian is spiritual—His worship is spiritual. Every variation from this, by which spiritual essence is degraded to materiality, is a direct departure from the true worship of the Eternal, and an advance towards man.

"It has always been considered an open question, even among the stanchest Protestants, whether in some points of sentiment and feeling the Reformation age is an infallible exemplar. The symbolical principle had been so grossly abused in the Roman Church, that honest indignation had only its natural swing in the adoption of a severe prohibitory line on that point. Who would wish it to have been otherwise? But many have still considered that three centuries of a reasonable religion have guarded us from some dangers to which the just converted Protestant of the Reformation age was open; and Dr. Arnold did not hesitate to regret the destruction of all the old market-crosses. This was a piece of romance; yet the wish shows that a modern thinker, who recognizes the symbolical principle as a part of human nature, does not consider himself to be absolutely bound by the precedents of the Reformation on this point."[2]

Now, the Christian has not to dally with the question of a connection between human nature and symbolism. The object of Christianity is to *change* man's nature—to purify it from those dull dependences upon form, and sound, and sight, that tell of time exclusively. Its great design here is to set free the principle of immortality from any slavish connection with present things, which might have been formed through external objects.

Christians have nothing whatever to do with any precedent at the Reformation. Their life, if consistent, is a life of progress, and cannot be chained to any special era. It is a life of eternity, and not of time.

"The practice now becoming so common," says Jenner, "of filling the house of God with sculptured figures and pictorial signs, many of them of a very nondescript character, tends, we cannot

[1] Bünsen: Signs of the Times, *in loco*.
[2] "Times," December 23, 1856.

but think, to turn divinity into a dark system of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which it must puzzle people far more than the most obscure verbal description to understand. Amidst crosses, crucifixes, Agnus Deis, doves, triangles, circles, pisces, and pelicans, our theology threatens indeed to become, like algebra, a science of symbols; without, like algebra, bringing to the truth the advantages of clear demonstration. If symbolism be carried to such an extent that the walls of our churches are to be carved all over with these mystic signs, we shall soon need a new 'Church Dictionary,' to take with us the place of our Prayer-book."

"The principle to be borne in mind by us is, that nothing visible, however vast, symmetrical, and beautiful its figure, or rich, and costly, and skilfully carved its material, can convey, even though it should irradiate like a summer cloud the purest light, any other than a false idea of the Divine nature." The fact is, the whole of this system is a baneful inheritance from heathen intellectuality, with which the Christian has no business to meddle.

"From the time of Constantine the Christians rushed into an imitation of the heathens without restraint, and without considering whether or not the practices they adopted were in harmony with the real principles and designs of the Gospel. Names, feasts, ornaments, and even certain preparations and appliances of worship, were too freely transferred from the heathen temples to the Christian churches. By degrees the churches were furnished with altars, images, tapers, incense, and costly vessels; and there was a pompous celebration of divine worship which seemed likely to suit the taste of the heathen, who had been accustomed to find fault with the simplicity of the more primitive Christian ceremonial. To this system of adaptation we may trace, among other things, the splendid vestments of the bishops." And so again of the interior of the heathen temples. "Here were paintings and statuary, of workmanship too exquisite to be destroyed. Here were altars, and censers, and tapers, and victims offered, and a thousand things besides, which composed the furniture of a heathen temple. It was natural that many of these ornaments or utensils, particularly such as were in themselves indifferent, should still maintain their ground through sufferance. The same spirit which would find no scruple in employing the profane building itself for a sacred purpose, would probably feel as little in adapting the interior part of it to the same object. What wonder that the present places of worship should afford very striking features of resemblance to those of a heathen date?" [1]

[1] Blunt's Vestiges, *ut antè.*

"Even the uninspired author of the Book of Wisdom," says Jenner, "tells us, that 'the painting of the picture, and carved image with divers colours, enticeth the ignorant, and is the beginning of whoredom.' The prophet Jeremiah is still less complimentary to those who in this way display their taste in the fine arts. 'Every man is brutish in his knowledge; every founder is confounded by the graven image; for his mother image is falsehood, and there is no breath in them. They are vanity and the work of errors.'"[1]

"If any visible media of worshipping God were allowed as objects for the mind to rest upon, it would surely be the heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon, the stars, those glorious productions of Almighty power; but even the looking upon them to worship them, or the making of them stepping-stones and resting-places for our thoughts, is expressly forbidden, as it will be remembered, in the Bible. If a true, intense devotion depended in any degree upon the aid of visible objects, then the necessary consequence would be, that a blind man could not worship God with a devotion as intense as that of one who could see, which conclusion is negatived by experience; for we may appeal to what every one knows to be his own habit, whether it is not the fact that he closes his eyes when he would realize the presence of God, and pray to Him with his whole heart and without distraction. If the spirit of love, of true devotion, be not in the heart, no symbol of divine things, however expressive and appropriate, can bring it out.

"God, the great Master has told us, seeks those to worship Him who will worship Him in spirit and in truth. Surely then, if we convert His house into a menagerie of symbolism, by filling it with such figures as fishes, lambs, stags, peacocks, lions, griffins, pelicans, and doves, we may expect that He will come ere long with the fire of indignation in His face, and the scourge of vengeance in His hand, and say, 'Take these things hence!'

"The power of a sensuous symbolism to awake religious emotions is always found to be a favourite principle with the worldly rather than the godly. Hence it is not uncommon to hear persons of this habit of mind speaking in terms of almost ecstasy of the nature of the emotions they have felt, and the devoutness that has come over them, and of the increased religiousness of their feelings, as they have trod the aisles of some magnificent cathedral, gazing upon its lofty groined roof and life-like sculpture, or listening to its pealing anthems. But if the loftiness of the roof, and the upward springing of the arch and the pointed pinnacle, can elevate the mind to just conceptions of God or of heaven, or inspire the

[1] Jenner.

soul with a genuine devotion, then must those persons be most godly and devout who have been employed in constructing, and who live in the immediate vicinity of a cathedral church. We need not ask, Is it so?"

"The German critics,"[1] Ruskin observes, "have ingeniously and falsely ascribed the system of aspiration, so called, to a devotional sentiment pervading the North Gothic. I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory. Our cathedrals were for the most part built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would have gladly stayed in it for ever; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals, but who had very vague conceptions of heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein; the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house, as distinguished from the roof in a Syrian one.

"We attach in modern days a kind of sacredness to the pointed arch and groined roof; but there is no sacredness in round arches, nor in pointed; none in pinnacles, none in buttresses; none in pillars, nor in traceries. They were never built in any separate mystical and religious style; they were built in the manner that was common and familiar to everybody at the time."

"The excessive delight of the world in the fine arts," says Jenner, "christened with the name of Christian arts when employed in the service of religion (a delight renewed of late years, and growing stronger every day), properly has its origin in that ideal idolatry, which many have no hesitation in indulging in, who would shrink in horror from literal idolatry. Material emblems, making their appeal to the senses, cannot possibly purify the morals or the heart: they have a tendency rather to predispose the mind to fall in with all the grosser forms of idolatry.

"Overbeck the artist, who from being a Protestant became a Roman Catholic, gave as his reason, that he could not worship the art, without subscribing to the faith which gave it birth.

"Ruskin, a warm admirer of architecture, says, 'The more I have examined the subject, the more dangerous I have found it to dogmatize respecting the character of the art which is likely at a given period to be most useful to the great cause of religion. One great fact meets me. I cannot answer for the experience of this, but I never yet met with a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as judgment could pro-

[1] Stones of Venice, p. 146.

nounce, perfect and watchful before God, who cared about art at all. The fact seems to be that the strength of religious feeling seems capable of supplying for itself whatever is wanted, in the rudest suggestions of art.'

"The strong tendency of the present day seems to be to substitute a fictitious for the true cross—an image in the place of a reality—an object of *sight* for an object of *faith*. But pictorial Christianity consists only in sensible images, and the impressions which these produce may cheat and delude, but can never renew man's heart. It is Christ alone received into the heart by faith as the hope of glory, it is this doctrine alone which can save the souls of men—or, indeed, in any decided manner moralize and elevate them." [1]

If no true Christianity can be gained by the contemplation of Nature in her noblest form, what is that religion which presumes on the reception of a divine nature from art? Or, in other words—if God's works will not effect the conversion of the heart, how infinitely absurd is it to suppose that those of man will do so! The supposition assumes the form of absolute impiety; this is virtually nothing less than man making his own god—nay, his own saviour. Every temple that becomes the store-keeper of these lifeless symbols, virtually writes on its own walls the monumental epitaph—

HERE LIES

THE BODY OF

CHRISTIANITY.

In speaking of symbolism, in contradistinction to the Spirit of God within man, it has been beautifully observed that in the one case men are like dead instruments of music, that sound sweetly and harmoniously when they are only struck and played upon from *without* by the musician's hand; but in the other, it is "as if the soul of music had incorporated itself in the instrument, and lived in the strings, and made them of their own accord, without any touch or impulse from without, dance up and down, and warble out their harmonies." [2]

The breath that moves them is divine. In the sweet music of the Æolian harp, the strings are not swept by man—no skilled touch salutes them—it is the breath of heaven. The ordinary harp is struck by a material agent; the Æolian harp wells forth sound under the influence of an invisible hand. It plays as it is moved; "the wind bloweth where it listeth." The one is

[1] Jenner, *in loco*. [2] Jenner, p. 170: Cudworth's Sermon.

Romanism, or the religion of the senses—the other is Christianity, or the religion of God. Now the natural effect of an excessive admiration of art, as connected with worship, is to warp the faculties and dim the clear-sighted vision of the eye of faith. This is the effect it has ever had upon minds of superior cultivation—hence this inquiry of a clear-sighted writer.

"'How comes it to pass,' some may perhaps ask, 'that though so thoroughly a Protestant in principle, as Mr. Ruskin undoubtedly is, he should thus step out of his way to excuse certain ceremonies of a Romish nature?' We answer by a query. May not this be one of the effects of his residence so much in Roman Catholic cities, amidst idolatrous associations? We all know how familiarity softens down the most offensive objects and acts, till at length we become insensible to their odiousness and wrong.

"Mr. Ruskin's earliest volumes on Archæology were marked by the features of a sturdy Protestantism, which it strengthened one's principles to read; and it speaks not well, we think, for the influences under which he has long been living, that in his last work he should have been drawn forward as an apologist both for Austrian tyranny and Roman idolatry." [1]

That which distinguished the ceremonies of pagan worship more than any other religion, was the ornate character they possessed; calculated frequently to reproduce to the senses the reputed life of the gods; they addressed themselves to the eye and the ear, rather than to the understanding and the heart. Neither was it in the ceremonies alone of their religion that the Romans evinced that want of spirituality—even the attributes of the gods were exhibited to their senses in a material dress. The same observation applies to the inhabitants of Italy and Sicily to this very day. Thus on the Wednesday in Passion week, one of the famous 'Misereres' is sung in the Sistine chapel. The low, and solemn, and piteous tones in which it is chanted, are asserted, in the office for the week, to be expressive of the fear which the Apostles felt when our Saviour was seized by the Jews. Meanwhile, lighted tapers are successively extinguished at long intervals, till at last one only is left burning; those which are put out indicate the base desertion of the twelve—that which remains unquenched, the exemplary constancy of the Virgin.

"At the conclusion of the chant, a stamping is made by the cardinals and their attendants: this, too, is not without its meaning. It is declared to signify either the tumult with which the Jews sought our Saviour in the garden, or those convulsions of

[1] Jenner, p. 351.

nature which accompanied His crucifixion. Here is the dramatic effect of which I have spoken. On another day in the same week, the pope performs the ceremony of washing the feet of thirteen pilgrims, who are dressed in white, and are ranged along an elevated bench on the left side of the Sala Clementina.

"This act is of course intended as a lively representation of a similar office performed by our Saviour to His Apostles. Again, there is a remarkable service in the churches of Rome on a Good Friday, called the 'Agonié.' On that occasion it is the duty of the preacher to enlarge upon the words uttered by the Saviour when hanging upon the cross. This address represents the three hours of the Passion, during which time curtains are drawn over the windows, which create a gloom significant of that darkness which prevailed from the sixth to the ninth hour. In all this there is much dramatic effect. But, in fact, the ordinary mass, as it is explained in the '*Tenore della devozione*,' a little book put into the hands of all the Italians who can read, and answers the purpose of our Prayer-book, is a lively representation of the last scene of our Saviour's life and suffering. When the pope approaches the altar, Christ's entrance into the garden is to be understood, and to the prayer which he offers then the offering of the mass alludes. When the pope kisses the altar, allusion is made to that kiss with which our Saviour was betrayed. When he turns to the people and says to them 'Dominus vobiscum,' he is representing Christ when He turned and looked upon Peter. When he washes his hands, he figures Pilate, when declaring that he washed his hands of the blood of the innocent man. When he elevates the wafer, he expresses the elevation of Christ on the cross. When he breaks it, he displays Him expiring. These are no interpretations of mine, but are every one taken from the volume I have mentioned, sanctioned and recommended by the Church of Rome. Now surely all this partakes greatly of the dramatic character. Further, there is a very curious ceremony at Messina, on the day of the Assumption.

"The image of the Virgin is carried about the town in procession, as if she were in search of her son. At length, when she is on the point of entering the Great Piazza, a figure of our Saviour is suddenly presented from a street opposite to that by which the Virgin appears. The latter instantly recoils in an ecstasy of surprise and joy at this meeting, and forthwith half a dozen goldfinches are let loose from her bosom, which fly away, and are supposed to bear the glad tidings to heaven. What can be more dramatic than this? I have seen in the churches, during the period representing the forty days when our blessed Lord remained

upon earth after His resurrection, a large wax taper, highly ornamented, placed near the altar. On the day of His ascension it was removed; whilst at the same time, to render it more strikingly emblematical, five pieces of wax or wood, shaped like hearts, and fixed to it by pins, have served to represent the five wounds He received on the cross from the nails and the spear.

"Again, it is not enough for the Italians to read in the Bible the circumstances of Christ's apprehension and crucifixion; that 'a band of men came to seize Him, with lanterns and torches and weapons,'—that, after Peter's denial of Him, the cock crew,—that one of the spectators of His sufferings took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it upon a reed and gave Him to drink,—that 'Joseph took the body down;' but all these particulars must be impressed upon their feelings by some material shape.

"Accordingly, we find the crucifixes, so numerous by the sides of the high-roads, decorated with the figures of a lantern, a cock, a sponge, a reed, a ladder—nay, even of pincers and spikes.

"At Christmas may be seen in public places of worship, and in private houses, grotesque models of the stable at Bethlehem, called Persepi, commonly adorned with foil and tinsel, and branches and artificial flowers; whilst Joseph, the Infant, the Virgin, the wise men from the East, together with the cows, manger, crutches, and other appropriate furniture, are all carefully introduced. Such has ever been the tendency of the inhabitants of Italy to embody every religious conception in some corporeal form." [1]

Bishop Jewell, in his reply to Harding, makes this very pertinent remark:—"Verily to ascribe felicity, or remission of sin, which is the *inward* work of the Holy Ghost, unto any manner of *outward* action whatever, is a superstition, a gross and a Jewish error."

This process of symbolism is the favourite plan of Rome. Hence, speaking of the means of spreading Romanism in India, Father Strickland observes: "Another most effectual means for conversion is the representation of the passion of our Saviour, either by means of transparent pictures, shown at night with a light behind, or by a sort of illuminated exhibition, accompanied by a sermon." Here, again, the eye must be filled—nothing is said about the heart. God's religion is not quite fine enough for man. Man makes just such an *improvement* on it as suits his taste; he *develops* it just as we have seen men do in Rome, Egypt, Syria, India, and Otaheite. Ay! he develops it just as the painter and his brush develop the rose or the lily, by laying his impious colours on the purity of God's creation. Men of the senses are

[1] Blunt's Vestiges of Antiquity.

not synonyms for sensible men. Let them know that the proper thing upon which to daub their colours is upon an *inanimate* object—a dead mechanical agent. A gardener does not practise on the life of his flowers by plastering them over with paint. The life of Christ in man is beyond the reach of these spiritual poisoners. If their congregation be indeed Christians, they will leave them; they will shudder at the impious exhibition of heathen rites—the feast of candles and the flow of holy water. He who has the complexion of health—a cheek where bloom its roses—will feel the insult of that paltry perfumer, who presumes to daub its genuine glow with a rouge that is used only as the scarlet cloak of disease. The Christian knows he is spiritually healthy, just as the healthy man knows that he is well.

Do not insult him, then, by proffering a cosmetic which, even could it be accepted, would be ruinous to his spiritual constitution. Your cosmetic would do just what many other cosmetics have done—it would only drive disease inward—it would not expel it. Christianity must breathe the free vital air, or it cannot live; a hot-house atmosphere will not suit its being; it lives and thrives under the cope of heaven and beneath the sun of righteousness.

Men of the senses! pursue your path. You have been taught Christianity, yet you go back to heathenism; your God and Saviour has pointed you the way to the city of immortality, and you basely walk the dusty road of Pagan Rome. Listen to what a noble-minded Christian has written:—

"In the shadow of Christianity, in the very bosom of the Church itself, there flourish certain religions, without a soul, without a life, which with many persons take the place of Christianity; and it is worthy of remark, that these different religions are particularly those of cultivated minds, who wish to find a neutral ground between Christianity—which appears to them too simple and unintellectual—and atheism, by which they are appalled."[1]

Behold then Italy—the land of symbolic worship. Let honesty say what is her Christianity. Let her road-side crucifixes, her images of saints, and all her throng of holy materialities, say how far she is advanced in the life of the soul. There, under the very shadow of the sacred symbol of the wayside crucifix, the murderer stabs his victim. He invokes the Virgin to bless his horrible attempt, and the materialities by which his religion is surrounded, block up the entrance of spiritual light to his heart. The very cross itself becomes as it were the sanctified handle of a dagger in his grasp. It is thus that the paganized monk of Oxford lies in

[1] Vinet, The Religion of Man and the Religion of God.

wait at this day for his victims, in our Protestant churches, where he has stealthily raised an altar for their sacrifice. Nay, startle not, he stabs at the life of the soul, and the cross forms the very hilt of his sword. He never uses "the sword of the Spirit."

And what was the consequence of the political ascendancy of that treacherous Caste in the Church of England, who have been, and are still, doing their utmost to undermine its foundations, nay, to sweep them away, and on their site to build the heathen temple of Rome?

The last effort that witnessed the final exhaustion of its strength, witnessed also the final overthrow of despotism in England. The priest and the tyrant rose and fell together.

The true origin of England's mighty framework of civilization and liberty, its press, its literature, its independence, its grand mechanical agencies, its glorious missions, and its God-like philanthropy, dates from the overthrow of the Laudian spirit. That was the great political and religious birthday of England!

Here parts off her history from that of all other European nations. The distinctive characteristic of that partition was the earnest-mindedness produced by individual Christianity. This individuality, in the sequel, became the aggregated basis of the noble temple of that veritable Ecclesia—the sublime Christian community. Now began the active working of a principle, whose law, unlike the legislative enactments of man, contemplated no special statute for a special object, but whose whole tendency was to give birth to a living, harmonious action; just as though it had been some mighty parent, whose progeny were endowed with the power, the intellectuality, and the beneficence of their original.

Let us then for a moment revert to the result of that hieratic spirit in the days of Charles I., that offers so serious a warning to the æsthetic bigotry of our day. What says Marsden, an impartial historian, relative to the great spiritual despot of that day? He thus writes:—

"Laud no doubt was a great delinquent. More than any living man, he was responsible for the destruction of the Church of England which had recently taken place, and for the war which was then raging. He had tampered with popery, and forced upon a Protestant people its detested symbols.

"The pope had even shown his gratitude by the offer of a cardinal's hat. The archbishop, indeed, declined it—he did not mean, we are persuaded, that England should actually submit herself to the popes of Rome;—but the offer itself was infamy. In civil affairs he had invariably urged those measures which were most opposed to liberty. He would have governed with an iron sceptre. He was

for uncontrolled dominion in the king, implicit submission in the people. Like Lord Strafford, he would have had the king govern without a parliament; and if not, by a parliament which should be his tools. The most violent proceedings of the Star-Chamber and the Court of High Commission were congenial to his nature; he had exulted in the sentences inflicted there; and his meanness did not forbid him to receive a share of the enormous fines which his myrmidons imposed.

"Laud's conduct had excited the deepest indignation in the North. His delinquencies at home were great; they had been greater still in Scotland. There he had fomented civil war by leading Charles to subvert the constitution. He had been the king's chief adviser in his rash endeavour to overthrow the Presbyterian kirk by violence, and on its ruins to erect a prelacy,—an injury, and to an angry nation an insult, not to be forgiven. The scheme proved utterly abortive; but the exasperation it raised was fatal to the archbishop, and eventually to the king himself. But the parliament would not present any resistance to his destruction; and the citizens of London were wrought into a state of frenzy. After the sentence was passed, many closed their shops, and vowed never to open them again while the archbishop lived. The city thirsted for his blood, as though a curse impended which nothing else could expiate. 'This malice and madness,' says Izaac Walton, with his accustomed simplicity, 'is scarce credible; but I saw it.'"

We have only to contemplate Italy at the present time, to observe the exact counterpart of that burning indignation which animated the citizens of London on this terrible occasion. Of all the individuals in that benighted country, none are so bitterly detested as the priests and clergy generally. The people are fully aware that it is by the support of these base instruments, that their chains are riveted still more firmly by their despotic rulers.

"When brought to trial, the archbishop defended himself with eloquence, and with undaunted courage, even by the admission of his enemies. But not until the sentence was passed, and he came forth to die upon the scaffold, was he worthy of the meekness of the Christian martyr. Treated with insult, he returned it with contempt. More than once he forgot the dignity of his calling and of his sacred office, and descended to abuse. His death alone has retrieved his character.

"Before his committal to the Tower he was confined for ten weeks in the house of the usher of the black rod; and the impression he made upon the usher's wife, Heylin, his biographer and chaplain, has thought it worth while to record. Simple as it is, it perhaps

reveals his character more than any laboured exposition. 'The archbishop, she said, was one of the best men and most pious souls; but withal one of the silliest fellows to hold talk with a lady that ever she met with in all her life.'

"The parliament participated with the populace of London in their utter abhorrence of his cruelty. They condemned the archbishop to suffer the penalty of high-treason—to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; nor was it without difficulty that the House of Commons was induced to remit any part of the ferocious sentence. On his own humble petition, and at the twice-repeated petition of the House of Lords, he was at length permitted to die by the axe." Behold this terribly fierce and unchristian spirit in a legislature that should have set bounds to popular fury!

Yet what were the facts of the case? Laud by his horrible cruelties had created in the nation the very counterpart of his own spirit, just as a truculent ruffian will have his own likeness thrown back to him from some capacious mirror. Christianity cannot defend the ferocity of those who sought his life; on the contrary, it denounces the "bloodthirsty man." But it has often been the case that a terrible retribution has, by the "Judge of all the earth," been permitted in cases of tremendous cruelty. Such, indeed, was that of Laud. The punishment of Dr. Leighton on account of his pamphlet called "Zion's Plea against Prelacy" is a horrible instance of this. Leighton was summoned before the High Commission Court, which had become for Laud a positive Holy Inquisition, and condemned to prison for life; to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds; to be degraded from his ministry; whipped, set in the pillory; to have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit; to be branded on the forehead with a double SS., or "sower of sedition;" then to be carried back to prison, and, after a few days, placed in the pillory again; to be whipped; then to have the other side of his nose slit, and the other ear cut off; and, after being shut up in a dungeon, to be released by death alone.

What are we to think of a sentence of this kind, passed upon an excellent and a learned man, who had ably filled the office of professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh? Does it not read like a sentence of the Holy Inquisition? It *is* the sentence of the English Holy Inquisition; and Laud, the chief inquisitor, pulls off his cap when this merciless sentence is pronounced, and gives God thanks for it!

On the sitting of the Long Parliament, Leighton sent in his petition for a release, and the whole house was moved to tears by the relation of his sufferings. There is no danger that the despotic clergy of the Anglo-Catholic schism, who hold Laud's notions, should,

like Laud, lose their heads—*that they have done already;* yet they would do well to remember this truth : the higher their church, the lower its fall.

If we turn again to Scotland, in the days of Mary, when Anglo-Catholic principles were held by the ruling powers, we find a similar spirit of clerical despotism mercilessly rampant. "A court of Ecclesiastical Commission," says Laing, "was procured by Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrew's, consisting of nine prelates and thirty-five commissioners; but a bishop, with four assistants, composed a quorum, to which the civil and military officers were all subordinate. Neither time nor place was prescribed for their meetings; and an ambulating court was established on the principles of the Inquisition; an ecclesiastical court, bound by no forms of law, was instituted, to exercise a civil jurisdiction for the preservation of the Church. Its summary proceedings were conducted without accusation, evidence, or defence.

"The persons cited were convicted on captious interrogatories, and if legal defences, or satisfactory answers, were returned to the questions, they were punished on their refusal to receive the oath of allegiance, which was invariably tendered, or to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the king. The violence of Sharp was abetted by Rothes, who overruled the moderation of the temporal judges; and the commission, proceeding from imprisonment and ruinous penalties to corporal punishments, appeared to emulate, or even exceed, the severity of the privy council. Such was the fury of the church militant, that thousands fled to their brethren in Ulster; the gaols were crowded, and only emptied again by transportation to Barbadoes. The clergy were the sole accusers, furnishing lists of the recusants to the soldiers, who were at once judges and executioners. Turner, an Englishman, naturally ferocious, and always drunk, was let loose with the troops on the country.

"The inhabitants were hunted to the morasses and the mountains. Driven to despair, and having taken Turner prisoner, and found, on examining his instructions, that they were still more atrocious than his conduct, they soon after fought the battle of Pentlands. The fury of the persecutors now knew no bounds. The prisoners, who had yielded on assurance of quarter, were tortured, and then gibbeted, many of them at their own doors. Dalziel and Drummond, two merciless officers, hardened in the Russian service, put some to the sword; executed others on the highway; some they tortured with lighted matches between their fingers, to extort confession. Among the atrocities attributed to Dalziel, a man was executed because he refused to discover his father, and a woman tortured to death because she was accessory to the escape of her

husband. The whole country lay at the mercy of the licentious soldiery. Rapes, robberies, and murders were everywhere committed. Gentlemen were accused, tried, and condemned in their absence, and their estates given to Dalziel and Drummond. The laws against conventicles were increased in severity. Husbands were made responsible for their wives, fathers for their children, magistrates for those within their jurisdiction; preachers were condemned to forfeiture and death, and their hearers to double fines, and the penalties of sedition. Those who refused to inform, and those who sheltered the unfortunate Covenanters, were to be punished as if themselves the offenders. In a single writ, above ninety clergymen, gentlemen, and ladies, and all who dared to receive or aid them, were cut off from all the rights and privileges of social life. At a moderate computation," says Laing, corroborated by Burnet and Wodrow, "seventeen thousand persons of either sex, and every description of rank of life, were already harassed and oppressed in the West, for attendance on conventicles or absence from church. Above two thousand persons were outlawed for conversing with the proscribed parties, and others driven into the wildest recesses of the mountains, where they worshipped God with arms in their hands. Six thousand lawless Highlanders were let loose on the country, and an indemnity given them to commit every excess. The horrors they perpetrated are too fearful for description. These atrocities led to the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and that to fresh cruelties. Twelve hundred persons, taken prisoners at that battle, were confined in Grey-Friars churchyard, in Edinburgh, uncovered and exposed to the elements for five months, when some were dismissed and others transported. The fines imposed on the nonconformists were made a regular branch of revenue; and in eleven counties the penalties alone amounted £180,000 sterling. Diligent inquisition was made by the clergy in every parish, and lists of delinquents prepared for the courts. To such a pitch was the fury of government carried at length, that those who refused to abjure their principles were shot without ceremony, on the roads, and in the fields at their labour; and," says Laing, "a sanguinary period ensued, from which historians have turned away their eyes in horror." Such was the condition of Scotland under Charles II., and till James II. was chased from the throne of these realms.

"This church, this community, then," says Vinet, "still appears, as in the times of Isaiah, to utter these words, so full of presumption and bigotry—'Stand back, come not near me, for I am holier than thou.' And, more than this, we see that proposition put into practice which shocks us so much in the case of a communion

from which we have separated—'Out of our church no salvation.'" Ay! that is a Mohamedan, a Brahminical, an Otaheitan, a Mormon, a Papal, an Anglo-Catholic, a human-natural cry; but it is not a Christian cry. Christianity does not demand who is in our CHURCH, but "who is in CHRIST?" If every living soul of man were in "our Church," but not in Christ, no churchman would be a Christian.

The very first step towards building *any* church is to get stones; and if this is to be a Christian church, these must be "lively stones." Life is the first element: no true church can have so much as a beginning till this be secured. Numbers will not give life—order will not give life—mechanical agency will not give life. The time-keeping watch is not a vital agent, but a formal sham of existence: its action is not spontaneous movement, but fixed rotation. Well and nobly has Milton observed, that "notwithstanding the gaudy superstition of some still ignorantly devoted to temples, we may well be assured, that He who did not disdain to be laid in a manger, disdains not to be preached in a barn; and that, by such meetings as these, being, indeed, most apostolical and primitive, they will in a short time advance more in Christian knowledge and reformation of life, than by many years' preaching of such an incumbent—I may say, such an incumbrance ofttimes—as will be merely hired to abide long in such places." And what sort of teachers has many a parish in this our highly-favoured land? What but a renegade Christian—a heathen, who declares that "Scripture is not the rule of faith;" and that "the oral tradition of the Church is a fuller exposition of God's revealed truth"?[1] Hear we the homily on "Reading the Scriptures:" "Let us diligently search for the well of life in the books of the Old and New Testament, and not run to the stinking puddles of men's traditions for our justification and salvation." True enough, honest old Homily! Tradition *is* a "stinking puddle;" and those who will bathe in it will but add filth to filth, instead of being purified. The same jealousy of knowledge and judgment based on Scripture, which marks the Puseyite of the day, was the characteristic of the tyrant Henry VIII.

"Although you are permitted," said the king, "to read Holy Scripture, and to hear the word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand that it is licensed to you so to do only to inform your own conscience, and to instruct your children and family, and not to dispute and make Scripture a tainting stock against priests and preachers." In other words, your Christianity must be a dumb Christianity—one that will not inform your judgment or bring

[1] See this Anglo-Catholic doctrine, pp. 70, 71.

you freedom of conscience or liberty of utterance. This is the Christianity of the *Index Expurgatorius*. Let these wretched men who still teach in our churches, and yet "say anathema to the principle of Protestantism, and who will depart more and more from the principles of the English Reformation,"[1] either depart from the National Church, or listen to what its great champion Jewell has so fearlessly said :—

"We have departed from that Church wherein neither the word of God could be heard purely, nor the sacraments rightly administered, nor the name of God, as it ought to be, called upon. We have departed from that Church which was in time past, and we have departed in such sort as Daniel did out of the den of lions, and as the three children out of the fire; yea, rather, cast out by them with their cursings and bannings, than departed of ourselves." After an allusion to the infallibility of the Church, which he denies in pointed language, he adds, "And which we ourselves did evidently see with our eyes to have gone from the old holy fathers, and from the Apostles, and from Christ himself, and from the primitive and catholic Church of God; and we are come as near as we possibly could to the Church of the Apostles, and of the old catholic bishops and fathers."[2]

"During the reign of James II.," writes Lathbury, "and the latter part of that of his brother, two hundred and thirty distinct works were published against Popery by members of the Church of England. These were not mere tracts, but works of a considerable size."

But perhaps one of the greatest blows ever struck at the horrible system of cruelties practised in this country under the name of "Religion," was the publication of Fox's Book of Martyrs.

"As soon as it was published, an order was issued that this work, together with *the Great Bible*, and *Jewell's Defence*, and *the Book of Homilies*, should be placed in all the churches of the kingdom at the public cost, in order that the people who were unable to purchase these works might be able to read them at all convenient times.[3] To make the work as generally known as possible, it was ordered also to be placed in the halls of the archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons, for the use of all who might wish to peruse it.

"By another order, the head of every college and hall in the universities was compelled to place a copy in his own hall for the use of students and others, who might not otherwise gain access to

[1] See p. 70. [2] See Apology in Jewell's Works, folio.
[3] Strype's Annals, vol. v. p. 738.

it. Now it was, the labours of Fox were so abundantly blessed. It is not too much to assert, that this single work furthered the progress of the Reformation more than the wisest of the plans of the Reformers. Grindal, who succeeded Parker in the see of Canterbury, was the individual to whom Fox was mainly indebted in the composition of his history. On the accession of Mary, Grindal fled with many others to Frankfort, where he employed his leisure in collecting the narratives of those who had suffered in England for their attachment to the principles of the Reformation. The materials were collected in England and forwarded to Grindal on the Continent. The publication of such a work was exceedingly annoying to the Papists; and when it was set forth by authority and placed in the parish churches, their anger exceeded all bounds. They therefore laboured with much diligence to impeach the author's veracity; nor would his person have been safe had they found the means of entrapping him. His name was inserted with those of others in a 'Bede-roll,' or list of persons to be despatched whenever England should be invaded.

"I have," says Lathbury, "seen the Bible, Jewell's Defence, Fox's Martyrs, and the Homilies, or at least remains of them, in several parish churches, where they have remained since the days of Elizabeth. Several years since, when an undergraduate in Oxford, I recollect seeing some of them in the parish church of Abingdon, and that of Cumnor, a village near the University."[1]

The secessions from Oxford to Rome, and the increasing tendency to a similar movement among the peerage, will draw down a castigation much more prompt and severe than the superficial observer may imagine. After all, the mastery of the situation is with the Commons, rather than with the Commons' House. That basis of popular power is destined to become wider and deeper. The new federation of power which has sprung from the municipal element, is even now taking a seat analogous to the magnitude of its interests. The land and feudalism have had their turn; the sea and commerce will ere long take their place. The growing intelligence of Englishmen will suggest an inquiry into the relations of cause and effect in connection with the clerical secessions. The teachings of the university, the indistinct or obsolete phraseology of the Prayer-book, the clerical fondness for ornamental holiness in lieu of simple piety, all these will receive a searching investigation and an honest correction. In the case of the secessions of the Upper House, an odium will gradually be brought upon the whole of that body as a branch of legislature; and people will begin to question the value

[1] Lathbury's State of Popery and Jesuitism in England.

of an institution which reflects, with a light increasingly feeble, the state jewel of Protestantism that glows in the royal crown. It is vain to remark that such views are highly illiberal and contracted. We have to deal with the fact that this movement is chiefly offensive to the feelings of the Protestant community, not because of the Romish *faith*, but because of the Romish *policy*. Nor is it difficult to perceive, that should this evil continue to progress, a national combination of irresistible power will be formed in this great country.

It may yet be found one of the special providences of Omnipotence that the apparent unity of the Church in this island should have so long been broken up; that devout bands of believers —powerful, numerically, politically, and intellectually; energetic from keen commercial habits, and independent from the exercise of unshackled opinion—should have seceded from the Establishment, and yet have retained, together with the inner life of the Church, a zeal, a fire, a resolution, an impassioned action, that have borne down the obstructions of state craft, and consigned to historical contempt the abortions of "Acts of Conformity."

While the pliant statesman finds a place for the political hierarch, or while the union of Church and State results in formalism or vitality, in proportion to episcopal love of art or love of souls, it should in reality be no subject of regret that these powerful bodies have become so completely emancipated from state control; that they derive their vigorous hegemonia alone from the great charter of the Bible, instead of measuring their Christianity by the practices of a supposed holy antiquity. Nor is it less a subject of congratulation, that an ambition for the purple pomps of ecclesiology, its horticultural altars, and its gigantic chandelry, are kept under control amongst Dissenters, by the acknowledged principle that vitality of religion is inconsistent with excessive externalism. Theirs will, in all probability, be a noble position in the very vanguard of the forthcoming battle of national Protestantism, by the side of the Evangelical portion of the Church of England.

The great commercial party now struggling into political power, will be no more guilty of placing on the episcopal bench men of doubtful tendencies, than they would be of raising to the direction of their own vast mercantile enterprises, individuals of doubtful honesty.

What combinations may hereafter be attempted by the papal nations of Europe at the instigation of Rome,—what coercive positions taken up by her veteran diplomatists,—are as yet written in the secret counsels of Jehovah. But this we know full well, that if it be within the compass of man's device to bend to the yoke of

Rome this Protestant empire, to crush the inner life of the Christian, and to complicate the political position of Great Britain, by a simultaneous pressure internal and external, this effort will not be spared,—no sacrifice will be spared. A bolder course of political action, founded on a broader and more popular basis of administration, an avowed system of diplomatic integrity, allied to an increased publicity in state communications, embassies, and treaties,—these, and these only, are the modes of displaying the supreme will of the empire as of one man : in a word, of inaugurating the rule of a nation, rather than that of a cabinet.

What, then, does the present state of at least a portion of our National Church demand?

Does it not require a thorough purgation from all those false teachers who are aiming at its subversion through the medium of their treacherous ministrations? Does it not ask for more Christian zeal on the part of the sound-hearted portion of its members, and still more of its Evangelical pastors?

"With the pulpits of the land loudly proclaiming the unscriptural and dangerous tenets of Popery, Protestantism is safe; but if the ministers of the Church ever become lukewarm in the cause, or indifferent to the spread of popish principles, it will be easy to predict what must speedily ensue."[1]

This has been partially verified in our own times. A spirit of lethargic complaisance has been allowed to creep over our great Christian communities, and the result has been a species of slumber, perilous alike to religion and national independence.

False systems of teaching have spread unchecked, and vital Christianity has received a dangerous blow from an enemy super-eminently crafty, treacherous, and cruel. It becomes every individual, in whatever rank, to use the full force of his influence in combating these fatal delusions—delusions which lead not only to the certain decay of true piety, but absolutely to the degradation of this great country and the overthrow of its liberties. Viewed alone in this aspect, with no higher motives, the subject is worthy of grave consideration and a resolute course of action on the part of every true patriot. Have the statesmen who aspire to wield the destinies of this mighty empire, studied the history of the rise, progress, and consolidation of the policy of England, from the aspect of its earnest Christianity? If they have not, a profound chapter on statesmanship remains yet unstudied.

The copious illustrations here adduced of these dominant principles, are not to be superficially considered as in connection solely

[1] Lathbury's State of Jesuitism and Popery in England.

with "religious controversy;" they have a deeper import, and a more striking development, in the grand history of human civilization and progress. These principles and their antagonistics come strictly under the denomination of CASTE and CHRISTIANITY, and as such are embodied throughout this work. The false religious teaching of the former, and the true doctrine of the latter, as embodied in the Reformation, will be found in the following dialogue between the Romanized Anglican and the Christian:—

ANGLICANUS (*loquitur*).

England! thy cure of souls so badly kept,
For thee the Holy Father oft hath wept!
Lo! the kind shepherd, he hath sent from far
To heal thy sickly sheep, and what doth mar
The feeble vision of thy riper age,
Grown weak from poring o'er the Gospel page!
Hear, then, the counsels of Rome's holy seer,
And schisms from thy Church shall disappear.
On discipline's tradition fix thy look,
Till thou lose sight of Luther's Holy Book.
The Fathers study, till thou deem their word
More keen and trusty than the "Spirit's sword."
Next, o'er the "way of life" this "CAUTION" perch;
☞ THIS ROAD IS STOPPED BY ORDER OF THE CHURCH.
Soon mediæval shall thy soul arise,
And soar on painted cherubs to the skies.
Train now to pray by pictures or by brass,
And view thy sins by light of painted glass.
Let incense where yon sinner's prayer arose
Soothe, through Rome's calumet, thy saintly nose;
Purvey for David's harp "best Roman strings,"*
And soar to God on St. Cecilia's wings;
Thus eye, and ear, and nose, shall teach in sooth
"To worship God IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH!"
Mark next, my son, to thee the power is given
To deal cheap pardons from the gates of heaven.
Now, mightier than the mercy of thy God,
Conceal the murderer, and the victim's blood;
Receive his black confession, dyed in gore,
And, God-like, bid him "go and sin no more"!
Grasp firm St. Peter's key, and use it well,
Bind ye and loose, in heaven, and earth, and hell!
Make symbols, saviours, and for gold give dross;
Preach thou the crucifix—but not the cross.
Then from the Vatican let lustral saints
(Without whose aid behold creation faints!)
Rose-water sprinkle from their high abode,
To lay the dust upon poor "pilgrims'" road.

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* "*Best Roman strings sold here*"—is often seen posted up in our music-shops.

CHRISTIANUS.

Hear now St. Paul! What dreads he, England, say?
"Lest he himself become a cast-away:"
But Damnon * safe, with lustral waters laved,
Is as *completely*, as St. Paul *half*-saved.
Behold yon bow of promise in the sky,
God's covenant with man, exalted high:
Its pearls may fall all brightly to the earth,
But can they ransom from sin's slavish birth?
And can the covenant external seal
Thy holiness, and all sin's "breaches heal"?
If so, a *second* saviour man may win,
Water—sufficient sacrifice for sin!
Ah man!—vain man!—would rule the Godhead! He
Now deigns to unveil the curtain'd Deity,
Now locked from sinners safely keeps the key.
"Strait is the way, and narrow is the road"
That leads to life and purity's abode.
Will men of God, or men of taste, prefer
The *Roman road* to heaven through Exeter?
The martyrs' noble army—vast array!—
Could pass heaven's arch, and glory on its way:
But thou, poor plilgrim! shouldst thou lose thy drops
Of lustral water, thee St. Denis stops:
His mighty protest seals thine awful fate,
And seraph Keble helps to shut the gate! †
Oh ENGLAND! had thy FATHER yet in store
Some keener scourge to drive from Mercy's door,
Wielded by bigot hands would this be given
To chase His offspring from the gates of heaven;
A deadly waste His child should wander o'er,
And 'neath an Upas rest on Sodom's shore!
That line that parts from Rome, make broader still,
And prize the treasures in thy FATHER'S WILL;
Love more thy closet with thy God alone,
Love less the ostentatious altar-stone;
Nor sell thy birthright for this pottage mess,
Cooked up by Romans in an English dress.

T. C. F.

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* The Damnonii are the classical natives of Devon, whose Pontifex Maximus resides at Exeter.

† Messrs. Dennison, Keble, and several others, signed a determined protest against the decision of the Privy Council made in favour of Gorham, on the occasion of the baptismal discussion.

CHAPTER III.

OUR LADY'S MOTHER.

"And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls: and upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots."

REVEL. xvii. 4, 5.

"The bishops of Rome were the maintainers of images, against God's word, and stirrers up of sedition and rebellion. Not only the sheep, but the shepherds themselves, being blinded by the bewitching of images, as blind guides of the blind, fell both into the damnable pit of idolatry."

HOMILY ON THE SCRIPTURES.

THE open vices of human nature are readily recognized as the direct opponents of religion. All acquiesce in a fact so evident, and the boundaries of sin and of holiness are clearly defined. But how terrible is that devotional system where these boundaries are blended with each other—where purity is affirmed to proceed from corruption—where earth is made to enlighten heaven—where the worship of sense dethrones the worship of spirituality—where the scenic manipulator poisons the life of the soul—where POLICY appears as RELIGION, and MAN is seen as GOD! If it be lamentable to witness the decline of the humblest of our race from piety to turpitude, how tremendous must be the degradation of those mitred kings who, after assuming Holiness for their title, the Church for their patrimony, and Infallibility for their guide, have sealed up the Bible, sinned as in the temple, and have impiously sold those pardons of God which are freely given "without money and without price." If there be one temptation more terrible than another to frail humanity, it is the seductive harlotry of man's holiness.

What a saint do his alms make of him! how purifying are his scourge and sackcloth! how God-like his absolving power! how meritorious his numerous prayers and pilgrimages! how mighty his gifts to purge departed souls! how spiritualizing his artistic taste! how tangible the holiness of his crucifix! "Is not this

GREAT BABYLON that I have built?" Ay, such is the human heart, from Nebuchadnezzar to Leo X. How delightful to humanity, in its widest extent, is this system! The man of musical taste is charmed by it, for he rises to heaven on the wings of St. Cecilia; the moralist finds himself placed on a level with the Christian; and the refined architect "works out his own salvation."[1] Nay, even the progeny of Cain has his crimsoned conscience purified by his spiritual directors, who, while powerless to assist the claims of justice,

> "Receive his black confession, dyed in gore,
> And, God-like, bid him 'go, and sin no more.'"

O man, well hast thou made thy gods in thine own likeness!

How exactly has one of our poets portrayed the priesthood of superstition:—

> "Theirs a wondrous spell,
> Where true and false were, with infernal art,
> Close interwoven; where together met
> Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
> And, with the terrors of futurity,
> Mingled whate'er enchants and fascinates—
> Music and painting, sculpture, rhetoric,
> And dazzling light, and darkness visible,
> And architectural pomp, such as none else.
> What in his day the Syracusan sought,
> Another world to plant his engines on,
> They had; and having it, like gods, not men,
> They moved this world at pleasure."[2]

"In our days," writes D'Aubigné, "attempts are made to connect catholicity with popery; and if catholicity and Christian truths are put forward, they are but as baits made use of to draw men under the yoke of the hierarchy. There is, therefore, nothing to be hoped for from that quarter. Has popery renounced so much as one of its observances, of its doctrines, or of its claims? The religion which was insupportable in other ages, will it be less so in ours? What regeneration has ever emanated from Rome? Is it from that priestly hierarchy, full even to overflowing of earthly passions, that that spirit of faith, of charity, of hope, can come forth which alone can save us? Can an exhausted system, which has scarcely strength for its own need, and is everywhere in the struggles of death, living only by external aids,—can such a system communicate life and health throughout Christian society—the heavenly breath that it requires?" "My kingdom *is not of*

[1] See the cases of Pugin, *et alii*.

[2] Rogers's Italy.

this world," was the striking enunciation of the Head of the Church spiritual. How diametrically is this opposed to the mitred head of the Church political!

There is not a community too small, there is not an empire too large, for its interference. Rome will have her Concordats with subservient states; we see her, even at the very verge of the Reformation, higgling with her own stall-keepers, and extorting from them the price of their standings to the very last farthing. In her mandates she freely quotes Scripture, but forbids its perusal from the Bible: she professes a RELIGION, and practises a POLICY; she proves her descent from a poor fisherman, but robes her princes in scarlet. It is not improbable that enlightened England may again be a witness of the dark day of papal indulgences in Austria, as profoundly gloomy as that of Tetzel; for the civil power of that country is now bound to aid the ecclesiastical. The picture drawn by the illustrious author of the "Reformation" of the movements, plans, and shameless vices of the impious salesmen, at an early period of Luther's career, is so vivid, that we cannot do better than give his account at considerable extent, the more particularly as not one jot or tittle of these high-handed claims of incarnate papal divinity has been renounced up to this day:—

"The pope who then filled the pontifical throne was not a Borgia, but Leo X., of the illustrious family of the Medici. He was a man of talent, open-hearted, kind, and indulgent. He was passionately fond of music: his palace daily resounded with musical instruments, and he was often heard humming the airs that had been sung before him. Fond of magnificence, he spared no expense in feastings, public games, theatrical entertainments, and gifts. No court surpassed in splendour or in pleasures that of the sovereign pontiff; so that when news was brought that Julian Medici was about to choose Rome as a place of residence for himself and young bride, Cardinal Biblieux, the most influential of Leo's council, exclaimed, 'God be praised!—we wanted nothing here but a female circle.' A 'female circle' was felt requisite to complete the attractions of the pope's court.

"Leo was in great want of money. He had to provide for his vast expenses; to satisfy all demands on his liberality; to fill with gold the purse he every day threw to the people; to defray the cost of the licentious plays at the Vatican; to gratify the continual demands of his relations, and of courtiers who were addicted to voluptuousness; to portion his sister, who had been married to Prince Cibo, a natural son of Pope Innocent VIII.; and to meet all the expenses of his taste for literature, arts, and pleasures. His cousin, Cardinal Pucci, who was as skilful in the art of

amassing money as Leo was prodigal in spending, advised him to have recourse to indulgences. The pope, therefore, published a bull, proclaiming a general indulgence, the product of which should be appropriated, he said, to the building of St. Peter a church, that splendid monument of ecclesiastical magnificence. There was then in Germany a young prince, who was in many respects a counterpart of Leo X.; this was Albert, the younger brother of the Elector Joachim, of Brandenburg. This young man, at the age of twenty-four, had been made archbishop and elector of Mentz and of Magdeburg; two years after he was made cardinal. Like Leo, Albert was in want of money. Some rich merchant of Augsburg, named Fugger, had made him some advances. He was pressed for the means of liquidating his debts; nay, more, although he had obtained two archbishoprics and a bishopric, he had not enough to pay for his *pallium* at Rome. This ornament, made of white wool, interspersed with black crosses, and blessed by the pope, who was accustomed to send it to the archbishops as a sign of their jurisdiction, cost them 26,000, or, as some say, 30,000 florins. It was quite natural that Albert should form the project of resorting to the same means as his superior, to obtain money. He solicited from the pope the contract for the farming of all the indulgences, or, as they expressed them in Rome, 'the contract for the sins of the Germans.' Albert proposed to Leo to divide the profits. Leo, in accepting the bargain, required immediate payment of the price of the *pallium*. The pope and archbishop having thus beforehand divided the spoils of the credulous souls of Germany, it was necessary to carry out the project, and to find some one to undertake the trouble of realizing it. Tetzel, already notorious in such matters, hastened to Mentz, and tendered his services to the elector. Some one came and told Staupitz, who was still with Luther, that a seller of indulgences, named Tetzel, was making much noise at Wurtzen. Some of his extravagant expressions being quoted, Luther was quite indignant, and exclaimed, 'God willing, I will make a hole in his drum.' At Jütterboch Tetzel was only four miles distant from Wittenberg. 'This great purse-drainer,' said Luther, 'went boldly to work, beating up the country all round; so that the money began to leap out of every man's purse, and fall into his chest.'

"The people flocked in crowds from Wittenberg to the indulgence-market at Jütterboch. Luther was still, at this time, full of respect for the Church and for the pope. He says himself, 'I was then a monk, a papist of the maddest—so infatuated and steeped in the Romish doctrines, that I would willingly have

helped to kill any one who should have had the audacity to refuse the smallest act of obedience to the pope. I was a true Saul, like many others still living.'"

Tetzel found but few sufficiently enlightened, and still fewer bold enough to resist him. In general, he could easily manage the superstitious crowd. "He had erected the red cross of indulgences at Zwickau, and the good people of the place had hastened to pour in the money that was to liberate souls. He was about to leave with a full purse. The evening before his departure, the chaplains and the acolytes called upon him to give them a farewell repast. The request was reasonable; but what was to be done? The money was already counted and sealed up. In the morning he had the large bell tolled. A crowd hurried to the church; every one thought something extraordinary had happened, since the period of the station had expired. 'I had intended,' said he, 'to take my departure this morning; but last night I was awakened by groans. I listened; they proceeded from the cemetery. Alas! it was a poor soul that called me, and entreated to be delivered from the torment that consumed it. I therefore have tarried one day longer, that I might move Christian hearts to compassion for this unhappy soul. Myself will be the first to contribute; but he who will not follow my example will be worthy of all condemnation.' What heart would not answer to such an appeal? Besides, who can tell what soul thus cries from the tomb? The gifts were many; and Tetzel, with the chaplains and acolytes, sat down to a merry feast, paid for by offerings for the poor soul of Zwickau.[1] The dealers in indulgences had established themselves at Hagenau in 1517. The wife of a shoemaker, profiting by the permission given in the instruction of the commissary-general, had procured, against her husband's will, a letter of indulgence, and had paid for it a gold florin. Shortly after she died; and the widower, omitting to have mass said for the repose of her soul, was charged by the curate with contempt of religion; and the judge of Hagenau summoned him to appear before him. The shoemaker put into his pocket his wife's indulgence, and repaired to the place of summons. 'Is your wife dead?' asked the judge. 'Yes,' answered the shoemaker. 'What have you done with her?' 'I buried her, and commended her soul to God.' 'But have you had a mass said for the salvation of her soul?' 'I have not, it was not necessary; she went to heaven at the moment of her death.' 'How do you know that?' 'Here is the evidence of it.' The widower drew from

[1] Löcchars, Ref. Acba. i. 404. L. Opp. xv. 443, &c.

his pocket the indulgence, and the judge, in presence of the curate, read, in so many words, that in the moment of death the woman who received it would go, not into purgatory, but straight into heaven. 'If the curate pretends that a mass is necessary after that,' said the shoemaker, 'my wife has been cheated by our holy father, the pope; but if she has not been cheated, then the curate is deceiving me.' There was no reply to this defence, and the accused was acquitted. It was thus that the good sense of the people disposed of impostures."[1]

D'Aubigné gives the following humorous account of what may be emphatically called the *argumentum ad baculum*, showing that the Saxons were not quite so slow-witted as the Italians fancied them:—"A Saxon gentleman had heard Tetzel at Leipsic, and was much shocked by his impostures. He went to the monk, and asked him if he were authorized to pardon sins in intention, or such as the applicant intended to commit. 'Assuredly,' answered Tetzel; 'I have full power from the pope to do so.' 'Well,' returned the gentleman, 'I want to take some slight revenge on one of my enemies, without attempting his life. I will pay you ten crowns, if you will give me a letter of indulgence that shall bear me harmless.' Tetzel made some scruples; they struck their bargain for thirty crowns. Shortly after, the monk set out from Leipsic. The gentleman, attended by his servant, laid wait for him in a wood between Jütterboch and Treblin; fell upon him, gave him a beating, and carried off the rich chest of indulgence-money the inquisitor had with him. Tetzel clamoured against this act of violence, and brought an action before the judges. But the gentleman showed the letter signed by Tetzel himself, which exempted him beforehand from all responsibility. Duke George, who had at first been much incensed at the action, upon seeing this writing, ordered that the accused should be acquitted.[2]

"Accounts were circulated of the gross immoral conduct of the traffickers in indulgences. 'To pay,' said they, 'what they owe to drivers who carry them and their goods, to innkeepers in whose houses they lodge, or to any one who does them service, they give a letter of indulgence to four, five, or as many souls as they wish.' Thus the brevets of salvation passed in the inns and markets, like bank-notes or paper-money. '*Bring hither your money*,' said the common people, 'is the beginning, the middle, and the end of the sermons.'

"The dealers passed through the country in a gay carriage,

[1] D'Aubigné, vol. i. pp. 281, 282. Musruli Loci Communes, p. 362.
[2] Albinus, Meissn. Chronik. L. W. xv. 446. Hechtius in Vita Tezelii.

escorted by three horsemen, in great state, and spending freely. One might have thought it some dignitary on a royal progress, with his attendants and officers, and not a common dealer or a begging monk. When the procession approached a town, a messenger waited on the magistrate. 'The grace of God, and of the holy father, is at your gates!' said the envoy. The pontiff's bull of grace was borne in front, on a velvet cushion or on cloth of gold. The chief vender of indulgences followed, supporting a large wooden cross; and the whole procession moved in this manner, amidst singing, prayers, and the smoke of incense. The sound of organs, and a concert of instruments, received the monkish dealer and his attendants into the church. One person in particular drew the attention of the spectators in these sales. It was he who bore the great red cross, and had the most prominent part assigned to him. He was clothed in the habit of the Dominicans, and his port was lofty. His voice was sonorous, and he seemed yet in the prime of his strength, though he was past his sixty-third year.[1] This man, who was the son of a goldsmith at Leipsic, named Diez, bore the name of John Diezel, or Tetzel. He had studied in his native town, had taken his bachelor's degree in 1487, and entered two years later into the order of the Dominicans. Numerous honours had been accumulated on him. Bachelor of theology, prior of the Dominicans, apostolical commissioner, inquisitor (*hereticæ pravitatis inquisitor*), he had, ever since the year 1502, filled the office of an agent for the sale of indulgences. The experience he had acquired as a subordinate functionary, had very early raised him to the station of chief commissioner. He had an allowance of eighty florins per month, all his expenses defrayed, and he was allowed a carriage and three horses. But we may readily imagine that his indirect emoluments far exceeded his allowances. In 1507 he gained, in two days, at Freyberg, 2,000 florins. If his occupation resembled that of a mountebank, he had also the morals of one. Convicted at Innspruck of adultery and abominable profligacy, he was near paying the forfeit of his life. The Emperor Maximilian had ordered that he should be put into a sack and thrown into the river. The Elector Frederick of Saxony had interceded for him, and obtained his pardon.[2]

"But the lesson he had received had not taught him more decency. He carried about with him two of his children. Militz, the pope's legate, cites the fact in one of his letters. It would have been hard to find in all the cloisters of Germany a man more

[1] Ingenio ferox et corpore robustus. (Cochl. 5.)

[2] Welchen Thurfürst Friederic von Sac zu Innspruck erbetten hatte.—Mathes. X.

adapted to the traffic with which he was charged. As soon as the cross was elevated, with the pope's arms suspended upon it, Tetzel ascended the pulpit, and, with a bold tone, began, in the presence of the crowd whom the ceremony had drawn to the sacred spot, to exalt the efficacy of indulgences. Let us hear one of these harangues, pronounced after the erection of the cross. 'Indulgences,' said he, 'are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts. This cross (pointing to the red cross) has as much efficacy as the cross of Christ. Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven you. I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences than he with his sermons. There is no sin so great, that the indulgence cannot remit it; and even if any one should—which is doubtless impossible—ravish the Holy Virgin Mother of God, let him pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him.' Tetzel then turned to another subject:—'But, more than this, the indulgences not only deliver the living, but the dead also, and for that, repentance even is not required. Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, and ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends, who cry to you from the bottomless abyss—"We are enduring horrible torment: a small alms will deliver us; you can give it, and you will not!"' A shudder ran through his hearers at these words uttered by the formidable voice of the mountebank monk.

"'The very moment,' continued Tetzel, 'that the money chinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to heaven.[1] O senseless people, and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day heaven is on all sides open. Do you now refuse to enter? When then do you intend to come in? This day you may redeem many souls. Dull and heedless man, with ten groschen you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are so ungrateful that you will not rescue him. Do you know why the Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored; that church contains the bodies of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and a vast number of martyrs. Ah! shall those holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire?'[2] And, as a finish to his addresses, pointing to the strong box in which the money was received, he generally concluded his moving discourse by thrice calling on the people—'Bring money! bring your money! bring money!'

[1] Thes. 56.

[2] Teutzel, Reformationgesch. Myconii Ref. Hist.

"The moment he had made an end, he came down the steps of the pulpit, ran towards the strong box, and, in sight of all the people, threw in a piece of silver with a loud sound.[1]

"Then the people came in crowds to the confessors. They came not with contrite hearts, but with money in their hands. Men, women, the young, the poor, and those who lived by alms—every one then found money. Confession having been gone through (and it was soon despatched), the faithful hastened to the vender. Only one was commissioned to sell. He had his counter close to the cross. He turned a scrutinizing glance on those who came. He examined their manner, step, and attire, and demanded a sum in proportion to the apparent circumstances of the party presenting himself. Kings, queens, princes, archbishops, bishops, &c., were to pay, according to the regulation, for an ordinary indulgence, twenty-five ducats; abbots, counts, barons, &c., ten. The other nobles, superiors, and all who had an annual income of five hundred florins, were to pay six. Those who had an income of two hundred florins, one; the rest half a florin. For particular sins Tetzel had a private sale. Polygamy cost six ducats; sacrilege and perjury, nine ducats; murder, eight; witchcraft, two. Then came the end and object of the whole affair—the reckoning of the money. To guard against all risk the chest had three keys; one was in the keeping of Tetzel; the other with the delegated treasurer of the house of Fugger, at Augsburg, to whom some time before this vast speculation had been farmed; and the third was lodged with the civil authority. When the appointed day arrived, the chest was opened in the presence of a public notary, and the whole contents carefully counted. Was it not fit that Christ should arise, and drive out these buyers and sellers from the temple?"[2]

"*It is not fit that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables.*" Such was a strikingly apostolic abnegation of duties, though they were honourably, and even piously, connected with mundane affairs.

How little such a system has been followed out by the papacy is but too well known. The canon law, reduced to a regular system of jurisprudence in the thirteenth century, took in a range so vast as almost to supplant the jurisdiction of the civil courts. Never were spiritual judges more mundane in their character, and never, since the days of the house of Eli, was sin so clad in the robes of holiness. That mighty problem of the centralization of power was the master-stroke of the papacy. In comparison with

[1] Müller's Reliq. iii. p. 364.

[2] D'Aubigné.

the latter, the most potent states of Christendom were but geographical ideas: its possessions were of heaven, but all its possessions were on earth. Like the luxurious Romans of old,—

"Semper illis reges tetrarchæ vectigales esse: populi, nationes, stipendia pendere."

Nay, more, the limits of civilization and the boundaries of science were defined by God's vicariate, whose elastic wand swept the regions of heaven, allotted unknown worlds, and measured the abysses of hell. The commercial prosperity of Languedoc and the courts of Toulouse; Galileo, with his telescope; Huss, with his safe-conduct; Luther, with his Bible—all received their allotments from the same infallibility. What temptations surrounded these human gods! "Give me neither poverty nor riches," said Agar; "feed me with food convenient for me." Has this been the prayer of the papacy?

The wars of aggrandizement, the family feuds stirred up by the papacy, especially in the instance of that of Henry IV. of Germany, and its extortionate grasp, extended over the whole of Europe, from which England alone lost in a few years the vast sum of fifteen millions sterling, demonstrate the thoroughly worldly nature of mediæval Church rule.

Nor was Christianity itself less paganized by an attempted adaptation of the ancient worship to ecclesiastical purposes.

"Let their idol temples," writes Gregory the Great, "be sprinkled with holy water, and the altars be consecrated by relics. And since they are accustomed to slay oxen in sacrifice to their gods, let this be turned into a Christian solemnity." The result of this spurious system of accommodation was to compromise the purity of the Gospel; a compromise that has thoroughly imbued the whole system of Romanism down to our day; a compromise, too, basely advocated by worldly GREED in the columns of the leading journal of this Christian country. Operatic Sunday Christianity, that "loves the praise of men rather than the praise of God," has no harmony in common with the gaoler's cry of "What must I do to be saved?" and is in terrible discord with the puritanism of St. Paul's "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Nor, again, did the monastic establishments, which were originally constituted in the vain hope of producing a holy life by means of an external process, fail to imbibe the worldliness, the greed of gain, and the sensuality of the papacy.

What a stern witness against perverted truth is human language itself! "Not less," says Trench, "where a perversion of the moral sense has found place, words preserve oftentimes a record of this perversion. We have a signal example of this, even as it is a notable evi-

dence of the manner in which moral contagion, spreading from heart and manners, invades the popular language in the use, or rather mis-use, of the word '*religion*' during all the ages of papal domination in Europe. In those times a 'religious person' did not mean any one who felt and allowed the bonds that bound him to God and his fellow-men, but one who had taken peculiar vows upon him—a member of one of the monkish orders. A 'religious house' did not mean, nor does it now mean, in the Church of Rome, a Christian household, ordered in the fear of God, but a house in which these persons were gathered together according to the rule of some man, Benedict, or Dominic, or some other. A '*religion*' meant not a service of God, but an order of monkery; and taking the monastic vow was termed going into a 'religion.' Now, what an awful light does this one word, so used, throw on the entire state of mind and habits of thought in those ages! That, then, was a *religion*, and nothing else was deserving of the name! A 'religious' was a title which might not be given to parents and children, husbands and wives, men and women, fulfilling faithfully and holily in the world the several duties of their stations, but only to those who had devised self-chosen service for themselves." [1]

The mendicant orders soon forgot, or rather, with barefaced effrontery, violated their vows; for though poverty was their watchword, in twenty-four years after their commencement, Matthew Paris declares that they had constructed edifices in England which rose to a regal altitude, their spacious and splendid houses exhibiting countless treasures. "In the fourteenth century there stood in London a magnificent range of monastic buildings within the city walls, extending from the end of the Old Bailey to the Thames. Amidst what is now a scene of noise and bustle of carts and carriages, there were then to be found quiet cloisters, snug dormitories, a fine scriptorium, a spacious refectory, and a noble church, with grounds and gardens sloping down to the river-side. This was the house of the Dominicans, or Black Friars. It was founded by Robert Kilwarby in 1276, and was greatly enriched by the benefactions of Edward I. and Queen Eleanor. The largest immunities were bestowed on this establishment. Within its four gates and spacious walls was, in fact, a little town, free from the jurisdiction of the city authorities, and subject only to the ecclesiastical superior of the brotherhood; a privilege often abused by persons who fled there for refuge from the arm of the law. The kings of England sometimes entered "the good and comely tower at the bend of the wall," and there tarried with honour, enjoy-

[1] Rev. R. C. Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, "On the Study of Words."

ing the hospitality which the wealthy prior well knew how to offer."[1]

The farms, the gardens, the vast tracts of land, and even the slaves of both sexes, found in the inventories of these establishments, were prodigious; so that, in the twelfth century, the territorial property of the Church, vested chiefly in monasteries, amounted in this country to nearly one half of England. What a fearful power did not this territorial influence lend to the political and religious tyranny of the times! The same system is being steadily pursued in our own day by the Church of Rome, which is stealthily dotting its monastic garrisons over our land. As a political engine, however, that system will be powerless before the increasing might of commercial and municipal interests,—federations destined ere long to assume the supremacy in the cabinet.

Long before the tortuous policy now pursued by Rome in this country can produce the power for which she is struggling, important positions will have been won by the Christian Commons of the land. That seductive process, which, half a century since, would have told terribly on one class, viz. the landed aristocracy of this country, and, through their influence, which was then most powerful, would have told strongly on the people, will now be vainly exercised through this channel.

The work of proselytism must now be carried on over a wider ground. An ever-increasing intellect, an ever-increasing freedom, an ever-increasing justice, will have to be undermined; and should these attacks become too annoying and dangerous, national indignation, guided by sound judgment, will not fail to rectify the weakness of the constitution. It is a favourite argument of the Romanists, that the mediæval ages could not have been so very dark and barbarous that reared such magnificent ecclesiastical temples.[2] This is a most superficial view of the facts of the case, for the question is not intellectual, but spiritual; nor does the argument even rise to the proof of morality, much less of religion.

What more magnificent in architecture, painting, and sculpture, than pagan Greece and Rome?—nay, what more intellectual, yet what more impure—what more superstitious—what more benighted in soul? It was even so at this era in ecclesiastical architecture. Not a few cathedrals were built with the vain idea of saving the souls of the founders, who, for this single act, received the name of "pious," whose whole previous life had been one of profligacy, rapine, and bloodshed; not a few, built by the tears of

[1] Dawn of Modern Civilization: Religious Tract Society.

[2] Canterbury Cathedral, 1023; Winchester Cathedral, 1099; Lincoln Cathedral, 1188; York Minster, 1193.

widows and orphans, were, at the very last gasp of the tyrannical Norman baron, directed by him to be reared as an atonement for that cruel injustice which was so offensive in the eyes of a just God. What a commentary—what a severe sarcasm on the papacy and its teaching, is the fact of the gross ignorance, not only of the mass of the people, but of the barons themselves, throughout a period—a long period—when the ecclesiastical power was supreme in Europe!

The simple art of reading or writing, even so much as their own names, was totally unknown to the greatest majority: few, indeed, could boast of these accomplishments. But mark—that which the whole power, wealth, and influence of a Church dominant for ages in Europe, was unable or unwilling to effect, was brought about most rapidly by the free spirit of Christianity. We will not here take the era of the discovery of printing, but rather that of the establishment of religious freedom in England. Sabbath schools, Lancasterian schools, ragged schools—these are the fruits of the true spirit of Christianity, introduced by the principle that "deviseth liberal things," and not copied by Romanists, until it was found to be perilous for themselves any longer to postpone the instruction of their flocks. The very idea of the papacy appearing as the educator of the people at large through its clergy of the middle ages, of its appearing as a ragged-school teacher, or a Sabbath-school teacher, is, at this period of its grandeur, simply ridiculous. Fifty years of Christian liberality have enlightened more, taught more, elevated more, and FREED more, than five hundred years of pontifical supremacy. And even now, what is the educational—what is the moral state of the Italian masses? They, at least, ought to be most intelligent—most pure. Is this the case?

"In Naples, for which ninety-eight thousand ecclesiastics, throughout the kingdom, and ten thousand, including monks and friars, in the capital, are provided to say masses for the dead and hear confessions, the majority of the population are sunk in ignorance. With respect to morals, notwithstanding the ceremonials of religion are celebrated with frequency and splendour, Naples is admitted to be one of the most profligate capitals in Europe; and I grieve to add, questions are sometimes put to passengers in the streets of this brilliant city, calculated to make a man start with horror."[1] No! the evidence for an enlightened conscience, and the general progress of mankind at large, is not to be drawn from a proof so isolated as that of cathedral architecture. Coeval with this solitary grandeur, we have the gross darkness of pilgrimage for salvation, fasting for salvation, crusading for salvation, the kissing of bones for

[1] Whiteside's Italy, *in loco*.

salvation, military monachism for salvation, holy gifts (so called) for salvation, and darkest of all, then, as now, the robings of church-millinery for salvation.

At this period, had the papacy freely circulated the Bible—freely preached the Bible—it is indubitable that civilization, the sciences, and the magnificent progress of the present era, would have been antedated by happy centuries. That selfishness of CASTE, which has been already noticed, precluded so grand, so Christ-like a scheme.

As early as the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, the legate of Pope Celestine then and there said, "The Apostle Peter received the keys, and the power of binding and loosing; and Peter still has, and exercises, power in his successors to this day." Twenty years after this, Pope Leo said, "The pope is the head of the world, as being of the see of St. Peter."[1] Pope Symmachus accepted the defence set up for him by Ennodius, that "the pope was judge in the place of God, and could himself be judged of no man."

The fifth article of a standard ecclesiastical work has this doctrine still more blasphemously announced:[2] "We confess that the most holy pontiff ought to be honoured by all with divine honours, and with more prostration than is even due to Christ himself." Similar to this was the address of a Venetian prelate to the pope, in the fourth session of the Lateran: "Thou art," said he, "our shepherd, our physician—in a word, a second God upon earth." Still more blasphemous was the address of the Sicilian ambassador to the pope, at the Council of Trent: "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world!" This religious elasticity of the Romanist conscience runs equally down to the present time. Liguori, canonized in 1839, says, "The pope can decree that the observance of the Lord's-day shall continue only for a few hours." This will very nicely suit the Sunday Crystal Palace, and the Sunday Museum Christians, who may not be aware what pious Romanists they are. What a capital valet is human nature to the Vatican!

In the eighth century, Gregory II. boasted that "all the kings of the world reverenced the pope as God." This God-like power was sometimes exercised in a very summary, but human way. In 1191, Celestine III. struck off with his foot the crown of Henry VI., the German emperor. The bull of Pius V., "*In Cœna*

[1] It is remarkable that St. Peter—gratuitously assumed to be the prince of the Apostles—should have incurred, at the hands of St. Paul, the charge of what may be denominated, at least, dissimulation.

[2] Libri Symbolici Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, Streitwolf, Götting. vol. ii. p. 343.

Domini," is well known, which deposed Elizabeth and all her successors holding heretical (*i. e.* Christian) principles, and, of course, her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. While it has been reserved for the Christian liberality of the present day to advance the Jews to equal rights with all other classes of our fellow-countrymen (with one sad exception), it has been the degrading position of the papacy to have for centuries mercilessly persecuted, tortured, and destroyed this unhappy branch of the human family. The late emperor of Russia, whose Christianity was of the same worldly character, was likewise their persecutor—another evidence of the vast distinction that exists between ecclesiastical pomp and the piety of the heart.

But we must now turn our attention to the terribly depraved state of the papacy at the era immediately preceding the Reformation. Surely never did a desperate disease require more vigorous remedies. It seemed as though a Divine Providence had permitted this excessive degradation of Dr. Newman's Church of "*development*," to demonstrate the awful peril incurred by man associated with man, in order to obtain a holiness which is drawn from God and God's WORD alone. The "Old Man" of development might have taught our New-man, that corruption added to corruption can never produce piety, any more than rotten wood added to rotten wood can produce sound timber.

"What a spectacle," writes D'Aubigné, "was presented by the pontifical throne, in the generation immediately preceding the Reformation! Rome, it must be acknowledged, has seldom been witness to so much infamy. Rodrigo Borgia, after having an illicit intercourse with a Roman lady, had continued a similar connection with one of her daughters, named Rosa Vanozza, by whom he had five children. He was living at Rome with Vanozza and other abandoned women, as cardinal and archbishop, visiting the churches and hospitals, when the death of Innocent VIII. created a vacancy in the pontifical chair. He succeeded in obtaining it, by bribing each of the cardinals at a stipulated price. Four mules laden with silver were publicly driven into the palace of Sforza, the most influential of the cardinals. Borgia became pope, under the name of Alexander VI., and rejoiced in the attainment of the pinnacle of pleasures.

"The very day of his coronation, he created his son, Cæsar, a ferocious and dissolute youth, archbishop of Valencia, and bishop of Pampeluna. He next proceeded to celebrate in the Vatican the nuptials of his daughter Lucrezia, by festivities, at which his mistress, Jullia Bella, was present, and which were enlivened by farces and indecent songs.

"'Most of the ecclesiastics,' says the historian,[1] 'had their mistresses; and all the convents of the capital were houses of ill fame.'

"Cæsar Borgia was the hero of crime.

"The spot on earth where all iniquity met and overflowed was the pontiff's seat.

"When man has given himself over to the power of evil, the higher his pretensions before God, the lower he is seen to sink into the depths of hell."

We cannot here help remarking, that there is a peculiarity attaching to high-caste Brahmins, and to Mussulman families of great consideration, in which pride of family produces the same effect as Caste in Rome and India. Mussulmans have been guilty of the most disgraceful acts, without attempting, in the slightest degree, to hide, justify, or palliate them.

They appear wholly indifferent as to how their character stood in the world. Some have supposed that they consider themselves placed, by their rank, station, and caste, completely above all scandal. Without shame the Brahmins will employ the basest means of attaining their ends; and one of their number graphically described them to the Abbé Dubois, "an ants' nest of lies and impostures."

Yet, notwithstanding, they still retain their influence with the people, caused by superstition on the one part, and the obscurity of public opinion on the other. Nor did the missionary Ellis fail to find the same fact as strongly brought out in the case of a famous and reverend priest of Otaheite. There, as in Rome and Benares, moral character and right conduct were never considered requisite, even in those whose office was most sacred. "As a priest," says Ellis, "he practised every species of extortion and cruelty; neither was he less familiar with intrigue, nor free from ambition as a politician. His supposed influence with the gods, his deep initiation in the mysteries of their worship, and the constant dread of his displeasure, which would probably have doomed the individual by whom it was incurred to immolation on the altar of his idol, favoured in no small degree his assumption and exercise of civil power, both in Eimeo and Tahiti."[2]

Here, then, we see the complete identity of human selfishness, in Pontifical, Mussulman, Brahminical, and Otaheitan hieratic CASTE. It is absolutely SELF magnified to God!

"The dissolute entertainments," continues D'Aubigné, "given by the Pope, and his son Cæsar, and his daughter Lucrezia, are such as can neither be described nor thought of. The most impure groves

[1] Infessura. [2] Ellis's Polynesia.

of ancient worship saw not the like. Historians have accused Alexander and Lucrezia of incest; but the charge is not sufficiently established. The Pope, in order to rid himself of a wealthy cardinal, had prepared poison in a small box of sweetmeats, which was to be placed on table after a sumptuous feast; the cardinal, receiving a hint of the design, gained over the attendant, and the poisoned box was placed before Alexander.[1] He ate of it, and perished. The whole city came together, and could hardly satiate itself with the sight of this dead viper.[2]

"Such was the man who filled the pontifical throne at the commencement of the age of the Reformation. From the darkness of the understanding resulted the corruption of the heart. The priests, having taken into their own hands the dispensing a salvation which belonged to God alone, had thereby secured a sufficient hold on the people. What need had they to study sacred learning? It was no longer their office to explain the Scriptures, but to grant letters of indulgence. A bishop of Dunfeldt congratulated himself on never having learned Greek or Hebrew. The monks asserted that all heresies arose from the study of these languages, particularly from the Greek. 'The New Testament,' said one of them, 'is a book full of serpents and thorns. Greek,' continued he, 'is a modern language, but recently invented, and against which we must be upon our guard. As to Hebrew, my dear brethren, whosoever studies *that* immediately becomes a Jew.' Heresbach, a friend of Erasmus, and a respectable writer, reports these very words. Even the school of theology in Paris did not scruple to declare, before the parliament, 'There is an end of religion, if the study of Hebrew and Greek is permitted.'[3] The annals of the age swarm with scandals. In many places the people were well pleased that the priest should have a woman in keeping, that their wives might be safe from his seductions.[4]

"What scenes of humiliation were witnessed in the house of the pastor! The wretched man supported the mother and her children with the tithe and offering, and his conscience was troubled; he blushed in the presence of his people, of his servants, and before God.[5]

"The mother, fearing to come to want when the priest should die, provided against it beforehand, and robbed the house. Her character was gone; her children were a living accusation of her.

1 "E messe la scutola venenata avante il papa."—Sancto.
2 Gordon, Tomasi, Guicciardini, Eccard, *et alii.*
3 Müller's Reliq. tom. iii. p. 253.
4 Nicol de Clemanzio, De Præsulib. Simoniacis.
5 The words of Lebittor, pastor of Lichstall, in 1542.

Treated on all sides with contempt, they plunged into brawls and debaucheries. Such was the family of the priest. These horrid scenes were a kind of instruction that the people were ready enough to follow.[1]

"The rural districts were the scene of numerous excesses. The abodes of the clergy were frequently the resorts of the dissolute. Cornelian Adrian at Bruges, the Abbot Trinkler at Cappel, imitated the customs of the East, and had their harems. Priests consorted with abandoned characters, frequented the taverns, played dice, and finished their orgies by quarrels and blasphemies.[2]

"The Council of Schaffhausen prohibited the clergy from dancing in public, except at weddings; from carrying two kinds of weapons; and decreed that a priest who should be found in a house of ill-fame should be stripped of his ecclesiastical habit. In the archbishopric of Mentz, they scaled walls in the night, committed disorders and disturbances of all kinds in the inns and taverns, and broke open doors and locks.[3]

"In several places the priest paid to the bishop a regular tax for the woman with whom he lived, and for every child he had by her.

"A German bishop, who was present at a grand entertainment, publicly declared that, in one year, eleven thousand priests had presented themselves before him for that purpose. It is Erasmus that records this.[4]

"The higher orders of the hierarchy were equally corrupt. Dignitaries of the Church preferred the tumult of camps to the service of the altar. To be able, lance in hand, to compel his neighbours to do him homage, was one of the most conspicuous qualifications of a bishop. Baldwin, archbishop of Trèves, was constantly at war with his neighbours and vassals, rasing their castles, building fortresses of his own, and thinking only how to enlarge his territory. Everywhere the bishops were engaged in constant war with the towns, the citizens demanding freedom, and the bishops requiring implicit obedience. If the latter triumphed, they punished the revolters by sacrificing numerous victims to their vengeance; but the flames of insurrection broke out again at the very moment when they were thought to be extinguished."

[1] Fusslin Bytrage, ii. 224.
[2] Mandement de Hugo, Evêque de Constance, Mar. 3, 1517.
[3] Stenbing, Gesch. der Nass. Oran. Lande.
[4] Uno ad se delata undecim millia sacerdotum palam concubinariorum.—(Erasmi Op. ix. p. 401.) In the Council of Constance, Gerson publicly denounced the nunneries as "Prostibulæ Meretricum;" and he could not be contradicted.

Let us now contemplate the state of the Church previous to the Reformation. "The sufferings and merits of Christ were looked upon," says Myconius, "as an empty tale, or as the fictions of Homer. There was no longer any thought of that faith by which we are made partakers of the Saviour's righteousness, and the inheritance of eternal life. Christ was regarded as a stern judge, prepared to condemn all who should not have recourse to the intercession of saints, or to the pope's indulgences. Other intercessors were substituted in His stead: first, the Virgin Mary, like the heathen Diana; and then the saints,[1] whose numbers were continually augmented by the popes. These intercessors refused their mediation unless the party was in good repute with the monastic orders which they had founded. To be so, it was necessary not only to do what God had commanded in His word, but also to perform a number of works invented by the monks and priests, and which brought them in large sums of money. Such were Ave Marias, the prayers of St. Ursula and of St. Bridget. It was necessary to chant and cry day and night. There were as many different pilgrimages as there were mountains, forests, and valleys. But with money these penances might be compounded for. The people, therefore, brought to the convents and to the priests money, and anything they possessed that was of any value, —fowls, ducks, eggs, wax, straw, butter, and cheese. Then the chantings resounded, the bells rang, the odour of incense filled the sanctuary, the sacrifices were offered up, the tables groaned, the glasses circulated, and the pious orgies were terminated by masses. The bishops no longer appeared in the pulpits; but they consecrated priests, monks, churches, chapels, images, books, and burial-places; and all these brought a large revenue. Bones, arms, feet, were preserved in boxes of silver and gold; they gave them to the faithful to kiss during mass, and this increased their gains. All maintained that the pope, being in the place of God,[2] could not err, and there were none to contradict them.[3]

"At the church of All Saints, at Wittenberg, was shown a fragment of Noah's ark; some soot from the furnace of the three children; a piece of wood from the crib of the infant Jesus; some hair of the beard of the great St. Christopher; and nineteen thousand other relics, more or less precious.

[1] The Mohamedans of India have substituted the idolatrous worship of saints, with but little change from the idolatrous worship of the Hindoo subordinate deities.

[2] 2 Thess. ii. 4.

[3] Myconius' History of the Reformation, and Seckendorf's History of Lutheranism.

"At Schaffhausen was shown the breath of St. Joseph, that Nicodemus received on his glove. In Wurtemburg might be seen a seller of indulgences disposing of his merchandize, with his head adorned with a feather plucked from the wing of the archangel Michael.[1] But there was no need to seek so far for these precious treasures. Those who farmed the relics overran the country. They bore them about in the rural districts (as has since been done with the Holy Scriptures), and carried them into the houses of the faithful, to spare them the cost and trouble of the pilgrimage; they were exhibited with pomp in the churches. These wandering hawkers paid a certain sum to the proprietors of the relics, with a certain per-centage on their profits. The kingdom of heaven had disappeared; and man had opened in its place, on earth, a market of abominations.

"The more deeply we feel that the whole world is guilty before God, the more shall we cleave to Jesus as the alone way of grace. Strange that man's thoughts should ever assign to Church authority the same rank as to Christ, seeing that the Church is but the general assembly of those who are found in their ruined state of nature. But from the moment that we ascribe personal holiness or merit to man, all is changed: clergy and monks become the most obvious channels of grace from God; and so it was seen.

"As soon as salvation was taken out of the hands of God, it fell into the hands of the priests. The latter put themselves into the place of the Lord; and the souls of men, thirsting for pardon, were no longer taught to look to heaven, but to the Church, and especially to its pretended head. The Roman pontiff was in the place of God to the blinded minds of men. Hence all the grandeur and authority of the popes, and hence also unutterable abuses. The evil went still further. Pelagianism, while teaching that man could attain to perfect holiness, at the same time affirmed that the merits of saints and martyrs might be applied to the Church.

"A peculiar power was ascribed to their intercession. Prayer was made to them, and their aid invoked in seasons of trial; and an actual idolatry took the place of the worship of the living and only true God.

"Great importance was soon attached to tears, fastings, and macerations; and the new birth, which constitutes true conversion, was forgotten. Confession and penance being much easier than to extirpate evil habits, not a few were naturally tempted to give

[1] Müller, Reliqui, vol. iii. p. 22.

over warring against the desires of the flesh. Works of penance, thus substituted for the salvation of God, multiplied in the Church from the time of Tertullian to the thirteenth century. Men were enjoined to fast, to go bareheaded, to wear no linen, &c., or required to leave home and country for distant lands, or else to renounce the world and embrace a monastic life.

In the eleventh century were added voluntary flagellations; a little after this they became an absolute mania in Italy, which was then in a very disturbed state. Nobles and peasants, old and young, even children of five years old, went in pairs through the villages, the towns, and the cities, by hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, without any other covering than a cloth tied round the middle, and visiting the churches in procession, in the very depth of winter. Armed with scourges, they lashed themselves without pity; and the streets resounded with sighs and groans, which drew forth tears of compassion from all who heard them. It was about this time that the system of barter known by the name of indulgences was invented.

It was under John, surnamed the "Faster," archbishop of Constantinople, that we see its first commencement. A bull of Clement VII. declared the new doctrine an article of faith.

The philosophers of Alexandria had spoken of a fire in which men were to be purified. Some ancient doctors in the Church had revived the notion. Rome declared this philosophical tenet the doctrine of the Church; and the pope, by a bull, added purgatory to his domain.

He declared that man would have to expiate in purgatory all he could not expiate on earth, but that indulgences would deliver men's souls from that intermediate state in which their sins would otherwise hold them. Thomas Aquinas set forth this new doctrine in his celebrated *Summa*. Nothing was left undone to fill the mind with terror. Horrible descriptions were circulated of the torments of this purifying fire. We see at this day, in many Roman Catholic countries, paintings exposed in the temples or in the crossways, wherein poor souls, engulfed in flames, invoke alleviation for their miseries. Who could refuse the money that, dropped into the treasury at Rome, redeemed the soul from such horrible torments? To reduce this traffic to system, they invented shortly after, probably in the pontificate of John XXII., the celebrated and scandalous tax of indulgences, of which more than forty editions are extant. A mind of the least delicacy would be shocked at the repetition of the horrors therein contained.

Incest was to cost, if not detected, five groschen; if known, or

flagrant, six. A certain price was affixed to the crime of murder; another to infanticide, adultery, perjury, burglary," &c.[1]

From the vast increase of the temporal power of the papacy in the eighth century down to the present time, its efforts to unite itself with the political systems of Europe have been unceasing.

The position of bishops as spiritual advisers to the different barbarian kings who assumed the nominal Christianity of baptism, their subsequent action in the earlier municipalities, and their vast estates, facilitated their progress in the art of practical statesmanship. The Church had now become an independent and mighty corporation, and the sole possessor of knowledge. The frequent synods of the clergy, with the popes at their head, imparted to this ecclesiastical organization a solidity, a power, and a supremacy which no other existing form of government could attain. This temporal power, which had been given to the pope by Pepin and Charlemagne, had been subsequently so much increased, that Gregory VII., one of the most acute statesmen that ever lived, scrupled not to challenge to a trial of political strength Henry IV. of Germany. The same principle was the ground of interference that is now contained in the Austrian Concordat; viz., the right of the see of Rome to interfere in the spiritual direction of foreign states.

The German emperors, who had hitherto presented the bishops with their benefices, by sending to them the episcopal cross and ring, were now forbidden to continue the investiture. Excommunication was the ready chastisement of the German emperor who had refused to submit to the arrangement.

This terrible engine of political oppression completely crushed the king. He humbly craved, but did not obtain pardon until he had done penance, barefoot, in the courtyard of the castle of Canosa (1077).

Long ere this, ecclesiastical tyranny had been rampant in England, where Archbishop Dunstan had dethroned one of her sovereigns, and governed another by fear.

Again, the same haughty interference in politics brought into collision with his own king the ambitious Thomas à Becket. How the papacy blessed the flag of the Norman conqueror, how it gave away to the French king the dominions of the pusillanimous John, and how it absolved from their allegiance the subjects of the heretical Elizabeth, are facts notorious in history.

There were not wanting, however, witnesses against the completely mundane position of him whom people styled a "Holy Father."

Struck with the hateful anomaly of the vast temporal power and

[1] D'Aubigné, pp. 27, 30.

the immense wealth of the Roman pontiff, Arnold of Brescia loudly raised his voice against this princely magnificence and boundless treasure, maintaining that the clergy could not possess lands and fiefs without derogation of their spiritual character. His fate was that of thousands who subsequently dared to tell the truth. An order of Adrian IV. condemned him to the stake. The year 1193 saw two envoys of the ambitious Innocent III. entering the province of Narbonne: their object was the accusation and conversion of the Albigenses. The assassination of one of the legates in a cottage on the banks of the Rhone, as he was returning from doing the bidding of his despotic lord, gave an edge to the vengeance of the Roman court. A crusade of the whole of Europe against the Albigenses was now everywhere preached.

Raymond himself was compelled to march against his nephew Roger, the Count of Bezières, the siege of which was at once begun by an army of 50,000 men. The ill-fated place was taken by storm, set on fire, and the inhabitants slaughtered without mercy. "Kill all, God will know his own," was the blasphemous response made to those who wished to exempt the papal inhabitants from the fate of the Albigenses. Count Roger thrown into prison and poisoned, Carcassonne taken in its turn, the countship of Toulouse given to Simon de Montfort, and the office of inquisitor placed in the hands of the new order of Dominicans (1215)—such was the succession of events that followed the lurid flames of Bezières.

The emperors of the Saxon line had loaded the clergy with benefactions and honours, but it was to Otho the Great that the bishops of Germany were indebted for their temporal power. That prince bestowed upon them large grants from the imperial domains; he gave them towns, counties, and entire dukedoms, with the prerogatives of royalty, such as justiciary powers, the right of coining money, of buying tolls and other public revenues. The conditions attached to these privileges were of a feudal nature, such as military service. This impolitic procedure, which was further carried out by the successors of Otho, led to the combination of these lords spiritual with the secular princes, and the united power thus obtained was used for the purpose of sapping the imperial authority, and for the consolidation of their own.[1]

It was the paramount object of Otho the Great to abridge the power of the popes, but he little anticipated that the ultimate results of the feudal system, thus applied to the high clergy of Germany, would, instead of detaching them from the papal interest, actually cripple the political action of his successors, and station

[1] *Vide* Koch's Revol. Europ. pp. 3, 31.

in the very stronghold of the imperialists the colonies of the Italian church militant. Henceforward Germany gradually became a "kingdom divided against itself," and before Rome that kingdom could not stand.

The celebrated apophthegm, "Knowledge is power," never received a more forcible illustration than in the case of the papacy. As long as the sources of light were exclusively held by Rome, so long did she wield the destinies of our race, politically and individually. That was a terrible day for her, when the Moslem crescent shed its baleful fires over St. Sophia, lighting into exile the conservators of Hellenic art and science and literature. It was the will of God that an external calamity should be the collateral origin of temporal and spiritual good to the superstitious myriads of Europe. Reuchlin, Melancthon, Luther, Erasmus, Zwingle, and a host of distinguished scholars, were the not distant recipients of these treasures of Grecian intellect. How nobly this learning was applied to the elucidation of the Scriptures, how grandly it forwarded the cause of the Reformation, is a matter of history. Before the catastrophe of Constantinople, the Church of Rome, like the Eleusinian hierophants, had kept her knowledge for the initiated; beyond her sacred pale no light shone out. Scarcely had half a century passed by, when from this Oriental storehouse of learning, thus suddenly burst open by barbarians, enlightened teachers had spread on every side—professors who had not graduated in the narrow schools of the papacy, but who, as they had freely received, freely gave.

"When Reuchlin was hardly twenty, he taught philosophy and Greek and Latin, at Basle, and it was then accounted almost a miracle that a German should speak Greek. In 1498 he was sent to Rome, by the elector, on an important mission. Here it was that he attended the lecture of the illustrious Greek, Argyropolos. The learned ambassador lamented the hard fate of Greece, then under the Turkish despotism. 'Whence came you?' said the lecturer, 'and do you understand Greek?' Reuchlin replied, 'I am a German, and am not quite ignorant of your language.' At the request of Argyropolos, he read and explained a passage of Thucydides, which the professor happened to have before him; upon which Argyropolos cried out, in grief and astonishment, 'Alas! alas! Greece, cast out and fugitive, is gone to hide herself beyond the Alps.'"

"It was thus," says D'Aubigné, "that the sons of barbarous Germany and those of ancient Greece met together in the palaces of Rome; thus it was that the East and the West gave each other the right hand of fellowship in this rendezvous of the world; and that the former poured into the hands of the latter those intellec-

tual treasures which it had carried off in its escape from the barbarism of the Turks. God, when His plans require it, brings together in an instant, by some unlooked-for catastrophe, those who seemed for ever removed from each other."

This union of letters with the faith, as an important feature in the Reformation, distinguishing it alike from the establishment of Christianity and the revival of religion in our own days, has not escaped the notice of D'Aubigné. What a melancholy declension from this spirit of freedom, what futile attempts to unite the suffrages of the Papal and the Christian parties, to trim conscience by the shifting balance of expediency, subsequently characterize Erasmus, "who," says D'Aubigné, "by his writings and discourses, had more than any other person hastened the Reformation; and yet he trembled when he saw the tempest which he had raised, approaching. He would have given everything to restore the former calm, even with its heavy vapours. But it was too late, the dam was broken down. It was no longer possible to stem the torrent that was at once to cleanse and to fertilize the world. Erasmus was powerful so long as he was an instrument in God's hands. When he ceased to be that, he was nothing. In the sequel, Erasmus knew not on which side to range himself: none pleased him, and he dreaded all. 'It is dangerous to speak,' said he, 'and dangerous to be silent.' In all great religious movements there are such undecided characters, respectable in some things, but hindering the truth, and who, from a desire to displease no one, displease all."

It is this deficiency in moral and religious courage that has so strongly distinguished not a few of the men of the greatest classical mark in our day, and which, after consigning them to the contempt of less cultivated, but firmer minds, has handed over these worn and indistinct coins, to be re-cast in the mint of Pio Nono.

The array of rank and learning which is always found in the Catholic Church, is often paraded as a mark of great eminence. This goes only to show that human nature is degraded and corrupt in all cases alike—in the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant. The world by wisdom knew not God; neither do the learned heathens who have left Oxford to join the pagan rites of Rome, or the credulous nobleman who presents silver cradles[1] to

[1] Lord Fielding, soon after handing over to the Roman Catholic authorities the Church that he had built for, and promised to, the Establishment, proceeded to Rome on the silver-cradle pilgrimage;—glorious enlightenment of the nineteenth century! These are the pilgrims that ennoble nobility, and popularize their order with the people!

the pope, with a view to the blessing of a prolific consort, show that their hearts have been renewed by Christianity; while, on the other hand, the multitudinous army of martyrs slain by the hieratic Caste of Rome, is a testimony in behalf of genuine religion, irresistibly weighty and conclusive.

Almost in the same generation of which D'Aubigné is speaking there was being wrought out in our own country a political revolution, the counterpart of that literary movement that had spread from the shores of Byzantium to Italy, to Germany, and to France.

The long wars of the Roses, terminating in the accession of the Tudors in 1485, had swept away the majority of the old Norman nobility of England. A new force arose in its place. The chartered communities that had slumbered on from early times, suddenly received an invigorated life. Commerce was fostered by the most politic prince that had ever sat upon an English throne, and the municipal element was not long in receiving a fresh impulse. Whatever be the power and the resources of the ultramontane party in France, there are causes at work—and not the least the English alliance—which tend to draw that neighbouring country into a religious course of action more closely approximating to that of Piedmont. There is no doubt a gross blunder has been committed by Austria in the late Concordat; but a still greater one by Rome in bringing it about.

She has sown the storm and she will reap the whirlwind. Her law is a law of oppression, and is now sanctioned by the state. The exasperation will be more wide-spreading than the agencies that carry out the system.

Already have the Protestant schools in the empire been suppressed by the authorities.

The Roman court and the Austrian court may thoroughly amalgamate: not so the Roman court and the Austrian people.

The state has now resigned its authority to the Church; and that tyranny will be more insupportable, just as a many-headed democracy is worse than a single despot.

It is to be remarked that national military pomp and individual romance have ever preferentially attached themselves to a corrupt form of religion. These external symbols were the more special appanage of the impassioned populations of the south of Europe, whose characteristics were those of taste and feeling rather than of judgment. Hence, in the mediæval vocabulary, the ideas of homage and devotion were equally applicable to the Virgin and to the lady-love of the knight; they fought for both as objects of

adoration, and the ceremonies connected with each were gratifications of human pomp and superstitious feeling:—

> "Partant pour la Syrie, le jeune et beau Dunois
> Allait prier Marie, de bénir ses exploits;
> 'Faites, ô Reine immortelle,' lui dit-il, en partant,
> 'Que j'aime la plus belle, et sois le plus vaillant.'"

"God and the ladies!" was the well-known watchword of the knight. Where was the great European teacher, Rome, to correct the impiety of the association, and disseminate scriptural ideas?

A licentious spirit, not of the lighter kind which is usual in fictions, but indicating a general dissoluteness in the intercourse of the sexes, characterized the reading of the age. While a gorgeous ecclesiastical pomp is associated with the worship of the warrior and the symbols of war, the same disregard for the sanctity of marriage and personal purity keep pace with the corruptions of religion. At eventide we find the mediæval knight entering the church, where he spent the night in performing his prayers, and in the morning, after confessing to the priest and receiving the eucharist, we perceive him approaching the altar, and observe the priest blessing his sword. The religion of Loyola himself was a species of knight-errantry to the Virgin Mary. It is to be feared that a similar morbid feeling of romance exists in not a few of those who, while ostensibly carrying out certain obsolete ecclesiastical forms, inwardly please themselves with the idea that they inherit a species of prescriptive holiness by treading the same shadowy aisles, performing the same priestly processions, and offering genuflexions at the same flower-decked altar, that marked the gorgeous pomp of mediæval military holiness. All this may harmonize with the realms of fancy; but taste is not Christianity, nor has simple piety aught in common with an ecclesiastical opera.

It is well known that one of our most brilliant orators could never forego a vinous stimulant when about to address the British House of Commons. He was, in fact, wound up for the occasion.

The inspiration was extrinsic and sensuous; it stung into action intellect, but it produced not piety. Does it never occur to the practitioner of ornate holiness, that there is a strict analogy between the spiritual dram and the dram of spirits?

The fascination of either agency is ruinously delusive. The corrupt gratifications of intellect in the temple of God, despite light and conviction, are sins not less deadly to the minister of Jehovah than those of the sons of Eli.

They are inexpressibly insulting to the majesty of Omnipotence, for they dethrone the GREAT SPIRIT, and set up the holiness of

man—they degrade "THE PLACE WHERE GOD'S HONOUR DWELLETH," to the exhibitions of the showman, but they lack the showman's honesty.

At this era, the line of separation between clergy and people became every day more marked. "The salvation of men's souls," says D'Aubigné, "was held not to depend alone on faith in Christ, but very specially on a connection with the Church, or rather with its ministers, who thus became the objects of a trust due to Christ alone, and took the place of real mediators.

"The truth of the 'priesthood of all believers' was gradually lost sight of. The servants of Christ's Church were likened to the priests of a former dispensation; and those who separated from the bishop were compared to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram."

The character of Zwingle is one centuries in advance of his time. It belongs to the noblest order of intellect. It is doubtful whether he would have been greater as a statesman than he was as the Helvetic apostle. Calm and clear in conception, energetic in execution, he was essentially the MAN of Switzerland, as Luther was of Germany. Never was an individual more thoroughly emancipated from the social shackles of his age, or its scholastic inanities. Luther, indeed, had made wondrous advances in that Christian liberty, which enfranchises for all time, the serfs of the Roman confessional. But, notwithstanding the increased purity of his theology, in spite of his denunciations against the Papacy, of his complete emancipation from its membership, of his firm and vehement character,—despite all these, he was still much of the monk—the impress of his cloisterhood was never thoroughly effaced. The reform of Luther was a gradual clearing of his spiritual eyesight: first one scale fell from his eyes, and then another; that of Zwingle was the advance of one who seems always to have possessed surpassing clearness of vision. While he laboured with the zeal of an Apostle, he glanced with the eye of a statesman on the disjointed federations of evangelical Christendom. His plan was to bring about the Evangelical Alliance of the present day, yet, however, as the demonstrative basis of political power. Protesting Germany and free Switzerland were to raise the Bible as their standard, peace was to be preserved by the strength of unity. His labours to effect a thorough fusion of the Gospel creeds do him the highest honour as a man, a theologian, and still more as a Christian; more tenderness of feeling, and more cogency of argument, have rarely met in the same individual.

Power is the dominant key to the apostacy of the younger clergy of our Church. There is power for the pontiff, power for the

bishop, power for the priest; but for the minister of the Church of England there is, politically, nothing but a shadowy mirage in lieu of a substantial kingdom.

In the Church of Rome this power is tangible; over the myriads of the confessional, all the orders of her hierarchy hold a terrible control. Beneath their shadowy realm—a darkness palpable—they hold in pledge the soul and body, a vast "material guarantee." The Anglo-Roman ecclesiastic, after affecting—despite its hatefulness to free-born Englishmen—the system of some holy guild, after gratifying corrupt taste at the expense of conviction, after magnifying SELF until it has clouded the mercy-seat of God, after severing his own imaginary divinity from his fellow-man by the dais of priestly Caste, finds that his brother will not bow down and worship his sacerdotal majesty, nor barter, for the tinsel of ecclesiastical pomp, the birthright of an Englishman.

His wounded pride drives him to the confessional. Here will he rule his little realm of spiritual serfs; he will leave a stubborn band for a submissive flock. Such is the deification of SELF; such is the sanctification of pride. Nor let this be deemed an uncharitable assertion. That heart, which is "deceitful above all things," not only deceives others, but itself also. Whatever may have been the success of Romanist emissaries in this country among the clergy of our Church, or the advances of proselytism in the peerage, it is, and ever will be, infinitesimally small among the Dissenters of England. For one sheep stolen from the fold of the Church a dozen will be driven into that of Dissent. If the parish minister be won over to Rome, the people are disgusted with the apostasy, and the meeting-house is filled at the expense of the church.

Let this process progress, and the inevitable result will be the formation of a vast political and religious body, hostile to everything approximating to unfaithful religious teaching, whether in their own communities or in that of the National Establishment.

In vain will the opponents of this powerful phalanx deny its right of intervention in ecclesiastical affairs; united with the Evangelical people of the Church of England, their power will be paramount, and that power they will use for the advance of national Christianity.

"The Church had fallen," writes D'Aubigné, "because the great doctrine of justification through faith in Christ had been lost. It was therefore necessary that this doctrine should be restored to her before she could arise. Whenever this fundamental truth should be restored, all the errors and devices which had usurped its place,—the train of saints, works, penances, masses, and indulgences—would vanish. The moment the ONE Mediator and His ONE sacrifice were

acknowledged, all other mediators and all other sacrifices would disappear."[1]

Pierre Valdo, of Lyons, A.D. 1170; Wickliffe, in England, A.D. 1360; Huss, in Bohemia, a century before Luther; the Dominican, Savonarola, in Italy, A.D. 1497; Wesalia, of Erfurth, A.D. 1482;—all preached powerfully and scripturally the doctrine of salvation by grace, and justification by faith.

Their fate is well known. The latter nobly asserted the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as the only foundation of faith. "We are not saved," said he, "by a monastic life, but by God's grace. By what strange audacity do the successors of the Apostles enjoin, not what Christ has laid down in His Holy Word, but things that they have devised in their thirst for gain, or desire to exalt themselves. I reject the pope, the Church, and the councils, and I give glory to Jesus Christ." Weak in body, bowed by years and sickness, and leaning on his staff, the noble-spirited old man tottered into the presence of the Inquisition, and perished in its dungeons.

In the primitive age of the Church, an individual who was still in nature's darkness sought to purchase the grace of God from the Apostle Peter; but the memorable answer of the man of God instantly repelled the attempt: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God might be purchased with money." Such, however, was the fearful transformation which the visible Church in the West had undergone, that a writer of the fifteenth century, raised to the popedom under the name of Pius II., assures us that "the court of Rome bestows nothing without payment. For the imposition of hands and the gifts of the Holy Spirit are sold! and even the pardon of sins is only bestowed upon the wealthy."[2]

If, from these polished hieratic salesmen of good things, we turn to a savage and uncultivated priesthood—one so distant and cut off from intercourse with Europe that their institutes must have arisen among themselves—we shall again be struck with surprise at discovering that "religion" is as expensive an article in the South Sea Isles as at Rome.

Thus we find that in Otaheite the resources of the Areoi Caste were ample. They were, therefore, always enabled to employ the priest of Romantane, who was supposed to have the keys of Rohutu Noanoa, the Tahitian's paradise. This priest, consequently, succeeded the priest of Oro in the funeral ceremonies. He stands by the dead body, and offers his petition to Urutaetae, who was the god whose office it was to conduct the spirits of Areois, and others for whom

[1] D'Aubigné, vol. i. p. 76. [2] W. Elfe Taylor, p. 164.

the priest of Romantane was employed, to the place of happiness. This Rohutu Noanoa (the perfumed or fragrant Rohutu) was altogether a Mohamedan paradise. The country is described as most lovely and enchanting in appearance, and adorned with flowers of every form and hue, and perfumed with odours of every fragrance. Every species of enjoyment to which the Areois and other favoured classes had been accustomed on earth, was to be participated in there. Handsome youths and women *(purotu anae)*, all perfect, thronged the place. These honours and gratifications were only for the privileged orders, the Areois, and the chiefs who could afford to pay the priests for the passport thither. The charges were so great, that the common people never thought of attempting to procure it for their relations. Besides, it is probable that the high distinction kept up between the chiefs and people here, would be expected to exist in a future state, and to exclude every individual of the lower ranks from the society of his superiors. Those who had been kings, or had been Areois in this world, were the same there for ever.[1]

And who can help smiling, to observe the same sentiments deeply prevalent in one of the great Western strongholds of Papal darkness?

"It is a remarkable thing," says Gavin, speaking of Spain, "that many poor silly tradesmen's wives do ask the friars, whether the souls of their fathers, mothers, or sisters, can be removed from the second apartment to the third, thinking by it that, though the third degree of fire is greater than the second, yet the soul would be better pleased in the company of ladies of quality; but the worst is, that the friars make such women believe that they may do it very easily, if they give the same price for a mass the ladies of quality give."[2]

The first and most important of the religious services of the Romans was sacrifice. The first and most important of the religious services of their posterity is the mass. This, too, is a sacrifice, and is accordingly called *Sacrifizia della Messa.* "The victim which was the subject of the former was called 'Hostia;' the wafer which was the subject of the latter was denominated 'Ostia' also; and yet, so little does the import of the term seem attended to by the Italians, that it is used as the common name for letter-wafers, and it may be seen labelled on the box which contains them, in any stationer's shop in Rome. In that mass, and in the other offices of his Church, the priest employs such modulations of voice as amount to a simple chant. That this was also the case in the

[1] Ellis, *ut ante,* p. 327. [2] Gavin's Master Key to Popery, vol. i. part 3.

services of the ancients is ascertained by a picture found at Herculaneum. Hence the frequent application of the word 'cantare' to the ministers of pagan worship."[1] May we not justly, then, apply the term of "canting priest" to the modern intoner among those Anglo-Catholics who call the mass "a precious possession"?

To the funeral of old succeeded the offerings made at the sepulchre to the shades of the departed. To the due payment of those tokens of respect to the manes, the greatest importance was attached, and more or less expense bestowed upon them, in proportion to the means of the surviving relations. "Masses for the dead now answer the same purpose as these *parentalia*, from which they are doubtless derived. One definition would apply to both—they are sacrifices of frequent occurrence, made at the altar, for the souls of the deceased.

"Consequently, results of no less weight are now annexed to the celebration of mass than were formerly dependent on the gift of cakes or oxen. In some places, the people were deluded enough to pay a certain sum monthly to the priest for the sake of ensuring a ceremony after death, which they held it so serious a misfortune to want. What, then, is the advantage of masses? It is the price of indulgence, or a more speedy delivery from the pains of purgatory. And what was the advantage of sepulture and the funeral rites of old? A more speedy deliverance from the misery of wandering on the wrong side of the Styx. The difference is inconsiderable. Indeed, the whole doctrine of purgatory has a very clear affinity to a doctrine of the Platonic philosophy, and may be summed up in the address of Anchises to his son:—

"'Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains,
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoined,
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind.
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,
Till all the dregs are drained and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear.
The few so cleansed to those abodes repair,
And breathe in ampler fields the soft Elysian air.'"[2]

But let not the reader imagine that a rite so conducive to a spiritual "pride's purge" took up its abode exclusively among the *pontifices* of the old Roman Capitol or the newer Vatican.

Strange to say, our missionaries found this gay flower of the garden of Caste, thoroughly acclimated and "all-a-blowing," in Otaheite.

[1] Blunt, *ut ante*, p. 113. [2] Ibid. p. 185.

In the process of embalming and placing the body on the bier, says Ellis, a second priest was employed, who was called the *Tahua bure tiupapu*, literally, "Corpse praying priest." His office was singular. When the house for the dead had been erected, and the corpse placed upon the platform or bier, the priest ordered a hole to be dug in the earth or floor near the foot of the platform. Over this he prayed to the god; when it was supposed that the spirit of the deceased had been released. The purport of his prayer was, that all the dead man's sins, and especially that for which his soul had been called to the "po," or "heaven of light," might be deposited there; that they might not attach in any degree to the survivors; and that the anger of the god might be appeased. This was considered a most important ceremony, being a kind of mass for the dead, and necessary for the peace of the living as well as the quiet of the deceased. It was seldom omitted by any one who could procure the accustomed fees for the priest, who for this purpose was generally furnished in pigs and cloth, in proportion to the rank or possessions of the family. As soon as the ceremony of depositing the sins in the hole was over, all who had touched the body or the garments of the deceased fled precipitately to the sea, to cleanse themselves from the pollution, called *mahuruhuru*, which they had contracted by touching the corpse. The ceremonies in general were now finished; but if the property of the family was abundant, their attachment to the priest great, and they wished his spirit to be conveyed to *Rohutu Noanoa*, the Tahiti paradise, the fifth priest was employed, costly offerings were presented, and valuable articles given to the priest of Romatane, the keeper of this happy place. Urutache was the guide of such as went thither, and the duty of the priest now employed was to engage him to conduct the spirit of the departed to this region of favoured enjoyment. The whole system of their superstition seems to have been in every respect wonderfully adapted to debase the mind, and keep the people in the most abject submission to the priests, who, in order to maintain their influence, had recourse to this extensive and imposing machinery of supernatural agency. [1]

Many years since, we remember attending a missionary meeting, in which one of the missionaries related a fact that came under his official observation when in the north of France, where he was stationed. An old lady, just on the point of death, was attended by the neighbouring priest, of whom she anxiously inquired the tariff for a good place in heaven. As she was becoming very

[1] Ellis's Polynesia.

urgent, he expatiated on the necessity of a handsome legacy to the Church, with which she complied. On her inquiring what place he had secured for her in return for this favour, he said, to the great content of the old lady, that he had secured her a most eligible place in No. 15, Paradise-row.

Pope Alexander VI. did something more powerful than this, as he should do, as being at the head of his Caste.

He gave the faithful, by his bulls, power to apply his indulgences, for a certain sum, to the souls in purgatory, and to deliver those of their parents, of their friends, or whatever other Christians they chose, from the torments of that terrible fire.

"On beholding," says the late John Foster, "the pageants and tricks of the mass, some of them would appear a bad imitation of the opera, and others a humble rival of the puppet-show; the only wonder being, how any human creatures could perform such ridiculous mummeries and antics with such gravity of face. A vile and fantastical ceremonial of superstition must be founded on such notions as will infallibly coalesce with immoral principles, and issue in immoral results."

The "History of Whitby" shows the same system of terrible darkness, once prevalent throughout our favoured land—a system which a traitorous band are doing their utmost to re-establish in this country. The record thus runs:—

"William Bone, to all who see or hear these letters, whether present or to come, greeting: Know ye that I have given, granted, and by this my present charter confirmed, to God and St. Mary's in Godeland, and to the fraternity serving God there, one toft in Locintun, which is between those of Thomas and Martin, for the souls of my father and mother, and for the salvation of my own soul, for a free, pure, and perpetual alms.

"To all the souls of Holy Mother Church, Thomas de Colville greeting: Know ye that I have granted, and by this my charter confirmed, for a perpetual alms, the donation which Alan de Percy made to the church of St. Peter and St. Hilda, at Whitby, and to the monks at that place serving God; namely, two *carucates* of land, the one in Oxenham, and the other in Keltune, for the redemption of my own soul, and for the salvation of my ancestors."[1]

What Egyptian darkness palpable is here! And this is the free light and breath of heaven that lunatic Oxford monachists and plotting despots, holy and secular, would restore to England! But was not English royalty better taught? Not a whit!

[1] History of Whitby, quoted in Elliott's Delin. p. 304.

"Because," says King Stephen, "through the providence of Divine mercy, we know it to be ordered, and by the Church's publishing it far and near, everybody has heard, that by the distribution of alms persons may be absolved from the bonds of sin, and acquire the rewards of heavenly joy, I, Stephen, by the grace of God king of England, being willing to have a share with those who, by a happy kind of commerce, exchange heavenly things for earthly, and smitten with the love of God, and for the salvation of my soul, and the souls of my father and mother, and all my forefathers and ancestors, do give unto God and to the Church of St. Peter"—(here follows an enumeration of gifts). What teaching was this! Alas! it remains unchanged to this day.

In the "Catholic Directory" for 1842, it is announced that "monthly masses will be said for such benefactors as will aid in paying off the debts upon the chapels and schools" situated in Wade-street, Poplar; and, in addition to this privilege, that "mass shall be said every quarter for those who are interred in the burial-ground." At Duckingfield, St. Mary's, near Manchester, there is a society attached to the chapel, termed St. Marie's Society, which has for its object the liquidation of the heavy debt upon the building, the members participating in the advantages of two masses, offered up on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. The subscription to be made by a member is but one penny per week.

"In many places in Italy," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "especially in the great cities, in order to have a settled income, they let to farm this 'purgatory-money' to some layman or other, as I have seen at Milan, in that famous confraternity of the souls in purgatory, established in the church of St. John de Casa Botta."

The "farmer" here pays 4,000 crowns every year to the priests of the church, and makes his profit of the rest. He maintains for this purpose forty box-carriers, who are clothed in white, and wear upon their short white cloaks the arms of the confraternity to distinguish them.

"They have each of them a shilling a day allowed them, and their business is to run through all the streets of the city, and beg money for the souls in purgatory. These box-carriers are picked men, very cunning and skilful at their trade of begging. Sometimes they are so importunate and impertinent, that they follow a man the length of two or three streets, without quitting him, to force him by their importunity to give them something. Neither is it without danger to give them a rude or churlish reply; for in that case they have the malice to tell you to your face 'that they see well enough that you have no consideration for the souls in purgatory,' and, should you continue to revile them, might probably

get you recommended to the Inquisition to learn more manners The farmer of the souls in purgatory has the keys of all these boxes and they are bound once or twice a week to bring them to him when at any time they bring them full and well lined, he give them something over and above their ordinary pay, to encourag them to perform their quest with so much more application and dexterity. He takes care to place some of his boxes in all inns ordinaries, taverns, victualling-houses, and other public places Those that have travelled in Italy know that the host doth com monly, at the end of every meal, bring in his box for the souls in purgatory, and desire his guests to put in their charity.

"At the time of harvest and vintage the farmer sends some of hi emissaries into the field, to carry on the quest there for the said souls. They have great waggons with them, and beg some portio of what is gathered, in corn, wood, wine, rice, hemp, even to th very eggs and hens. Which done, they either spend what they have got themselves, or else sell it and turn it into money."[1]

In papalism Christ is the professed theme of the music of th Christian's soul; but in fact He occupies not even such a proportio of the treatment as the ordinary musical "tema" or subject does t the variations.

Thus, the Christian's "Home, sweet Home," is the professed basis but the varieties of the Virgin, the saints, purgatory, indulgences &c., have the slightest possible connection with the sweet theme The fact is, in the Western superstition the rich melody is from God, and the variations by men; and these variations are very bad There is not a passage, not a single bar, but what is false to th spirit of the subject. A vile *staccato* here, and false harmonie there, which would have shocked the sweet harper of Zion, disguis or destroy the grand flow of the sublime melody. We are tol that "bodily exercise (asceticism) profiteth nothing;" yet thi has ever been one of the grand Roman roads to heaven.

In the twelfth century a regular tariff was established, denotin the equivalent in money for the various penances which the Churc was in the habit of imposing. "Another system of compoundin for penance was adopted during this period, by admitting as a equivalent the repetition of a prescribed number of Paternoste or other forms of worship. Thus, sixty Paternosters, repeated by penitent on his knees, or fifteen Paternosters and fifteen *Miserere* repeated with the whole body prostrated on the ground, wer accepted instead of one day's fast. A fast of twelve days wa compensated by causing one mass to be said; of four months, b

[1] Frauds of Rom. Priests, Lond. 1687, p. 260.

ten masses; of a whole year, by thirty masses. A penance and fast of seven years could be despatched in one year, provided the penitent repeated the whole Psalter once in twenty-four hours." [1]

The doctrine of works of supererogation, and the corollary that atonement may be made for crime by vicarious penance, exist in Hindustan at the present hour, carried to an excess which has never been entertained in western countries. The writings of Origen show us that opinions so gratifying to our corrupt nature were extensively spread over the East in the early ages of Christianity.[2]

Hence we need not be surprised to find the same system carried out, and far more rigorously, by the ascetic or Yogee of India. Some of these go naked all their lives, suffering their hair and beard to grow till they cover their whole bodies; standing motionless in the sun, in the most painful attitudes, for years, till their arms grow fast above their heads, and their nails pierce through their clenched hands; scorching themselves over fires; inclosing themselves in cages; and enacting other incredible horrors on themselves, for the hope of attaining everlasting felicity.

This spirit of ascetic Caste is as strong among the Anglo-Catholic Sisters of Mercy at Devonport as on the banks of the Tiber and those of the Ganges. Confession to the spiritual director or guide and to the mother superior is permitted and encouraged in the sisterhood. The superior speaks as Jesus Christ; the thoughts are written in a book called the "Little Soul," for the superior's inspection; the director reads them in the Soul before they are expressed in writing. The superior degrades a "sister" to the rank of a "novice," for nine months taking away the sister's dress, which is held sacred; the director tells the sinning sister to *make the sign of the cross with her tongue on the floor of the Oratory.*

A religious service called a "chapter" is held in the Oratory when the lady superior pleases, at which, after that portion of the Scripture has been read where the washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord is recorded, she, in imitation, washes the feet of all the sisters.[3]

Here, then, is the mediæval Lady-à-Becket system, beautifully harmonizing with our modern "dim religious light."

But asceticism does not cease with this life. It has a mummy-like virtue in its embalmed spiritual pride. It is said in the *Rituale Romanum:* "If any heretic have given signs of penitence

[1] W. Elfe Taylor. [2] W. C. Taylor.

[3] See Colles's "Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Misery;" Spurrell's "Miss Sellon and the Sisters of Mercy;" Bishop of Exeter's Letter to Miss Sellon; and Campbell's "Miss Sellon and the Sisters of Mercy."

before he died, he is, when dead, to be absolved in this manner:—If his body has not been yet buried, the dead body shall be scourged with rods, and be absolved in the above manner. If, however, the dead body of the heretic, who gave some sign of repentance when dying, has been buried in a profane place, let it be exhumed, and then let it be scourged with rods in the same manner. If, however, it cannot be exhumed, then let the grave be beaten with rods." The Mohamedan system of penance in one of their holiest brotherhoods is far more locomotive, and well calculated to "get up the steam." It is the celebrated performance of the dancing dervishes, of which Dr. Clarke has given a very lively account in his "Travels." This performance is divided into five acts, in the last of which they lick red-hot swords, cut and wound themselves with knives, and lacerate their bodies, until they sink exhausted. The superior then, going round, breathes upon the wounds, after which they are carefully dressed.

"Most of the order," says Taylor, "have convents; the married members are not permitted to bring their wives into the monastery, where they must sleep twice a week; but especially on the nights preceding their holy dances.

"Only one order—that of the Baktaschies—can properly be called mendicant; many of these profess to live on alms alone, after the example of their founder. They, for the most part, beg for their food in the crowded streets, shouting out, 'Relief for the love of God!'"

False religion is ever filled to repletion with a mass of minute orders and nice regulations, laying a stress upon absurd trifles and neglecting the "weightier matters of the law." It hangs, in the England of Mary, its four men for eating goose on a fast-day. In Madagascar, it finds out that chicanery, cheating, and defrauding are mere trifles compared with the enormous offence of trampling or dancing upon a grave, eating pork in certain districts where it is prohibited, running after an owl or wild cat, or preparing enchantments. How apt is the human conscience to become *coleopterous* where the Divine law is concerned; and how ready to expand its duplicate wings, when the twilight darkness of its own religious Caste has come over its special locality. The following Mohamedan system of "ghasl," or salvation by washing, is almost as minute and as nicely graduated as that at St. Barnabas.

The traditional laws of the lustral purification (*wodu*) are ten. 1. The preparatory *bismillah*. 2. The palms must be washed before the hands be put in the water. 3. The mouth must be cleansed. 4, 5. The entire head and ears must be rubbed. 6. If the beard be thick, the fingers must be drawn through it. 7. The

toes must be separated. 8. The right hand and foot should be washed before the left.

The worshipper should stand in a pure place—the stated time must be observed; the face must be turned to the Keblah, or temple of Mecca; and prayers should be offered five times in the day:—1. At morn, when five genuflexions are necessary. 2. In the afternoon, which requires five also. 3. In the evening, which demands three. 4. The night, which requires four; and 5. The morning, when two genuflexions are sufficient.[1]

But if false religion has its fashionable griefs, and sorrows, and niceties, it has been well aware that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Accordingly, alongside of the penances, and fasts, and ritual of the cabinet-maker's sanctuary, it has taken care to provide occasional "innocent recreations," as our modern Christianity calls them. Of such a nature were, and are still, the far-famed "mysteries," or religious theatricals. "At Naples," says Blunt, "I have seen advertised on the walls, that on a certain night there would be represented at one theatre 'The Murder of the Innocents;' at another, 'The Sacrifice of Abraham;' whilst enormous pictures, a good deal resembling those in front of a wild-beast or mountebank show, illustrated the respective subjects, and attracted the attention of the public.

"Gregory of Nazianzen, in the fourth century, in a temporizing spirit, which much prevailed at that period, and which sowed the seeds of so many abuses in the Church, determined to introduce dramatic stories derived from the Old and New Testament. Of these, one is still extant, entitled Christ's Passion. The characters in it are, Our Saviour, the Virgin, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalene, Pilate, John, a Nancius, the Synagogue, a chorus of women, and some others. It is expressly declared in the argument, that it was the first time the Virgin Mary had been brought upon the stage."

In the Middle Ages these "mysteries" were sometimes acted in churches, and sometimes on stages in the open air. Chester and Coventry were especially famous for these performances. "Even as late as the twenty-fourth year of Henry VIII., a proclamation was issued respecting the Chester plays, in the Whitsun weeks, in which it was stated that Henry Frances, sometime a monk, obtained" and got of Clement, then bishop of Rome, one thousand days of pardon, and of the bishop of Chester at that time, forty days of pardon, granted from thenceforth to every person resorting

[1] W. Cooke Taylor, *in loco.* For a very full account, see Herklot's Quanoon-i-Islam.

in a peaceable manner, with good devotion, to hear and see the same plays, from time to time, as oft as they shall be played within the said city.[1]

But pre-eminent above all these was the far-renowned "Feast of Asses;" that celebrated at Beauvais was particularly splendid. A handsome girl, richly attired, represented Mary; and, thus bedizened, was placed on an ass, covered with cloth of gold and superbly caparisoned. The ass, accompanied with a vast concourse of clergy and laity, was led from the cathedral to the parish church of St. Stephen. The girl who represented the mother of God, seated on the ass, was conducted in solemn procession into the sanctuary itself, and placed, with the Gospels, near the altar. High mass began with great pomp, and the ass, who was a devout worshipper on the occasion, was taught to kneel at certain intervals, while a hymn was sung in his praise. The following, from Edgar's "Variations of Popery," is a translation of three stanzas:—

"The ass he came from Eastern climes—
Heigh-ho, my assy!
He's fair and fit for the pack at all times.
Sing, father ass, and you shall get grass,
And straw and hay too, in plenty.

"The ass is slow and lazy too—
Heigh-ho, my assy!
But the whip and the spur will make him go.
Sing, father ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw and hay too, in plenty.

"The ass was born and bred with long ears—
Heigh-oh, my assy!
And yet he the lord of asses appears:
Grin, father ass, and you shall get grass,
And straw and hay too, in plenty."[2]

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[1] See "Dawn of Civilization:" Religious Tract Society.

[2] "Orientis partibus
Adventavit asinus,
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus—
Hey, sire asnes, car chantez,
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurez du foin assez,
Et de l'avoine à plentez.

"Lentus erat pedibus,
Nisi foret baculus,
Et eum in clunibus
Pungeret aculeus—
Hey, sire asnes!

"Ecce magnis auribus,
Subjugalis filius:
Asinus egregius,
Asinorum dominus—
Hey, sire asnes!

"Saltu vincit hinulos,
Damas et capreolos,
Super dromedarios
Velox Medianeos—
Hey, sire asnes!"

Du Cange, iii. 426, 427.

The worship concluded with a braying by the clergy and people in honour of the ass. The officiating priest turned to the people, and, in a fine treble voice, brayed three times like an ass.

Man's system of pilgrimages seems to have combined a spice of penance, payment, and amusement; a sort of sacerdotal curry—heating, expensive, but jovial. In Orme's India, we read that pilgrims came from all parts of the peninsula to worship at Seringham, but none without an offering of money; that a large part of the revenue of the island was allotted for the maintenance of the Brahmins who inhabited it; and that these, with their families, formerly composed a multitude not less in number than forty thousand souls, supported without labour by the liberality of superstition.

Strange to say, Ireland has its Seringham, or holy isle. Here is St. Patrick's Purgatory, situated on an island of Lough Dergh, in the south of the county of Donegal. "This island is about half a mile from the shore; on approaching it, we found all the people walking round one of the buildings, in the direction of the sun. There are two chapels; one for confession, and another for general worship. Into the former no strangers are admitted; but on entering the latter by one of the galleries, a mighty multitude of the most apparently devout worshippers I ever beheld presented themselves. All were kneeling except the choir, and every one busy for himself, without the smallest interruption from his neighbour. The only instruments they used were their beads, crucifix, and manual. Their food is a small quantity of bread, which they bring into the island with them, and water, which, by the priest's blessing, is supposed to be made equally nutritive as wine. They have this once a day, except when in the prison, where they remain twenty-four hours. During this period they are prohibited from tasting any food. Twenty-four priests are the regular number for officiating in this place, each one hour. The prison is a dungeon in which the light of day is not allowed to enter. A man with a switch is kept in regular exercise here, to keep the pilgrims in a wakeful state. Sleep is very dangerous, for a single nod may lose the soul for ever, without the intervention of all the fathers and saints of the calendar, and a good round sum of money."[1]

Nor has pretentious religion failed to lay claim to the cure of the body as well as that of the soul.

"The priests of Isis derived much profit by the cures wrought

[1] Hardy's "Holy Wells of Ireland:" Dublin, 1840.

by their great divinity on sickly invalids. To this end it was not unusual for them to take possession of such natural advantages as were afforded by a medical or hot spring. Thus, from the number of small baths and apartments that surrounded it, there was every reason to conclude that the baths of Serapis at Puzzuoli were erected there, probably on account of the warm mineral waters which the place produced. The ministering priest would ascribe those good effects to the god; votive tablets would be suspended in his temple, and his sanctuary enriched by the bounty of the patients.

"I remember an establishment at Sciacca, in Sicily, of exactly the same description as that at Puzzuoli—a cave twelve or fourteen yards deep, out of which arises a prodigious volume of hot vapour. Seven idle and ignorant mendicants, calling themselves hermits, but in fact not at all different from their Frascati brethren, inhabit a convent above the grotto, and avail themselves of the profits arising from the invalids who visit them from religion. The chapel of this fraternity I entered, and found suspended near the altar of St. Calogero, their patron, a profusion of arms, legs, and other members, in wax, denoting the cures which had been wrought there, and the gratitude of the patients. Thus does it appear that St. Calogero acts the part of Isis or Serapis, and that the mendicant friar inculcates the same tale for the same purpose as the mendicant heathen priest, his prototype."[1]

At the beginning of the fifth century, the presbyter Lucian says that Gamaliel, the teacher of St. Paul, appeared to him at night, showing him the spot where the martyr Stephen was buried. Hereupon, in presence of three bishops and a great number of priests, they began to dig, and found the coffin, when immediately there was a great earthquake, and a most exquisite odour proceeded from the same relic. Seventy-three sick persons were cured by touching the body; after which the relic was kissed, and the coffin closed again.

"During the last thirty years of the fourth century, the custom began to prevail of preserving the bones of martyrs in the churches, and regarding them as endowed with extraordinary powers;—an easy transition to the invocation and worship of saints. Even Augustine was so far misled as to speak of miracles having been undoubtedly wrought by relics, and of Christians as being sanctified by the merits of martyrs, in the name of the Lord of martyrs.

"The worship of angels and of the Virgin Mary appears to have

[1] Blunt, *in loco*.

taken rise during the fourth and fifth centuries. We find that during the latter half of the fifth century, men commended themselves to the protection of the Virgin Mary, and hoped to obtain forgiveness of sins through her intercession.

"In the course of the sixth century, we find traces of that superstitious use of images which afterwards became common. The teachers of the Church now not only tolerated and connived at superstitious notions and practices, but began violently to oppose and persecute those persons who endeavoured to point out the difference between true and false religion. In the year A.D. 404, Vigilantius wrote a book in which he violently attacked the prevailing superstitions. He denounced the veneration [adoration] paid to martyrs and their relics; blamed 'the almost heathen custom' of burning tapers in the churches in the daytime, where relics, carefully preserved, were carried round and kissed; rejected the idea of the intercession of deceased saints for their friends on earth; he spoke slightingly, if not altogether with a denial of their reality, of miracles said to be performed in the churches; denounced excessive almsgiving, especially of sending too large alms to Jerusalem; exposed the errors prevalent with reference to fasting; and, above all, he opposed the prevalent system of celibacy, advising the clergy to marry."[1]

It appears that the Empress Constantia had applied to Gregory for the head of the Apostle Peter, or at least some part of his body. "The pope begins his answer by a very polite expression of his sorrow, 'that he neither could nor dared to grant that favour; for the bodies of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul are so resplendent with miracles and terrific prodigies in their own churches, that no one can approach them without great awe, even for the purpose of adoring them. When my predecessor of happy memory wished to change some silver ornament which was placed over the most holy body of St. Peter, though at a distance of almost fifteen feet, a warning of no small terror appeared to him.

"'But what shall I say respecting the bodies of the holy Apostles, when it is a known fact, that at the same time of their martyrdom a number of the faithful came from the East to claim them, but when they had carried them to a place called "the Catacombs," the whole multitude was unable to move further, such a tempest of thunder and lightning terrified and dispersed them? The napkin, too, which you wished to be sent at the same time, is with the body, and cannot be touched, any more than the body can be approached. But that your religious desire may not

[1] Riddle, pp. 286, 290.

be wholly frustrated, I will hasten to send you some part of those chains which St. Paul wore on his neck and hands—if, indeed, I shall succeed in getting any off them. For since many continually solicit as a blessing that they may carry off some small portion of their filings, *a priest stands by with a file;* and sometimes it happens that some portions fall off from the chains instantly and without delay; while at other times the file is long drawn over the chains, and yet nothing is at last scraped off.'"[1]

The inhabitants of Constantinople are as zealous guardians of relics as those of Rome, and they look upon them as possessed of the same tremendous holiness. It is but very recently that one of the Agas was accused of having thrown into a well, and of having otherwise injured, some of the holy relics which are deposited in the treasury. The guardianship of these relics, which are very much venerated by the Mohamedans, is one of the first duties of the Sultan, and he is bound to hand them down intact to his successor. The Sultan was filled with horror at the news of the sacrilege; he sent at once for the delinquent, and submitted him to a minute examination; this one confessed that he had dared to touch without permission those sacred objects, but it was only to remove some old coverings with which they had been enveloped for centuries, and which had rotted, and that it was these he had thrown into the well.[2]

It is thus that, wherever the religions of man have prevailed, and his selfishness has merged these systems into Caste, there is ever a superabundance of material to supply materiality of worship. Thus the following are a few only out of the immense old-clothes bag at Rome. These are taken from the accredited parchment list, suspended from the wall to the right of the *apsis* of the church of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme:—

"The finger of St. Thomas Apostle, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord Jesus Christ after His resurrection."

At the altar of St. Helen are the following:—

"One of the pieces of money with which it is believed the Jews paid the traitor Judas."

"A great part of the holy veil and the hair of the most blessed Virgin."

"A bottle full of the milk of the most blessed Virgin."

"A part of the rod of Aaron which blossomed in the wilderness."

On the left-hand side of the vestibule of St. Cosmo and Damian are:—

[1] Waddington's Hist. of the Church.
[2] "Times," March 4, 1857.

"Part of the shift of the blessed Virgin Mary."
"One bottle of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary."
"Part of the hearts of St. Peter and Paul."
"Part of the rod of Moses."

"On reading over this list," says Taylor, "we might imagine that we were perusing the superstitions and impostures of the Middle Ages; but it is a literal translation of the inscriptions copied only three or four years ago from the churches in the city of Rome, by the Honourable J. W. Percy. We would also refer to the spectacle exhibited a few years ago at Treves, in Germany, in proof of the continued prevalence of the grossest superstitions. Five hundred thousand persons had already visited that city, when Ronge wrote his celebrated letter to Arnoldi, Bishop of Treves; and thousands more were daily flocking thither, in order to behold the HOLY COAT, which the clergy wickedly pretended was the seamless vesture worn by our blessed Lord. This garment, it was said, possessed the power of healing all diseases of the body, and imparting the highest spiritual blessings. In fact, the mandate of the bishop states, that 'whosoever is able to walk, and does not go to worship the HOLY COAT, cannot see God, and shall not inherit eternal life.'"[1] If, again, we turn to Italy, we find that in a church dedicated to St. Mary the weeper, they show an image of our Saviour, which, for some time before the sacking of Rome, wept so heartily, that the good fathers of the monastery were all employed in wiping its face with cotton.[2] So, on the approach of a public calamity, the statue of Apollo,[3] as Livy tells us, wept for three days and nights successively.[4]

Of St. Liguori, a canonized saint of Rome, we are told that when he was a layman not yet thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1544, he felt himself replenished with such power of the Divine Spirit, and with so great force, that he felt his heart leap within his body, and burn with so great a heat that nature gave notice, during this unwonted palpitation of the heart, that she could not bear it. Wherefore the gracious Lord, in order to spare him for the salvation of many, having broken two of his ribs, and increased the space above a hand's breadth, by lifting them up, of his left side, viz. the fourth and fifth, wonderfully enlarged the sphere of the heart, for the purpose of its freer action. A fracture was made in this manner in the anterior part of the breast, where the

[1] Taylor, *in loco.*
[2] "Dicono, ch' avanti il sacco di Roma, pianse più volte; e gli padri venissero ad asciugar le lagrime con bombace."
[3] "Apollo triduum et tres noctes lacrymavit."—Liv. lib. xliii. 13.
[4] Blunt's Vestiges of Antiquity.

ribs terminate in cartilage. From which time his heart began to be so vehemently shaken and agitated for upwards of fifty years, more or less. Soon after he was so mentally carried away towards God, that he not only kept quaking all over, but his bed and all other things on which he usually sat were shaken as by an earthquake while he prayed. Again, in speaking of his after-dinner spiritual teachings, the writer observes that "during their conferences, he felt that power of Divine love, that at one time he shook violently all over his body; at another, he was lifted up into the air, so that you would believe he was there held by some one."

India likewise boasts its holy man divinely elevated in the air. This individual approaching a vast assemblage of fiend-like men, after hovering in the air, struck terror into them by rains, tempests, and darkness.

These accursed beings, overwhelmed with awe, supplicated a release from their unearthly terrors. After dispelling their cold, shuddering fear, and spreading his carpet for a seat, its fringe refulgent with flames extended itself on all sides, so that they became scorched by it. The holy man, however, graciously caused a delightful island to approach the sea-shore where they stood, and as soon as they had transferred themselves to it, he restored it to its former position.

It will be readily observed that the balloon-like feat of St. Liguori cannot for a moment compete with that of the Indian saint, and, unfortunately for Romish conversions to the "true Church," that objection holds good throughout the rival saintships and godships of the Tiber and the Ganges.

"Father Gregory, the Roman Catholic priest," writes Colonel Sleeman,[1] "dined with us one evening, and Major Godby took occasion to ask him at table, 'What progress our religion was making among the people?' 'Progress?' said he; 'why, what progress can we ever hope to make among a people who, the moment we begin to talk to them about the miracles performed by Christ, begin to tell us of those infinitely more wonderful performed by Krishna, who lifted a mountain upon his little finger, as an umbrella to defend his shepherdess, at Gwerdham, from a shower of rain.'"

This comes of a true Church trusting too much to miracles. If it will obstinately test its truth by materialities, it must take its chance of meeting with harder materials than itself is composed of—*brass* must give way before iron.

The Hindoos never doubt any part of the miracles and pro-

[1] Rambles and Adventures of an Indian Official.

phecies of our Scripture—they believe every word of them; and the only thing that surprises them is, that they should be so much less wonderful than those of their own scriptures, in which they also implicitly believe. Now the truest miracle that Christians want to see performed by the Papal Church, is one of the heart. When they can see individuals, whole masses, and entire nations, receiving the truth as it is in Jesus, and leading a new life, and their nationality partaking of the freedom of the Bible, then will they cheerfully say that Rome has at length wrought a great miracle; but not before.

But further, the system of absolution with which our young Anglican priesthood is so much enamoured, has been productive of effects as terrible as the Romanist claim to the working of miracles.

The valuable testimony of the Rev. John Burnett, then a dissenting minister at Cork, shows the actual result of absolution upon the minds of Papists, especially the lower classes. "The confidence of the people," says that gentleman, "in their absolution which follows confession is such as completely to destroy in the mind any fear of future punishment. I have found this to be the case generally; and in cases where they are convicted in courts of justice, they very seldom show anything like a feeling sense of their situation, which I conceive arises solely from the conviction, that the absolution enjoyed at the hands of the priest will do everything for them. I have seen myself thirty-five individuals in the dock together, sentenced to death, and I could not perceive the least degree of emotion in consequence of the pronouncing of sentence; all of which I attributed to the confidence placed in the absolution of the clergy." [1]

"They prescribe certain forms to be gone through in their devotions, and they connect with these prayers and these forms speedy release from purgatory. The lower orders of the Roman Catholics believe this, and feel and act on the belief of it; the effect of which is, that no Roman Catholic of the lower orders has any dread of final perdition. I have spoken to them frequently on the subject, and never found one of them that supposed he could go to hell." [2]

No Protestant writer has denounced the assumption of the pope in stronger language than that in which Pope Gregory denounces the assumption of his rival. "Our brother and fellow-bishop John," he exclaims, "despising the commands of Christ, attempts to exalt himself above the rest. He would subjugate to

[1] Evidence before the Lords' Committee, page 470.
[2] Taylor, *ut ante*.

himself the members of Christ. In pompous speech, he claims that supremacy which belongs to Christ alone, who is the sole head of the Church." And yet we find Pope Leo addressing Charlemagne's army in the following strain: "You should know for certain, that if any of you fall in battle, you shall receive an incorruptible and eternal crown.

"Let every one confess his sins, and thus we shall be secure of conquering our foes, and in life and in death we may expect a reward. With great boldness and cheerfulness we ought to enter on the expedition, and valiantly subdue them. And we who occupy the chair of St. Peter, by the power which is given to us, confer on you the pardon of all your sins."

In the bull for the jubilee of 1350, which summoned the pilgrims to Rome, Clement VI. thus expressed himself:—"If any of the faithful truly confessed should die on the road, we grant to him the full absolution and entire remission of his sins; commanding absolutely the angels to introduce his soul into the glory of paradise without once entering into purgatory."

Borne out by such transcendent assumptions, well might the Romish hierophant look down from his exaltation, like some "prince of the power of the air," upon the subject secular princes.

> This, this is power! Down, despot, from thy throne,
> Thou canst but doom to death, and that alone:
> Descend, poor wretch!—a god shall take thy place,
> And smile to heaven, or frown to hell, thy race!

Dr. Newman is a firm believer in papal miracles, but he has written, even for an Oratorian, too oratorically for the slow-witted English people. Somehow or other, the common people are not convinced; it is only those who are educated, and wealthy, and tasty; they relish these miracles on a sublime philosophical principle. The following is a modern miracle wrought by Priest Roche, and countersigned with his seal manual. This was during the Irish rebellion:—

He would, he said, give his followers such gospels to hang about their necks, as would make the person who wore it proof against all the power of heretical artillery; but that, notwithstanding their extraordinary utility to the Irish army, they would be of no avail unless they were purchased. The price to the better sort of people was half a crown; but as the poorer sort were so zealous in their glorious cause, he would only ask from them sixpence apiece. Thousands of these were made, which were speedily sent round the country. The following is a copy of Priest Roche's protection, or gospel:—

"INRI

IN THE		AND OF THE
NAME OF	✠	BLESSED
GOD		VIRGIN

I H S

AMEN.

"No gun, pistol, sword, or any other offensive weapon, can hurt or otherwise injure the person who has this paper in his possession; and it is earnestly recommended to all women with child to carry it, as it will be found an infallible preservative against the fatality of childbirth.

"No. 7601. "ROCHE."

We have, indeed, heard of one solitary and unprecedented piece of heretical assumption of the vicariate powers of St. Peter, in the case of a proprietor of very extensive iron and coal works in South Wales. It occurred during the last century, and is an undoubted fact. The foreman of the works, a man of unusual genius in those times, had devised a grand and comprehensive scheme for setting in movement a vast extent of machinery, by means of a gigantic overshot water-wheel, constructed upon a powerful principle. Should this prove successful, it would be of the utmost importance to the progress of the works, as well as greatly cheapen the process of production. On the day fixed for a trial of the new scheme, a large number of the neighbouring proprietors and gentry assembled to see the result.

At length the signal was given—the water was turned on—the mighty wheel began to revolve, and hundreds of fires began to glow, and roar, and sparkle on every side. Overpowered with the grand results of this first effort, the proprietor turned, in a poetical species of "fine frenzy raving," to the successful foreman, and, clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed with exultation, "George, thou shalt stand at the right hand of God!" Perhaps so pontifical a bull was never issued by a Welsh ironmaster either before or after. For a man who had not entered into holy orders in the true Church, this was audacity indeed!

It is not a little surprising that the Mormons claim the same powers of exorcism with the priesthood of Rome; and that they practically carry it out, or "develop" it, as the Anglicans would

say, is clear from the following account of the expulsion of evi spirits from an individual who was upon the point of bein ordained. But the Mormon priest shall speak for himself:—

"When we laid our hands upon him, the devil entered him, an tried to prevent us from ordaining him; but the power of Jesu Christ in the holy priesthood," observes this rival to Rome, "wa stronger than the devil; and after all the endeavours of the power of darkness to prevent us, in the name of Jesus Christ we ordaine Brother Richard Currell to the office of a priest in the Church c Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In consequence of what ha taken place, many came to our place in the evening, and paid grea attention.

"I should tell you that when the devil found he was defeated i Brother C., he entered a sister. The devils kept coming in fo several hours. As fast as one lot were expelled, another lot entere At one time we counted twenty-seven come out of her. When w rebuked them, they would come out, but as soon returned agai The sight was awful, but it has done us all good. I may as we say the devils told us they were sent, some by Cain, some by Kit Judas, Kilo, Kelo, Kalmonia, and Lucifer. Some of these, the informed us, were presidents over seventies in hell. The last th came, previously to our going to prison, told us he was Kilo, or of the presidents, and had six councillors. We cast them o thirty times, and had three hundred and nineteen devils, from thr to thirty-seven coming out at a time."[1] The Mormons appear have an exquisitely simple beauty in their *école mutuelle* for ba tizing and ordination.

The following is a notice of a pair of the Mormon Aaronic pries hood, and the process pursued:—

"We went," says the writer, "and were baptized. I baptiz him first, and afterwards he baptized me. After which I laid m hands upon his head, and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthoo afterwards he laid his hands on me, and ordained me to the san priesthood, for so we were commanded."

But holy materialities also have of themselves a sacerdot influence. Hence water is a sort of exorcist, and the Italians ma use of it as a purifying charm, and annually employ a person to over all the rooms in the houses, to sprinkle them with that eleme "The friars, those primitive instruments of superstition, are genera at hand to officiate on these occasions, which they do, muttering they proceed, '*Sparges me hyssopo, et mundabor*'—'thou sh sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be clean.'"

[1] Mackay's "Mormons."

"A similar practice prevailed among the Greeks and Romans also; most of which rites of purification were, according to Ovid, derived from that people. It is distinctly described in one of the pastorals of Theocritus:[1]—

> Then let pure brimstone purge the rooms, and bring
> Clear fountain-water from the sweetest spring,
> Then next with salt, with blooming olives crown'd,
> (Each rite fulfilling), sprinkle o'er the ground.

The holy-water, too, is mixed with salt.

"The custom of sprinkling themselves was, among the heathen, so necessary a part of their religious offices, that the method of excommunication seems to have been by prohibiting to offenders the approach and use of the holy-water. The Emperor Julian, out of spite to the Christians, used to order the victims in the market to be sprinkled with holy-water, on purpose either to starve or force them to eat what, by their own principles, they esteemed polluted.

"Thus we see what contrary notions the primitive Christians and the Roman Catholics have of this ceremony. The first condemn it as superstitious, abominable, and irreconcilable with Christianity; the latter adopt it as highly edifying, and applicable to the requirements of Christian society."[2]

Another mechanical instrument of exorcism is the Agnus Dei. This "puts the devils to flight, succours women in childbed, takes away the stains of past sins, and furnishes us with new grace for the future."[3]

Processions of the images of the gods, in the East and the West, are to this day looked upon as especially a means of spiritually benefiting the processionists. In India, those who would take a close view of the preparatory operations, in addition to the procession itself, find that this species of material religion is as expensive as changing the rainbow-coloured altar-cloths of a Belgravian shrine. Every Friday throughout the year Vishnu is anointed with civet, musk, camphire, &c., and washed clean again with milk. The devotee desirous of viewing the operation pays fifty rupees. This ceremony of rubbing and scrubbing, and causing the god to smell sweet, is styled Poolkab.

For seeing the god enrobed in a flowered garment, which ceremony takes place every Thursday, sixty rupees must be laid down.[4]

There are twelve *vahans*, or processions of the idols, and each

[1] Idyll xxiii. 94. [2] Blunt, *in loco*.
[3] Devotion and Office of the Sacred Heart, p. 323. London, 1837.
[4] Coleman, *in loco*.

has reference to different parts of Hindoo mythology in connection with the worship of Vishnu.

"On days of popular joy, the Romans were accustomed to decree to their gods a *lectisternium;* whereupon their statues were taken down from their pedestals, and laid upon couches before the altars, which were loaded with offerings. It is not improbable that this ceremony had been in some degree preserved in the festival of the saints, when their figures, after having been carried in procession, were afterwards deposited on a bench in the nave of their respective churches, where they remained several days, during which the people made their prayers and oblations." Again :[1] "The familiarity with which the Romans treated the images of their gods is not less remarkable, with respect to those of our Saviour and the saints, in the present Italians and Sicilians. I have seen them expostulate with an image in a church, in a subdued whisper, with as much emphasis and expression as if an answer had been forthwith expected to issue from its lips. Caligula communed in secret with Jupiter Capitolinus ; sometimes whispering, and listening in his turn ; sometimes audibly, and in terms of reproach ; for he was heard to threaten that he would send him about his business to Greece.[2] It is to a custom of this kind, generally prevailing in the approaches of the Romans to their gods, that so much of the fifth satire of Persius alluded :—

"It is not yours, in mercenary prayers,
To ask of heaven what you would die with shame,
Unless you drew the god aside, to name.[3]

"An Italian or a Sicilian will sometimes proceed so far as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows, on the wax, wood, or stone which represents his tutelary saints. The same turbulent gusts of passion displayed themselves in the same way amongst the Romans, who scrupled not to accuse their gods of injustice, and to express their indignation against the faithless protectors by the most unequivocal signs.

"To him who smarts beneath the heavenly rod,
Some comfort is it to reproach the god.[4]

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[1] Blunt, p. 125.
[2] Sueton. Calig. 22.

[3] ——— "Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas exposcere divis:
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis."

[4] ——— "Injustos rabidis pulsare querelis
Cœlicolas, solamen erat."

"Augustus thought proper to take his revenge upon Neptune by not allowing his image to be carried in procession at the Circensian games.

"The prodigious number of small images and household gods, which are still in existence, shows the extent to which they were adopted in the religious system of the Romans. For them in common were reserved the principal living-rooms, and I scarcely remember a single shop or house in Pompeii, in which there is not a niche for their reception. To this day, the shops and houses of Sicily and Italy are not less scrupulously prefaced with a figure or painting of a Madonna or a saint, whose good offices it is not unusual to propitiate by keeping a lamp burning before them without intermission." [1]

If, again, we survey the institute of ordeal, we find it impregnated with the selfishness of Caste.

"The institution of the ordeal, by which it was superstitiously supposed that the Almighty would reveal the hidden truth or falsehood of men, further tended to connect, first the pagan, and afterwards the Christian priesthood, with the administration of justice." [2]

The usual mediæval tests of innocence in Europe by means of ordeal are well known. In Madagascar various modes of trial are in use in different parts of the country: such as passing red-hot iron over the tongue, plunging the naked arm in an iron pot full of boiling water. In either case to sustain no injury is a proof of innocence. The great practice, however, is the Tangēna. The Tangēna is literally a fruit, deriving its name from the tree, which is much about the size of the English horse-chesnut. It appears to be a most powerful poison; but if taken in small doses only, it operates as an emetic. The lust of money is at the root of this custom, since considerable wealth is gained by those who accuse and administer the poison, as a twentieth part of the property of the poisoned individual goes to these officials, if it be not bequeathed previous to the accusation. The diviners also reap a large harvest from these iniquitous practices. They attend daily for eight or ten days before and after the drinking takes place, and receive one dollar, according to the wealth of the accused. The whole system is characterized by the most heartless cruelty. The parties administering the poison have it in their power to permit the escape of any one criminally charged; and for a reward, they often exercise this partiality.

The Tangēna is often given to all the slaves in a family in cases

[1] Blunt, *in loco*.

[2] Kemble's "Anglo-Saxons in England."

of illness occurring to any member of the family. Some one is suspected of having caused the illness by means of witchcraft; and to find out the culprit, the ordeal is put in requisition.

Sometimes the Tangēna is given to two dogs, as the representatives of the accused and the accusers. The property of those convicted by the test of having bewitched another, is wholly confiscated; part falls to the sovereign, part to the judges, part to the accusers. As the accusers have an interest in the conviction, there is always a temptation with the unprincipled to make an accusation against any party, however innocent. At the time of a "general clearing," *i.e.* when a whole town or district is required to submit to the test, a fine of three dollars is paid to the person who is proved innocent.

In this, however, he resembles many other suitors at law; for his costs are greater than the amount given him by his verdict. Payment of fees to the cursers, to the Voago, before his successful defence, amount to three times the fine paid him.

The Tangēna is a scourge, and a terrible scourge to the country, perhaps its direst. It is a political engine holding in awe a people who, their rulers imagine, can, in their existing state, be held under control only through the medium of terror, superstition, and fear. A fiftieth part of the population is carried off by this most formidable instrument of destruction, which gives not much below one hundred thousand persons in every successive generation as its victims: upwards of three thousand a year, and most of these persons in the prime of life.'[1] Here then, in civilized and savage life, it matters not which, the principle of selfishness is hatefully prominent, alike in its individual and national aspect.

All the parties concerned in it avail themselves of the darkness of superstition to trade in plunder, cruelty, and revenge. The same unchristian motives actuated the mediæval institutions of feudalism, of the hierarchy, and the Inquisition. There is but one empire that could have put down these selfish enormities—it is one mighty and vast—even that of Christianity; and its law is omnipotent: it is the Bible!

[1] Ellis's "Missions to Madagascar."

CHAPTER IV.

POLICY OR RELIGION?

"If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend."
ST. JOHN, chap. xix. ver. 12.

"MAKE ANY PEACE WITH ANY STATE THAT IS POPISH AND SUBJECTED TO THE DETERMINATION OF ROME AND OF THE POPE HIMSELF,—YOU ARE BOUND AND THEY ARE LOOSE. PEACE IS TO BE KEPT SO LONG AS THE POPE SAITH 'AMEN' TO IT."—CROMWELL.

WE have seen combinations of tyranny selfishly engaged in their gigantic league of excluding light from the moral world; but notwithstanding the struggle to perpetuate darkness, the fiat, "LET THERE BE LIGHT," has gone forth; against this they cannot prevail. History has continued to show us, down to our own times, a pagan corporation, clad in the pure mantle of Christianity, yet eagerly linking itself with the great of the earth, leaving the weak and attaching itself to the strong, feeding its giant strength and bulk on the quarrels of princes, and unnaturally trampling under foot the sacredness of wedlock, that it may turn into a passive machine the living will of man. This detestable conspiracy has been renewed in our own day, on a scale of unexampled magnitude and power. In the full blaze of science and of literature—of an energy in mechanism and commerce unexampled—when words of fire are flying across earth and sea, in the interests of a mighty intellectuality—in the face of every triumph of civilization and of mercy—this dark band of retrograde spirits are marshalling before us the grisly superstitions of the twelfth century.

There is a terrific pause in the pulsation of the free life of Europe—it is unnatural—it cannot be of long duration; when that pulse resumes its throb, it will be with the bounding energy of a giant.

The rulers of the people are everywhere watching the rise and fall of the political scales—anon throwing in, as make-weights, some trifling concession, and anon, as craft or power prevails, removing it. States, in a manner unexampled, are being played off

against states; and royal autographs, instead of a nation's voice, hold forth political threats or a hollow fidelity. European despots are placed in a jeopardy so perilous, that, like a band of murderers committed to a frail boat amid a rising storm, each is afraid to spring to his feet and use his poniard, lest the equilibrium of the wretched bark should be destroyed. When is this state of things to end? In our eagerness to throw the weight of complaisance into the scale of civilization, it is to be feared that we have assisted to throw in the pound of flesh, instead of the pound of *iron*. Let us not mistake our real position: it is nothing but that of an armed truce,—a truce which must expire the very instant when that secret agency, which is simultaneously at work in all countries alike, shall have carried out political complications to the desired end. Let the men of England look around them—let them say honestly in what continental state they can perceive the heartiness, the honesty of intention, and the freedom which characterize their own. In these qualities they stand absolutely isolated from Europe. And why? It is religious freedom truly carried out that has given them this dignity of position—it is this that has perpetually struggled and is still struggling against every attempt to centralize education, religion, and political patronage—it is this that has saved England from the dead calm of corruption incidental to the compulsory uniformity of continental states, and has given a vitality, a surging power, and a wholesomeness to a sea which in other latitudes has no natural wave.

Do we not hear constant regrets that the Christian world is divided? Do we not hear of people lamenting what are called "our unhappy divisions in religion"—lamentations that the "Church," as it is called, is not in harmony in all its members? Are not all desirous that there should be no difference of opinion? And are we sure that this is so desirable as it seems? What have authoritative religious decision and religious uniformity done for the Church in Europe? It is, and has ever been, a horrible engine of oppression. It brooks no independence of thought—no piety but that of the ghostly pattern cut out for it by the millinery of ecclesiastical selfishness.

Let England look abroad on a continent abounding in civilization, in politeness, in art, and in literature, and behold the description of liberty that is the offspring of what is called Christianity; and let us be thankful for what are called our sects, our schisms, and our divisions.

Who is ignorant that it was the powerful preaching and Christian independence of Luther that roused the slumbers of a secular Church? Who recognizes not in the zeal of Wesley and Whitfield,

so scouted and maligned by the spiritual rulers of the day, that power which ultimately roused the energies of the Establishment to an honourable emulation?

Have "Puritan," and "Methodist," and "Pietist," been nothing but empty names in the bead-roll of history? Have they not been, and are they not still, Christian substantialities which are unconsciously moulding the policy of statesmen, and enhancing the power and rectitude of states? Never did England occupy a nobler, a grander position in the commonwealth of nations than when the mighty Puritan bore sway, carrying to the satellites of superstition the terrors of his power, and to their victims the shield of his Protestant sympathies. No! Whatever be the seeming differences of doctrine and of form which characterize unshackled Christianity in England, the living, actual, and abiding unity of these various descendants of "the Noble Army of Martyrs," is shown by the glorious promptitude with which all unite under the banner of the "Lord of Hosts," against the bands of superstition. It was the destruction of the congregational element of primitive Christianity that led to the decay of vital piety, and promoted the supremacy of a usurping priesthood. When, therefore, we hear the Romish Church, or the Anglo-Romish Church, sneering at schisms and divisions among Christians, so far from being offended by the observation, all free men, whether of time or of eternity, all patriots, and all men of God, should heartily rejoice at the fact. These schisms are not schisms from Christ—they are schisms from man—such schisms are glorious, for they are schisms from formalism, and ritualism, and state rule; while theirs are schisms from GOD'S WORD. Behold the unschismatic Church in Italy, Austria, Spain, and France!—what a spectacle for Christians!—without vitality, without a Bible, and nearly all without God! And yet this is CHRISTENDOM! This is the great Church of uniformity—it *is* uniform; and without being in the slightest degree uncharitable—speaking nothing but the bare truth—no man of the world who reads history, past or present, no child of God who reads the WORD OF GOD, can honestly say that she has not pursued, and is not still pursuing, a POLICY instead of RELIGION—earth instead of heaven.

"The Papacy," says Riddle, "is to be regarded not as a just and natural development of the primitive ecclesiastical constitution, but as a vast aggregate of civil elements, superadded to those which of themselves are right and good. Of these civil elements, one was undoubtedly that worldly spirit which prevailed to an overwhelming extent throughout the Church.

"The Romish see soon became incomparably richer than all others. At the beginning of the fifth century we find that the

Church of Rome possessed large estates in almost all provinces of the empire, not only in Italy, but also in Gaul and Spain, in Sardinia and Africa, and even in Asia. Certain it is that at the end of the fifth century no church in Christendom could at all be compared with Rome in point of wealth. Such wealth was of itself no inconsiderable element of power. As a landed proprietor in so many provinces, the bishop of Rome found perpetual occasion to mix himself up in their ecclesiastical and political affairs; by means of his agents or stewards he was brought into connection with the principal persons of the provinces, and found many opportunities of extending his influence by the performance of services, by exciting hopes and expectations, and sometimes even by collisions and quarrels, in which Rome was sure to have the upper hand.

"In 321, Constantine declared the clergy capable of receiving legacies and possessing property. Scarcely had ten years elapsed before it became the universal custom for every one at his death to bequeath some property to the use of the clergy; and within fifty years the clergy of every province had become possessed of no less than the tenth of all landed property. At the end of the fourth century the emperors Valentinian and Gratian found it needful to publish an edict, with a view to rescue the property of widows and orphans from the grasp of the Church, which had now assumed the right to administer the property of all persons who died intestate.

"In the fourth century, the payment of fees for religious offices, which at first was purely voluntary, was expected as a legal right and due, and regular tables of such fees were set up; an appeal against which to the judgment of councils, appears to have been without effect."

In the eighth century the idea of the purchase and sale of pardon for sins was practically exhibited by a royal sinner and a worldly-minded priest. Hence it is we find that Pepin, in common with his contemporaries, believed that presents made to saints and the Church formed a sure means of obtaining remission of sins and exemption from punishment. "He had," says Riddle, "unjustly seized upon the Frankish kingdom, and in return he presented St. Peter with a territory (to which he had no right) in Italy, in order that the Apostle might obtain for him the Divine forgiveness of this sin and all others. But if Pepin had no right to confer this donation, what right had the Roman patriarch to accept it? and how could he, properly a teacher and governor of a Christian Church, presume to become a temporal prince?"

Charles, son of Pepin, visited Adrian again in A.D. 781 and 787; and on these occasions he is said to have extended his liberal

donations. Those donations were obtained from the Frankish king, "for the forgiveness of his sins, for the ransom of his soul."

How awful is the iniquity of this spiritual salesman! Yet this principle of the sale of salvation—just as though it were some gross material object of nature or of art—has never to this day been repudiated, but is, whenever considered necessary, carried out ostentatiously at the western emporium of ghostly wares. Imagine for a moment the Apostle St. Peter at one time saying to an entreating purchaser, "Thy money perish with thee;" and at another, to a different petitioner, "I command the holy angels to place thee in heaven"—for such a mandate, we have already seen, was issued by one of these sinful men—and what would have been the terrible effect on the propagation of the blessed Gospel!

"An imperial ambassador," says Riddle, "endeavoured in vain, by offering a large present, to induce Pepin to restore the Exarchate and Pentapolis to the emperor. Pepin answered with an oath, that what he had once given to St. Peter and the Church of Rome he would never take away from them for any sum whatever; and that he had fought, not out of favour to man, but for the love of the Apostles, and *for the forgiveness of his sins.*" But this spiritual ophthalmia continued to spread.

"Anastasius says that the treasures in the Lateran had been left by Christian emperors and great men to the blessed Apostle Peter, for the redemption of their souls, in order that they might serve as a fund for alms to the poor, and for the redemption of captives.

"From A.D. 891 to A.D. 916, we find five or six emperors in succession, who possessed no other claim to the crown, nor presumed to allege any other, than the appointment by papal authority. Indeed, after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, there was no other way by which the imperial crown could be attained."

Here then is a grossly political career commenced—commenced never to stop, up to the present moment. Let any man of common sense ask himself if this king-priest be a fitting man to be at the head of pure Christianity, whose aims and objects are for ever emancipated from the slavery of time. "My kingdom is not of this world," said Christ—that of the Pope is most decidedly and most intensely. It was by the aid of brute force that the spiritual tyrant of Rome established, under the name of tithes, a mighty exchequer, which stood him in good stead in the course of all subsequent oppressive wars of aggrandizement. This occurred in the time of Charlemagne.

"Great exertion of the royal authority, with the use of military coercion, was needed in order to secure compliance. Backed by the

royal sanction, the clergy were assiduous in the use of such means as were in their own power for the decisive execution of his unpopular decrees. For this purpose they employed various artifices; the people were even made to believe that large troops of devils visited the corn-fields during the night, rubbing the grain out of those ears which ought to have been set apart as tithes, but were fraudulently kept back; and it is likely that the fear of these infernal tithe-collectors contributed not a little to overcome the long-standing reluctance to pay the required dues."[1] Charlemagne himself received his empire as a donative from the Pope, and the Western emperors took an oath to be submissive to the pontiff and the Roman Church. The Spanish king resigned his kingdom that he might receive it again at the hands of the Pope; and it is well known that John, king of England, gave up his crown to the papal legate, to receive it again as a vassal of Rome.

And what was the state of England at the coincident period, when this yoke of political slavery was riveted on continental Europe by the aid of Charlemagne? It was one of almost unmitigated scriptural and spiritual darkness.

"Saxon England," says Kemble, "was essentially the child of Rome." And again: "It was to Rome that her nobles and prelates wandered as pilgrims; it was the interests of Rome that her missionaries preached in Germany and Friesland; it was to her that the archbishops elect looked for their pall, the sign of their dignity; to the Pope her prelates appealed for redress, or for authority. Indeed, when we consider the position of the Roman see towards the north of Europe, during the interval from the commencement of the seventh till that of the ninth century, we can scarcely escape from the conclusion that England was the great basis of papal operations, and the *που στῶ* from which Rome moved her world. In the ninth century, a continental author calls the English 'maxime familiares Apostolicæ sedis;' and in the tenth century it was unquestionably England that made the greatest progress, even if it did not take the initiative, with regard to the revival of monachism, and the great question of clerical celibacy. In short, throughout, the most energetic and successful missionaries of Rome were Englishmen."[2]

Here we may see the peril of intrusting spiritual teaching to any one state, prince, priest, or individual whatever. Happy would it have been for the liberties, lives, and commerce of the nations of the Middle Ages, had *dissenters*, so called, existed with the same vigorous and healthy autonomy as in this our own highly-favoured land.

[1] Riddle, p. 374, vol. i.

[2] Kemble's "Anglo-Saxons in England."

They would, as now, have formed a barrier impassable to the pride, the power, and the despotism of tyrannical kings and grasping pontiffs.

It was only by becoming a dissenter from the Church of Rome that the Church of England was enabled to oppose that gigantic spiritual corruption of the West that had for so long a time crushed the liberties of Christendom.

And yet this period of intense darkness has been lauded by those who can see no religion but in obedience to a spiritual despot—none but in a total abnegation of independent judgment. Let us hear Dr. Newman relative to this—*his* happiest period of English liberty, light, and Christianity.

He has, to be sure, with his usual felicity, drawn a charming pastoral picture of the quietude, peace, and holy repose, that gently settled down upon the faithful England. We shall let the learned Oratorian speak with his own clear and graceful simplicity, reserving to ourselves a few rhythmical but truthful corrections of his poetical vision of happiness. His remarks may be found in a sermon preached at Birmingham,[1] on the occasion of the appointment of the present papal privy councillor and cardinal to this country.

We here present the doctor's text in one column; in another its versification, together with a rhymed commentary. The versified speaker may fairly be called New-man, as recording not a few things quite new to historical fact; the commentator may, we think, be entitled to the cognomen of True-man.

"Simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers; and the fragrant cloud arose, and mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in

N. M. And simple monks with hearts in prayer,
And sweetest chants resounded there;
And holy Latin tongue was heard;
T. M. *Folks could not understand a word.*
N. M. And little boys came forth in white,
A-swinging censers left and right;
T. M. *What true religion in the sight!*
N. M. And then the fragrant cloud arose,[2]
T. M. *That soothed the pious heathen's nose.*
N. M. And mass was sung and saints invoked.

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[1] At the church of St. Chads;—title, "Christ on the Waters."

[2] Under the pagan emperors, the use of incense for any purpose of religion was thought so contrary to the obligations of Christians, that in their persecutions the very method of trying and convicting a Christian was by requiring him only to throw the least grain of it into the censer or on the altar. Under the Christian emperors, on the other hand, it was looked upon as a rite so purely heathenish, that the very places or houses where it could be proved to have been used were, by a law of Theodosius, confiscated to the government.

the still night, and over the woody hills, and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer. So marvellously was heaven let down upon earth; so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the religion of the noble English: they knew not heresy; and as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and sanctity of penitent sinners: apostles, popes, and bishops, taken to glory, threw their crowns in transports at the foot of the throne. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-tossed, and ever solaced and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

T. M. *By sportive monks at monks that joked,*
Who soon the fires for Ridley poked.
N. M. And day by day and stilly night,
O'er woody hills and plains,—less bright
Than moon and stars go forth together,
T. M. *Stepp'd Dulness forth without his tether.*[1]
N. M. And soothing dirge and passing bell,
T. M. *Got not one sinner out of hell.*
N. M. And wonted evening call to prayer,
T. M. *Made Formalism look quite fair.*
N. M. So marvellously was heaven let down;
T. M. *Like paper cap with tinsel crown.*
So strong triumphant scents had risen,
N. M. The fiends of darkness sped to prison.
Such, noble English! your religion,
T. M. *Soar'd heavenward—like a tumbler-pigeon.*
N. M. They knew not heresy, I say.
T. M. *The* BIBLE *was so kept away.*
N. M. The work went on,—sank deep and deeper.
T. M. *As round the tree some leprous creeper.*
N. M. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see
The sighing sinner's sanctity.
T. M. *Who washed twelve beggars on one knee.*
N. M. And popes and bishops ta'en to glory,
T. M. *Chose out its finest upper story.*
N. M. They threw their crowns—
T. M. *If they had any,*
Bought with the silver Peter's-penny.
N. M. The bark of Peter was the solace
T. M. *Of him who changed it for a palace.*
N. M. The refuge of the tempest tossed.
T. M. *Moored firmly to—a rotten post.*
N. M. And mark! this holy boat recruited
T. M. *Those whom the loaves and fishes suited.*

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[1] We are not severe. Dr. Newman is now speaking of Saxon England, and we beg to remind him of the polish he has poetically thrown over the profound ignorance of this period.

King Alfred complains that in his day, there were very few on this side of the Humber, and none on the south side of the Thames, who could translate the Latin service into English; and Rathericus, bishop of Verone, in the tenth century, laments that he had found many in his diocese who did not know the Apostles' Creed. Dr. Newman must know that things were very sad in the time of Luther.

"Though this sort of men," observes Erasmus, speaking of the mendicant orders, "are so detested by every one that it is reckoned unlucky so much as to meet them by accident, they think nothing equal to themselves, and hold it as a proof of their consummate piety, if they are so illiterate as not to be able to read. And when their asinine voices bray out in the churches their psalms, which they count but cannot understand, then it is they fancy that the ears of the saints above are enraptured with the harmony."

But at length a change again came over the land: a thousand years had well-nigh rolled by, and this great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions—enough of the intercession of saints—enough of sacramental grace. But madmen are strong and madmen are clever; so, with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation, and fine and imprisonment, they cut off or frightened away from the land the ministers of the Most High."

REFORMATION.

N. M. At length a change came o'er the land.
A thousand years roll'd by like sand,
And this great people grew quite tired
Of sojourners they once admired,
And also of the heavenly stranger
T. M. *That ate up all within his manger.**
N. M. They had enough of priestly blessings,
T. M. *Of absolutions and bone-kissings.*
N. M. Enough of saintly intercession,
T. M. *And purchase-money for transgression.*
N. M. Enough of sacramental grace,
T. M. *Where wafers took the* SAVIOUR'S *place.*
N. M. But madmen strong and madmen clever,
By halter, sword, and fine, dissever—
Imprison or by mutilation,
Cut off or frighten from the nation
T. M. *Guy Fawkes' and Garnet's ministration.*

TRUE-MAN.

Sweet tales for tender-hearted youth!
But oh! how much of Gospel truth?
The simple monks, and Latin tongue—
The charming white-robed boys, that sung—
The swinging censer's fragrant cloud—
The saints invoked so very loud—
Procession gorgeous—festal high—
Constant as sun, and moon, and sky;—
With all this broad phylactery,
How little like that publican
Whose piercing cry thus plaintive ran,
With smitten breast and bended knee—
"A sinner!—God be merciful to me!"
And can men tell this precious tale
As jockeys boast a horse for sale,
Nor injured conscience twitch their features?—
Would all our New-men were "New Creatures!"

Popery is a "SIAMESE-TWINS." Let it commit a national larceny, you cannot indict and punish this duplex being, because in punishing the twin temporal, you would thereby be punishing the twin spiritual. Of the very same nature is the admission of the canon law, and the interference of a priesthood bound in obedience to a foreign temporal and spiritual ruler; this process we see once more set up in Austria.

* The "heavenly stranger" most known to the mediæval superstition, was the ass, as exhibited in the annual Feast of Asses. The chief performer and his admirers have been already noticed. (See p. 168.) The Italian "stranger" appointed to English benefices was often almost as ignorant as this animal.

Easy was it for the Pope to make a donation of Saxon England to the Norman conqueror, and to bless his consecrated banner. Here is the politician again; yet he met with a sagacious counter-plotter in that wily sovereign when fairly seated on the English throne.

The conqueror retained in his own hands the donation of bishoprics and other benefices, and the investiture of bishops and church dignitaries; yet these, the rightful prerogatives of the crown, were extorted by the Pope from Henry I.; and in the reign of Stephen the right of appeal to the court of Rome was conceded to the papal agitators.

Not satisfied with even these concessions, the Pope, by claiming the exemption of clerks from the secular power, provoked that strife in which, under the second Henry, Becket fell a victim.

Remarkable indeed was the stand made against papal aggression when, in the celebrated Constitutions of Clarendon, in a common council of the nobility and the bishops, the ancient laws of the land for the ordering of ecclesiastical causes and the government of the clergy were revived and re-established. The donation of bishoprics and the investiture of bishops again reverted to the king, appeals to Rome were forbidden, and Peter's-pence ordered to be paid to the king instead of to the Pope. It was furthermore adjudged high treason to bring in bills of excommunication; and no decrees brought from the Pope could be executed in England, on pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods.

The ancient lofty claims of the Papacy, however, have never been renounced.

In the bull *Cœna Domini* (sec. 15), we find these striking and arrogant words: "We excommunicate and curse those who draw or cause to be drawn, directly or indirectly, upon any pretence whatever, ecclesiastical persons, chapters, convents, before them and their tribunals, audience, council, or parliament of the common law; as also those who shall make statutes whereby ecclesiastical liberty is violated."

It is a fact, that by the papal law, ecclesiastics are no part of the subjects of the state.

"It was by the clergy," says Southey, "that Henry IV. succeeded in usurping the throne; and to prove himself as sincere in their cause as they had been in his, and as little restrained by humanity or justice in supporting it, he passed a statute whereby all persons who propagated a new doctrine, by preaching, writing, teaching, or discourse, were required to renounce their heresy, and deliver up all their heretical books, and submit themselves to the Church, on pain of being delivered over to the secular arm, and burnt alive."

In A.D. 1076, this political power of the Papacy stood out with startling effect. Gregory VII., after summoning a council, deposed the Emperor of Germany in the following terms :—" In the name of Almighty God, and by your authority"—addréssing the council—" I prohibit Henry from governing the Teutonic kingdoms and Italy. I release all Christians from their oath of allegiance to him, and I strictly forbid all persons to serve or attend him as king." The helpless monarch passed the Alps, and on the 10th of February, A.D. 1077, arrived at the fortress of Canusium, the then residence of the pontiff. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the unfortunate monarch was compelled to stand three days in the open air—his feet bare, his head uncovered, and with no other covering than a piece of woollen cloth wrapped round his body. On the fourth day he was admitted into the presence of Gregory, and obtained a reversal of the sentence, upon condition that he should appear at Augsburg, and there submit to the decision of the pontiff.

During the pontificate of Pope Innocent III., kings were created and dethroned at his pleasure. Though he had formerly conferred the imperial dignity upon Otho IV., he now deposed that prince, and raised Frederic II., king of the Two Sicilies, to the throne. His subjugation of the pusillanimous John, king of England, and his making a present of that sovereign's throne to Philip of France, are well known.

During the reign of Henry III., the Pope exacted the revenues of all vacant benefices in this country; the twentieth of all ecclesiastical returns; claimed the goods of all intestate clergyman, and all the money obtained by usury. Besides all this, he occasionally levied contributions on the people—a difficult task this, had the English possessed the BIBLE, as they now do; for that is the true GREAT CHARTER of freedom.

In 1253, Pope Innocent, desirous of providing for an Italian youth, his nephew—as too many of our bishops have done for theirs—ordered Greathead, bishop of Lincoln, to give him the first vacant canonry in his cathedral; and, on the bishop refusing compliance, he declared that any other disposal of the canonry should be null and void, and that he would excommunicate any one who should dare to disobey his injunction. Greathead was actually excommunicated, and Albert, one of his nuncios, nominated to the bishopric of Lincoln. The old bishop, however, continued in quiet possession of his dignity; but he did not long survive the event. Innocent ordered a letter to be written to King Henry, requiring him to take up the bishop's body, to cast it out of the church, and burn it! This is the counterpart of the plan lately pursued in the case

of a Protestant lady at Madeira, whose body was denied burial and flung into the sea—she also was a heretic.

It is a fact of terrible significance, that the revenues of the benefices held by Italians in England during the time of Innocent, amounted to sixty thousand marks a year; a sum exceeding the annual income of the crown itself.

Again: shortly after the election of Gregory X., that pontiff wrote an imperious letter to the German princes, commanding them to proceed immediately to the election of an emperor, threatening, that if they did not instantly comply, he would elect one for them. Imagine this in the case of any successor of our gracious Queen Victoria, whom may God long preserve!

During the various contests among the German princes for the imperial dignity, Innocent III. received several valuable additions of territory, as the price of his interference in favour of one party or other. The successors of Innocent were equally political. Nicholas IV. refused to crown the Emperor Rodolph, until he had by a solemn treaty confirmed all the pretensions of the Romish see; and immediately after the agreement, he seized upon Romania, Bologna, and several other cities which had formerly belonged to the imperial crown.

In 1296, Boniface VIII. laid claim to supreme and irresistible authority over all the kingdoms of the earth, and summoned princes and sovereign states before his tribunal for the decision of their disputes. In 1303, Boniface issued a bull prohibiting the clergy from granting supplies to princes without his consent. Philip the Fair, king of France, retorted by forbidding the French clergy to send money out of the kingdom without the royal permission. Boniface, on this, issued a bull, declaring that "Jesus Christ had subjected the whole human race to the authority of the Roman pontiff, and that whoever dared to disbelieve it was to be deemed heretic, and stood excluded from all possibility of salvation." Philip spiritedly ordered the bull to be burnt, whereupon the king and all his adherents were excommunicated. Philip, far from being intimidated, sent William de Nogaret into Italy, with orders to seize the Pope. Nogaret succeeded in surprising the pontiff at Anagni; he was, however, rescued by the citizens, only to die soon after of a fever brought on by rage and vexation. In A.D. 1328, we perceive the pertinacious continuance of the same thoroughly selfish and worldly policy. John XXII., at that time pope, having quarrelled with the emperor of Germany, declared the imperial throne vacant. This time, however, the secular was too strong for the spiritual; and the emperor, marching into Italy,

declared the Pope convicted of heresy, and delivered him over to the secular power. The same haughty conduct was continued at various times, till the memorable quarrel of Clement VII. with our bluff Harry, who was summoned by the Pope to appear at Rome, to answer for his crimes. All ecclesiastics were ordered to forsake England; the king was declared to be deprived of his crown; his subjects were absolved from their allegiance; the nobility were ordered to take up arms against him; his kingdom was given away to any invader; it was declared lawful for any one to seize the inhabitants of this island, make slaves of their persons, and seize their effects; while he prohibited all commerce between England and other nations. What a fortunate thing for this country that free-trade did not then exist!

On the accession of Mary, she despatched a solemn embassy to Rome, to beg that the kingdom might be readmitted into the bosom of the Church. Paul IV., who then filled the papal chair, seized this opportunity to display his supremacy. The embassy was compelled to wait a full month, and when at length admitted to the pontiff's presence, they were obliged to fall down at his feet, and in that posture acknowledge the guilt of their national schism. Only imagine this to be again the case, in consequence of the religious successes of our Cardinals and Oratorians! Paul commanded that all the possessions wrested from the Church should be restored to the utmost farthing. He also insisted on the payment of Peter's-pence, declaring that the Apostle would never open the gates of heaven to them, so long as they deprived him of his patrimony upon earth.

In the reign of Mary's successor, Elizabeth, Pope Pius V. published a bull, in which he pronounced that queen a usurper, a heretic, and an encourager of heretics; absolved her subjects from their allegiance; and exhorted all princes to take up arms against her. This bull was affixed to the gates of the bishop of London's palace by John Fulton, who, scorning to fly or deny the fact, was seized, condemned, and executed as a traitor. Pope Sextus V. issued a new bull against Elizabeth, and patronized the Grand Armada—with what success is well known to Englishmen. We soon after find Clement VIII. (in virtue of application made to him for assistance against Elizabeth, by O'Neile, earl of Tyrone,) publishing a bull, granting to O'Neile and his confederates the same indulgences which were conferred on those who fought for the Holy Land. Again, in the time of Louis XIV. of France, all weakened as the papacy was, it presented an insuperable barrier to the designs of that ambitious monarch on the side of the Netherlands, from its political action upon the prelate

elector of Cologne, whose dominions lay quite round the Netherlands.

Such is but a tithe of a tithe of the wide-reaching, grasping political action of a centralizing power throughout long ages of darkness, corruption, and bloodshed.

Who can have the hardihood to deny the thoroughly selfish aims of this monstrous political corporation, headed by its subtle and persevering chiefs? But are not these high claims—is not this political action renounced?—Not a jot!

In an allocution to the cardinals of the Church of Rome (September 1851), Pio Nono adopts this principle—that the Catholic religion, with all its rights, ought to be exclusively dominant, in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted. He claims also ecclesiastical liberty, or the free exercise of their proper episcopal jurisdiction by the bishops, whose jurisdiction reaches to civil officers, whether created by imperial or royal authority,—or even emperor or king;—nay, the right of proceeding against all persons whatsoever, by pecuniary fines, distress upon the goods, arrest, or by smiting by the sword of ANATHEMA.

Is not this sufficiently mediæval for the taste of Anglo-Romanists? If not, they had better petition for another Boniface. Let us hear the observations of a master spirit, relative to this political action of the papacy and its results, more especially at the era of the Reformation.

"There was," says he, "an aspect of the question level to the observation of the laity, and it was under that view that the Church was judged:—it was become altogether *earthly*. She had attempted to use earth in defence of heaven: she now employed heaven itself to defend earthly possessions. Theocratic forms became, in her hands, only instruments of worldly schemes. The offerings which the people laid at the feet of the sovereign pontiff of Christendom were used to support the luxury of his court and the charge of his armies. His spiritual power supplied the steps by which he placed his feet above the kings and nations of the earth. The charm was dispelled, and the power of the Church was gone, from the time that men could say, 'She is become as one of us.'

"The great were the first to scrutinize the title of this supposed power. The very questioning of it might possibly have sufficed to overturn Rome. But it was a favourable circumstance on her side, that the education of the princes was everywhere in the hands of her adepts. These persons inculcated in their noble pupils a veneration for the Roman pontiffs. The chiefs of nations grew up

in the sanctuary of the Church. Princes of ordinary minds scarce ever got beyond it: many even desired nothing better than to be found within it at the close of life. They chose to die wearing a monk's cowl rather than a crown."[1]

Doubtless the true solution of the recent Papal Concordat with Austria, and its political successes in that country, must be looked for in the influence brought to bear on the young and credulously trained emperor of Austria. His Jesuitical father-confessor has done more for the cause of the spiritual despotism of Rome, in Austria, than the bayonet and sword could have effected. But has not the action ceased now? Quite the reverse! The Holy See has struck another blow at the independence of the Roman Catholic parish priests of Ireland, by again ignoring their old right of electing a successor to a see when it becomes vacant by death or otherwise. This last instance of Papal domination occurred in the case of the bishopric of Galway. Three names were as usual forwarded to Rome, all of which have been passed over, and the mitre conferred upon the Rev. Mr. M'Evilly, an especial favourite of Archbishop M'Hale, and president of St. Jarlath's College. Letters from Galway state that the decision of his holiness has given general dissatisfaction to the clergy and laity.[2]

Here is independence allowed to the Christian congregation and its leaders! It is absolute and unmitigated despotism. It is to this foreign power, of earthly aims and aspirations, that all the abnormal state of Papal Europe is to be attributed. "Direct temporal authority, such as that possessed by the lords-lieutenant, judges, sheriffs, magistrates, &c., the Pope cannot use over the laity; their property, persons, and liberties are, or seem to be, protected by the known laws of England; but over the priesthood the pope does exercise a direct temporal authority, greater than all the temporal power of Britain over any British subject. No man can be apprehended, no man can be degraded from his office, no man can be deprived of his benefice or any place which he holds for life, by the laws of England, unless, in open court or by open charge of misdemeanour, he be convicted of some offence. But, without trial—without a single open accusation before any human tribunal—any Romish ecclesiastic in Ireland can be at once degraded from his orders and his offices—his benefice taken from him—himself be turned adrift, abandoned, disgraced, excommunicated, over the wide world; and he must go to the feet of the tyrant that degrades and deprives him—he must go to him as a penitent and

[1] D'Aubigné's Hist. of the Reformation.
[2] "Times," Feb. 20, 1857.

a slave, before not only he can be reinstated in his benefice, or restored to his rank, but before he can be admitted to receive the sacraments of his Church, unless in the very article of death itself; so that, in fact, death alone is the only deliverance for the miserable priests of Ireland from the bondage of this accursed tyrant."[1] Herein are generated all the ills of Ireland. She has been subject to Romish rule—has been divided in her allegiance—fatally influenced by a combination of misguiding principles. "Her noxious association with Romanism, and not her national incapacity;—the restraints of that system, and not any intrinsic inaptitude in her own character;—the grand, but terrible, imposition of a finely concerted superstition, and not national inertness or want of intelligence—have been the primary and positive foundation, the prop and propeller, of 'the Irish difficulty.'"[2] "Wherever," said Dr. Massie,[3] "Romanism is dominant, superstition is supreme; wherever superstition, ignorance and poverty." "Here," continues the reviewer, "is a plain and indisputable connection between cause and effect; but no country in Europe will fail to supply its contingent sustenance of this assertion. Spain is exclusively Romanist, and often glories in paroxysms of Papal piety; and what are the fruits of her subjugation? Let us name them not. Italy is favoured by proximity to the ruling head of the Papal system, and passively crawls beneath his iron dominion. Yet Italy burns with desire to burst the galling bondage, and expects nothing but wretchedness until free from Papal trammels. Thus, every quarter of the globe where God permits that system an existence, is smitten with the inevitable consequences."

But let us hear the "Times" of February, 1828. "Indeed, the Church of Rome, as it truly contends, is and always remains the same. The daring blasphemy with which the most faithless avarice and ambition attribute their worst acts to duty to the God of truth, is a fearful defiance of Him, which reminds us of the ages when the Church to which this arch-prelate[4] belongs disdained the trouble of studying pretexts for deluding and enslaving mankind. This history, pregnant with instruction, tells anew, and loudly, to the Protestant sovereigns of Europe, that they can have no peace with Rome." The "Times" afterwards adds: "A distinguished foreign Protestant ecclesiastic, eminent in piety, talents, and acquirements, passed a year at Rome, not long since, under circumstances highly favourable for the

[1] Mac Ghee. [2] Church of England Quarterly, January, 1854.

[3] The late Very Rev. Dr. Massie, some time a canon in Rome, and colleague to Cardinal Wiseman.

[4] Dr. M'Hale, who, in his Letter to the "Times" (Feb. 27, 1838), avows that Rome does not keep faith with heretics.

observation of the conduct of its court. The opinion which he reluctantly formed, is that such are the means, the craft, the skill, the zeal, and the industry, which it employs against the Protestants, ignorant or careless of its devices as they are, lukewarm, divided into sects, and disunited, that it ultimately must and will prevail over its adversaries."[1]

Now it is a thing worthy of remark, that while Papal principles have not changed one iota, the principles of the Press abound with change. How different is the "Times" of 1828, and the "Times" of 1857! The times are changed indeed, and the "Times" knows how to change with them.

In reply to a question, whether there are tenets in the Church of Rome which, in his opinion, rendered a Roman Catholic unfit for any situation of trust or power in a Protestant state, a Roman Catholic archbishop answers, "I think there are, provided the recorded system of the Catholic faith be referred to." And being asked, "What is that system of received faith to which you refer?" he replies, "I hold in my hand the third canon of the fourth Lateran council;" and after a laboured essay in proof of its authenticity, he relates the substance of the canon, and concludes by saying that "it gives a power of extermination of heretics, and asserts the power of absolving subjects from their allegiance."

But very recently the "Kirchen Zeitung," the Austrian organ of the Jesuits, is at pains to prove that the Catholics were never so happy as when the Inquisition was in the habit of roasting and grilling those persons who did not implicitly believe the dogmas of the Roman Church. The regulars and Viennese, who indulge in sectarianism, are locked up to receive religious instruction from orthodox priests.[2] From the same authority we learn, that "the feeling of the lower classes in Austria towards the clergy becomes worse from day to day; and the time will assuredly come when the civil authorities will be obliged to protect the servants of the Church from insult." The same fact, still more recently, has become patent in Paris itself, where the priests have been insulted since the execution of Verger, who assassinated the archbishop of Paris.

As long as the Church of Rome acts on the principles established by the Council of Trent, she must continue unchanged in her views. She cannot renounce a single iota, or her infallibility is overturned. It is remarkable that the assertion that the Papacy is changed, is made only by their Protestant advocates, while the Papists themselves, perceiving the inconsistency of such an asser-

[1] "Times," February 28, 1828.
[2] Austrian Correspondent of "Times," January 3, 1857.

tion, remain silent on the subject. Their conduct at the present moment, however, shows that Popery is unchangeable. "As an illustration of its unchanged principles," says the Rev. H. Rule, "I will here mention a fact, which was related to me by a friend of my own, who is the relative of the individual to whom the circumstance refers. An English gentleman had been some years resident in a certain city in Spain, at the period of the abolition of the Inquisition, and curiosity led him to examine the books of the secret tribunal, in which were recorded the names of those who had been denounced to the Holy Office, and who were consequently marked out as its victims. He was startled at finding that the very first name on the list was his own, but he was more startled at the discovery that the person who had denounced him to the Inquisition was a gentleman who was a frequent guest at his table, and whom he had long regarded in the light of a particular friend. In short, if there were one native of Spain upon whom he had imagined that he might rely, and whom he had distinguished by marks of confidence, the Spaniard in question was that person. Yet this was the very man who had denounced him to the Inquisition. The Spanish gentleman was a true Papist, and even the common charities of life, and the sacred ties of friendship, were all sacrificed to what he deemed the interests of the Church of Rome. Such are the genuine fruits of the popish system when disengaged from the restrictions of law or public opinion."

But let us ask, is the selfish and bigoted spirit confined to any one individual, or any corporate body secular or spiritual? We fear not. It is deeply seated in the human heart. In Protestant Sweden, we have just had an instance of what ecclesiastical arrogance would effect if it had the power. In the teeth of the constitution, it would punish with fine and imprisonment the man who endeavours, "by persuasion," to get his neighbour to think as he thinks; "it would invade the parent's right, and fine and imprison the parents who teach their own children their own religion. I can hardly imagine that ministers will succeed in carrying this measure: such a gross infraction of the parental right is so directly contrary to every Swede's feelings; but it is singular that clergymen, otherwise honourable and distinguished men, should perseveringly endeavour to tread under foot the consciences of their countrymen, and insult a liberal and enlightened sovereign by seeking to publish, in the name of Oscar of Sweden, a vile and persecuting edict fit only for Ferdinand of Naples."[1]

And what are the political state and schemes of Austria? She

[1] Correspondent of "Times," January 7, 1857.

has taken Roman Catholicism and Popery for her allies against German development, German civilization, and German Protestantism. "The reports received relative to the way in which the Concordat is being carried out only serve to widen the breach between Catholic Austria and Protestant Germany. The recent case of the burial of an English Protestant outside the precincts of a churchyard in Moravia is an example of the rigour with which the Catholic hierarchy is resolved to carry out the new ordinances relative to the interment of Protestant Christians."[1]

"But things are better in Spain?" Not a whit! Let us see. Here is the case of M. de Mora. While quietly walking in the Prado at Madrid, he was suddenly assaulted and beaten in the presence of several priests, and dragged away in custody by some officers of the police to the civil governor of Madrid. The vicar-general, the chief ecclesiastical authority in cases of heresy, was already waiting with the governor to claim him as subject to his jurisdiction. He was immediately cast into a damp dungeon, without any charge being made against him; and, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his wife, he was not removed before his sufferings had brought on a dangerous sickness and fever. The charges made against M. de Mora were, that he had endeavoured to spread the Gospel in Spain, and had been abroad to ask foreigners to aid him in the circulation of the Bible. These charges he freely acknowledged, but declared it to be his purpose, so long as he had breath, to labour in the great work of evangelizing Spain."[2]

We ask again, is this Christianity or is it Caste? Christ says, "Search the Scriptures." Corporate ecclesiastical selfishness cries out in alarm, "Seal them up."

Thus lives Spain—without toleration, without liberties, although a shadow of them may seem to exist. "The Pope has gained all he desired from the men who called themselves "*Moderados;*" viz., the re-establishment of the friars—the power of the clergy—superintendence of instruction—slavery of conscience—degradation of country. Even the few Protestant missionaries resident in Spain in times of greater toleration have now been expelled. Among these is Mr. W. Harris Rule, a gentleman of irreproachable conduct, much learning, and great talents. A celebrated author has said—"In Spain there certainly is *worship;* but not *religion.* As Spain exists at present, there is no religion in the hearts of the people. Some appear to have it for the sake

[1] Austrian Correspondent of the "Times," March 4, 1857.
[2] "Times" Correspondent for Madrid, very recently.

of decorum; some for fashion; and others believe in it in the same way that they believe in witches, fairies, and suchlike popular fables. Few up to the present day are the cemeteries conceded in Spain to Protestant foreigners."[1]

In Italy Massei is brought by the police, and condemned by the sanguinary laws of the 25th of August, 1851, and the 14th of November, 1852, for "apostasy in matters of religion"—"per defezione in materia religiosa." Again, on August 25th, 1853, we read in the *Journal des Débats*, that "a highly respectable man, the father of a family, is invited to show cause why the decision of a family council should not be carried into effect, which would deprive him of his most sacred right, that of paternal authority, on the ground of his Protestantism; and the proceedings were said to be founded on the *Code Napoléon*. The children, who are still under age, are to be taken from him, because he would have them educated in the Protestant faith, which he had embraced." And this is the so-called "religious equality before the law" of civilized France of the year of our Lord 1853! Can there, we ask, be true civilization without God's revelation, the great Christian charter of freedom?

It cannot, it never will be:—God's WORD is the very foundation upon which all the superstructure must be built; all is flimsy gossamer without this.

A great statesman and profound scholar thus writes, relative to the results of the political action of the Papacy:—

"In comparing the various pictures we have been surveying, we cannot fail to detect an inward resemblance, in spite of all their differences. All these phenomena in Asia and Europe may be reduced to six simple propositions:—I. The absolutism of the state has strengthened the absolutism of the hierarchy, even more by its resistance than by its patronage; for it has shown itself unequal to the contest, at least in the long run. II. Protestantism has nowhere developed itself vigorously, and exhibited a capacity for educating a people, except when the reform of the Church has given birth to civil liberty, as its logical and practical consequence. III. Civil liberty has never displayed any vigour, except when it has rested on self-government in the lower spheres of common life; and this has never been possible except where freedom of conscience exists. This freedom is based on the CONGREGATION; and the idea of a congregation has its root alone in personal religious self-determination. IV. The hierarchy derives freedom of conscience from itself, and fiercely combats it in others.

[1] De Castro's Religious Intolerance in Spain.

V. Religious liberty has never yet led to political revolution, but its suppression often has. VI. Intolerance and persecution have brought blessings to neither governments nor peoples; but they have been the greatest curse to Protestant governments, because, in this case, they have included an intrinsic self-contradiction.[1]

"I must speak of facts," he continues, "which seem to justify the fears of millions, and to open an immediate prospect of religious wars and universal ruin. It is now the atmosphere if not the era of 1617. Yes! the system which deluded and ignorant priests, unable to read the signs of the times—careless of people or states—are now consciously or unconsciously preaching or practising, must lead to religious wars which will overthrow, or shake to their foundations, many thrones that are lending themselves to this party, unless its progress can be checked now, even at the last moment. The cruel proceedings against the Madiai show us whither the princes are led by the principle of obtaining at any price the friendship and support of Rome and the Ultramontane party, and of purchasing the so-called 'peace of God,' at the cost, if not of our own sense of right, of the law of the land, and of freedom of conscience. The Madiai were not the first nor the last victims of Ultramontane cruelty. But the proceedings against them were the first fruits that had met the public eye of the new contracts with Rome, and of the concessions extorted by the latter, as an atonement for the spirit of free thought inherited from Joseph II., and as a token of gratitude to the Pope for deliverance from the revolution of 1848, by means of Austrian bayonets.

"Hardly has the indignant outcry of Europe at these cruelties died into silence, ere new tidings reach us, from the same country and the same city, of an act of yet greater harshness. On a Monday morning, the 25th of March, apparently in honour of the feast of the annunciation of Heaven's grace to earth, a highly respected man, the father of a family, who has but just been apprehended, is led away in chains to spend a year in the house of correction.

"And why?—Because he had read the Bible with his children quietly in his own room—nay, had prayed there with them—and possibly may have confidentially spoken of the culpable practice to an inmate of the same house.

"The cruel treatment of a Catholic of Bohemia, who had gone over to the Protestant Church, has been already brought before the public by both native and foreign journalists.

[1] Chevalier Bünsen: Signs of the Times.

"Johannes Evangelista Borczinsky, formerly a lay brother of the order of the Brethren of Mercy in Prague, and for twenty years physician to the institution, had witnessed according to law, before the ecclesiastical board, and in the presence of two witnesses, his conversion to Protestantism. As it was not concealed from him that such a step would never be permitted in Austria, notwithstanding the existing law of the land, but that he would probably be thrown into prison, he then crossed the frontier in all haste into Prussia. He came back with all the prescribed proofs and documents connected with his reception into the Protestant Church. Trusting to the laws of the empire, he returned, on the 29th March, in all privacy to his native place, Prossnitz, in Moravia, where he lived quietly in his father's family. In Passion-week, that period sacred to all Christians, he entreats permission, if not to celebrate the Lord's Supper with his fellow-believers, at least to receive a pastoral visitor.

"The answer is mocking and cruel:—'He wishes to do penance; then he shall have the opportunity granted him of fasting three days on bread and water.' Soon after he is cast into a dark cell, and left in the foul air of a dungeon.

"Is this an example of Christian love, or ecclesiastical humanity? Does not this look like priestly revenge, and a confirmation of the Roman proverb, "A priest never forgives"? The fate of Borczinsky is no isolated example.

"Two great Catholic sovereigns, Napoleon and Joseph II., proclaimed and carried into effect the principle, that religion may and shall be honoured and efficacious without persecution. And lo! in our own days, the demon of persecution rises from the abyss, and shows himself, not in one Church, but in almost all—most especially, however, in that of Boniface; proclaiming that tolerance is the offspring of perdition, and is preached to the people by infidelity.

"If we survey the spectacle presented by the Oriental Church, here too we see intolerance and persecution triumphant only through the aid of despotic power; while, in spite of the unfavourable conjuncture of the present moment, toleration and freedom of conscience, coupled with intelligence, moral earnestness, and religious faith, are evidently destined to counteract them victoriously in the long run." [1]

And has the reorganization and powerful action of Jesuitism throughout the world, no significance at the present conjuncture? It is a fact pregnant with a terrible import for the civilization and

[1] Chevalier Bünsen: Signs of the Times.

peace of mankind. Jesuitism is a conspiracy of serfs against freemen—the conflict of the slaves of sin with the freemen of Christ. Luther rose to quicken, Loyola to crush, the soul of man. Never were embodied two principles more hostile; they continue so to this day. They both throw away self—but the one throws away self to make all free, the other to make all slaves—the one surrenders self as an offering to the Spirit of Good, the other as a pagan victim to the Spirit of Evil. Son of Loyola! there is a barrier of eternal benevolence rising from earth to heaven, and cemented with the blood of Christ, standing directly between you and your Satanic object. Before you take one step towards your gloomy goal, while yet afar off, you may read upon that magnificent structure one sentence inscribed by the finger of Eternal Love, "YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN, YE ARE BOUGHT WITH THE PRICE."

Pause, then, ere it be too late; you may ignore your soul now —you cannot in eternity, for it is a part of that, as that is a part of God; your spirit has but one shelter—it is Christ.

Jesuitism destroys personality and responsibility. It is thus an atrocity perpetrated on the mind, more rank, more foul, than the murder of the body. It is to the intellect what intoxication is to the body, and yet unpalliated by the excuse of temptation. To deprive ourselves of responsibility by steeping the senses in ebriety, is to incur the sentence, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven;" to deprive ourselves of independent judgment and responsibility by the narcotic poison of another's will, is to be guilty of the tremendous extinction of moral being—it is to kill the soul in the body, and to make that its living tomb. It is deliberately to register this oath against the Majesty of Heaven, "No message from my God shall reach my soul; my sovereign is not God, but man. I devote myself, even as the assassin to the Old Man of the Mountain; at the will of my superior, I enlist body and soul in his service. Take me then, use me; I am a guillotine, an axe, a sword; a teacher, a saint, a sinner; a beggar, a prince; a man or a woman; an hierarch or a puritan. I am nothing, I am everything; I am alive, and yet dead; yea, I am a living corpse, for my soul is not my own, and my body moves with a hired volition." For these suicides of reason, a tremendous judgment is in store. God will not be thus dethroned in favour of usurping man; and the Majesty of eternity will not be discrowned by these kings of clay: "He shall break them as a potter's vessel."

As far as we are concerned, the re-establishment of the order was nothing more or less than a declaration of war against Protestantism, and hence its readmission into Austria is a highly

lamentable and disastrous event for Germany. "The breach of the religious peace of A.D. 1555," says Bünsen, "was the work of the Jesuits, and their suppression was the advent of freedom of conscience and tolerance on the part of Catholic sovereigns, who were still sanguinary persecutors a thousand years ago.

"This circumstance, powerful as it is, must not be forgotten, but must be recalled to men's recollection, when the Jesuits are now trying to gain all hearts, under the mask of charity and the cover of enlightenment, and have by these means succeeded in blinding, and even in winning over, many men and women, nay, princes and governments. But these considerations must not induce us to lose our faith, and forsake our dignified, reasonable, and impregnable position. All their successes will not save them: the Catholic people know them too well—the cloven foot will soon peep out.

"Let us not deceive ourselves; the antagonism of Jesuits to the Gospel, as to all reality in nature and history, is neither accidental nor the effect of any degeneracy of the society—it is essential and original.

"Loyola was well aware that a will directed on spiritual objects has power to rule the world; but he vainly deemed that he could rule over God, and take God's place in His own sanctuary. He knew that all religious knowledge consists, not in any outward learning or scholarship, but comes from the inward part of the soul. But he desired to reign over this inward part, in order to use it as a means and as a tool.

"Lastly, he knew that the natural ME, the SELF, is the true energy of the Divine life in every man, and self-seeking the essence of sin and the root of evil and of all the miseries of humanity; but he wanted to break the vessel, in order to make it the absolute instrument of power in the service of the superiors and of the Pope. Neither in nature nor in history—neither in the Bible nor in the Church—did he seek truth for its own sake, but only as a means of governing by the crushing and killing-out of personality—that is, of God in man. Jesuitism places, in the stead of free-will and self-determination, unconditional obedience to your fellow-man, the superior of the order. The religious surrender of the will to God is turned into blind obedience to a man who has ceased to be his own master. 'Man,' say the Bible and the 'Theologia Germanica,' 'is to be to God as His hand or His foot.' 'Man shall become a corpse or a stick, a lifeless tool,' say the constitutions of the Jesuits.

"'Let each man firmly believe that those who live under obedience ought to suffer themselves to be guided and governed by Divine Providence, working through their superior, exactly as though they were a corpse, which suffers itself to be turned about

in any direction, and treated in any manner you please; or like the staff of an aged man, which serves everywhere, and in all things, him who holds it in his hands.'[1]

"Jesuitism crushes, it does not train the faculties; it enslaves, it does not liberate man; it is a terrible faculty of self-seeking in that member of the society who takes the place of God. Nor, finally, does it give birth to a true, solid, and devout service, nor a healthy and living art. Is not the influence of Jesuitism unmistakable in both these spheres? In that of art, it is a sentimental disturber of the beautiful—a mannerism in painting and sculpture, and an innate absence of taste, and love of theatrical ornamentation, in architecture. In science, it is a rhetorical shallowness, when it is not a sophistic concealment of the truth: a garbled history, a degrading philosophy. In every department, it is prose, relieved by fanaticism.

"This incapacity to respect, and therefore to perceive, what is healthy in nature and mind, is a necessary effect of the system, and is the Divine retribution for its unnaturalness and its untruthfulness. What masters wish for the servitude which the Jesuits introduce or cherish, and not for liberty?—for the disruption of the commonwealth, and not for its prosperity?—for peace, and not for freedom of conscience? It would require fresh centuries of bondage, new religious and civil wars, before the nations would again be made rotten enough, the world wicked enough, scepticism universal enough, and the decline of true learning deep enough, for Europe to become once more a tool of the Jesuits.

"This we will say boldly and proclaim to all the world: whoever promotes oppression of conscience and mental slavery—yea, whoever does not in all sincerity and energy labour in faith for the freedom of the human conscience and intellect, is working for Jesuits, and, as much as in him lies, for the downfall and destruction of his own church and nation. But, if he be a Protestant, he deserves a double measure of our abhorrence or compassion."[2]

With the murders of myriads of innocent men and women—with the official burnings alive of thousands upon thousands of human beings—with tortures the most frightful to humanity—with the most intolerant satrapy in the world,—how this leprous giant can have the audacity to rear its head in a healthy Christian community, and to demand equality with a free, generous, and public-spirited people—with its hideous policy still unrenounced—its ghastly schemes for poisoning society by a corporate body of desperadoes, who are sworn to be the mechanical agents of guilt,

[1] vi. 1. [2] Chevalier Bünsen: Signs of the Times.

however tremendous—who have been the sworn shopmen of Satan in all his sales of drugs spiritual and physical—how this Italian corporation and its pagan chief should venture to talk of RELIGION, when they are pursuing a desperate POLICY for enslaving this country—how, after publicly burning the oracles of the Eternal—how, after imprisoning men, women, and children for reading them—they can dare to talk of religion, is indeed surprising! We say to the head of this detestable conspiracy against mankind, Go! clear the shambles of the Tuscan, Neapolitan, and Roman inquisitions from the innocent blood of slaughtered Christians;—Go! clear the *Index Expurgatorius* of the noble intellectuality you have put to the ban;—Go! clear the moral atmosphere of your native city—let in the light, let in the air! Then fall upon your knees in the silence of your closet, with your God alone; leave for a time the glare of lamps, and the fumes of incense, and the throng of the unnatural priests of Hildebrand—bid them return to the crushed and violated laws of nature, by man no more to be riven asunder; and oh! let your people, who have knelt to you in vain, kneel at last to God!—do so yourself:—

> "Try what repentance can: what can it not?
> Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
> Oh limèd soul! that struggling to be free
> Art more engaged! Help angels! make essay!
> Bow stubborn knees and heart with strings of steel,
> Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
> All may be well."

Then, more glorious still, with a heart renewed—with a heart "set upon things above," and not "upon things of the earth"—go! be the apostolic herald of Europe—assume the noble dignity of Christ's ambassador. England will hail your advent with gratitude to you and with thankfulness to God! With your way hitherward mapped out by the zeal of the Apostles, you will enjoy the glorious satisfaction of finding the number of heretics amazingly diminished. St. Paul will joyfully throw open his portals to St. Peter, and the union of the Churches will be the crown of rejoicing for Italy, for Austria, for the world!

Advance, then! pursue your god-like mission; and, throwing off the trammels of political CASTE, be indeed and in truth the Great Apostle of CHRISTIANITY!

But of this what hope? How often has even the statesman of cold expediency cast a longing eye towards the double-headed sway of the Vatican, anxious to solve the problem of Italian tranquillity by merging the political rule of the Papacy!

Even were that possible, it would have a mere local influence

of trivial extent; that power which rules the body through the soul would still, subtle and silent as the electric stream, pursue its course.

How is that purple tyranny allying itself daily more and more with that corporate embodiment of satanic craft, the Jesuits! The ultimate result—possibly one not distant—will be to exhibit in a remarkable degree the omnipotence of that WISDOM which "setteth at nought the counsels of princes."

Nay, the scale of iniquity has already begun to give token of a fall, steady and irretrievable. Well and truly has a great statesman and profound scholar observed, that "of the two great signs of the times, one is in its ascendant, the other verging towards its setting. The spirit of association with its liberty is the genius and the demon of the dawning day; the hierarchy with its tyranny is the waning planet of departing night. It is not Hesper, but Phosphor, which is shining in the twilight of the gods. The same constellation ruled the Christian sky when, seven years since, the hierarchy, impelled by the sense of its coming death, leagued itself with the spirit of association, as it did once with secular absolutism. It sought for strength where it saw the power to lie; but its selfish eye failed to perceive that this was the very power from which it was destined to receive its death-blow. The more powerful grows the spirit of association, the more self-evident becomes the antagonism between the hierarchy and freedom." [1]

And what see we in Prussia? The high consistory is evidently working into the hands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and Protestantism will receive a fatal blow if the proposed measures (private confession and stricter Church discipline) are carried out. "Twenty-eight members of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies have resigned." [2]

Is Jesuitism less vigorous in the outlying provinces of Austria? Let us hear the Austrian correspondent of the "Times:"—

"Some six months ago," writes he, "mention was made in my correspondence of a work by the Italian Jesuit Perrone, which was translated into German and published in the Tyrol. The book, which was in the form of a catechism, was a violent attack on the Protestants, who were 'to be carefully avoided, as if they were murderers, by all good Catholics.' The police, at the demand of the Evangelical Consistory of Vienna, confiscated the book, but it will now be permitted to circulate freely, as the Protestant com-

[1] Bünsen: Signs of the Times.
[2] Berlin Correspondent of the "Times."

munity has lost the suit which it instituted against the translator and publisher."[1]

Hume has truly observed, that there is, from the spirit of proselytism in Popery, a conspiracy against all government. "There was really," says Mr. Hallam, "and truly a Popish plot in being, though not that which Titus Oates and his associates pretended to reveal; but one alert, enterprising, effective, in direct operation against the established Protestant religion in England. In this plot, the king, the duke of York, and the king of France, were chief conspirators; the Romish priests, especially the Jesuits, were eager co-operators."[2]

In fact, the spirit of this association has never slumbered from the period of its formation; it has been terribly active for persecution in all climes alike. No sooner is the light of LIFE kindled by the torch of the Angel of the Everlasting Gospel, than forthwith these agents of Satan hurry forward to extinguish it.

All the resources of the state, with which this banded treachery is in league, or which it can influence, are brought to bear with diabolical subtlety upon the furtherance of their dark conspiracy. This was the case in the South Sea Islands, and England narrowly escaped a war with France, from the machinations of these astute plotters.

It was not then generally known that the Protestant mission in Polynesia had become obnoxious to the Papists of Europe, and that their subversion was forthwith to be attempted.

A decree of the Propaganda, of June, 1833, confirmed by Leo XII., confided to the society of Picpus,[3] a religious society in France, the task of bringing under the power of Popery all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In consequence of this decree, three priests of the society of Picpus, accompanied by an Irish Roman Catholic catechist, together with an apostolic prefect, were in the same year appointed to the enterprise. "They sailed from Gambier's islands, on their way to Tahiti, in the hope," as they observe, "that those whom heresy had seduced, and placed under a yoke of iron, would submit voluntarily to the soft yoke of the Saviour, and embrace the Catholic doctrine. As they travelled along the shores of the island, which they described as partly idolatrous and partly heretical, they hastened to inform the inhabitants who came to them with their Bibles under their arms, that the missionaries who had wives with them, were false missionaries, but that they were the true teachers."

[1] "Times," Feb. 18, 1857. [2] Hallam, vol. ii. 157.

[3] The society of Picpus is connected with three congregations in France, and the extensive association for the propagation of the faith at Lyons.

These efforts, however, thanks to the faithful teaching of the Christian missionaries, and still more from the light of the Word of God, proved of no avail, and the services of the proselyting party were declined.

However, they used further endeavours to induce the queen to grant them permission to remain, observing, with respect to the Protestant missionaries,—"They are not the messengers of God, but we are sent to make known to you the true word. They are, you say, the first; Simon the magician also went first to Rome to teach his errors; St. Peter went there the second, to confound them and to proclaim the truth."

"Towards the close of May, 1838, M. Caret left for the Pacific, with presents for the newly-converted king and queen, and the high-priest of Gambier's islands, including, among other gifts from the Pope, a gilt and bronze image of the Virgin."[1] The Virgin was followed by a man-of-war, whose voice was loud enough to drown that of St. Paul and all the evangelists.

Captain Dupetit Thouars reached Papeete on the 27th of August, in the frigate *Venus*, of 60 guns. On his arrival at the island of Otaheite, he demanded exorbitant and humiliating reparation for the injury alleged to have been suffered by the French priests, simply because they were refused permission to settle at Tahiti. As the queen had not the means of complying with the conditions imposed, two or three of the foreign residents, in order to avert the fearful vengeance of the priests, furnished the sum required. "Having thus revenged the refusal to receive the Roman Catholic missionaries, the next object of the captain was to make arrangements for their return; and for this purpose the queen was compelled to sign a convention dictated by the French commander, and obliging her to receive and protect all Frenchmen who might wish to reside on the island. Shortly after, Captain Laplace arrived in the frigate *Artemise*. In his approach towards the shore he struck upon a rock. For purposes of repair, as well as for other objects, the frigate remained at the island for three months. One hundred and twenty natives were for a considerable time employed in assisting the marines, whose profligacy and licentiousness produced appalling scenes of evil in the neighbourhood until the repairs of the vessel were completed. The captain then, assuming a hostile attitude, requested that a meeting of the chiefs should be called, at which he demanded that the Catholic worship should be unrestricted throughout the dominions of the queen, and that ground should be given by the government for the erection of

[1] Ellis.

a Catholic church. Captain Laplace was by this most ungrateful action for native hospitality and assistance, by the authoritative demand of land without payment, and by the most corrupting and debasing profligacy of those under his command, acting as the pioneer of the Roman Catholic missionaries who were preparing to return no Tahiti.

"Well may M. Lutteroth[1] remark, that there is not perhaps in the history of the Church a fouler page; libertinism, and he might have added robbery, serving as the precursors of religion."[2]

The following is a lesson to Englishmen, that even truth must not be told if prejudices be shocked—a velvet muzzle is graciously presented to the speaker on these occasions. "The designation of Popery by the Sandwich islanders as idolatry, was construed by Captain Laplace into an insult to the French nation. The character of the whole proceeding was rendered still more disgraceful by the shameless falsehood which announced, in the official communication to the public, that the external sovereignty of Tahiti had been spontaneously offered to the French, and their protection solicited by the natives. The British government, although acknowledging that the queen had been deprived of her independence, partly by intrigue and partly by intimidation, offered no remonstrance against this violation of the most sacred rights of a sovereign to whom it had promised all the protection it could give to a friendly power." The events thus briefly noticed show that the calamity which fell so heavily upon the Tahitans originated in the envy and intolerance of Popery, which could behold in the astonishing change that had taken place amongst this once heathen and barbarous people, only the work of heretics to be mourned over and counteracted and destroyed. "Our hearts were distressed," writes one of the priests, "on approaching Tahiti. The inhabitants of this isle groan under the yoke of heresy." "The august Mary," adds another, "whom the Church calls the destructress of all heresies, knows well how to annihilate that at Tahiti!" The events in Tahiti, though affecting a remote and comparatively insignificant community, afford some of the most instructive lessons of their kind which the Church of God has received during the last century. They show, in the strongly marked and unaltered character of Popery, that Christian charity is as alien as ever from its nature; that it cannot tolerate, even in the most isolated portions of the globe, the existence of any other creed than its own, and whenever such appears, the most energetic efforts are employed for its

[1] O'Tahiti, Hist. et Enquête, par Henri Lutteroth. [2] P. 258.

annihilation. They show also that disguise and deception are as eagerly used now as during the most corrupt periods of its history. The first teacher of Popery landed at Tahiti under the disguise of a carpenter.

"These events show further that so potent is the spell by which Popery holds its adherents and supporters, that laws the most needful and salutary, rights the most sacred, and justice the most unquestionable, truth the most clear, and the claims of humanity in its most affecting and requiring circumstances, are alike disregarded, when the claims of Popery, or the interests of its adherents, can be promoted thereby."

We would at this point beg the serious attention of the statesman—because he too has something to learn in his craft, if he will condescend to do so—to that despised book the Volume of Revelation. The intellectualist too may well ponder over it, and the advocates of social reform, and Sunday "innocent amusements," and Sunday Museums, and Sunday Crystal Palaces, may have not a little light let in upon their favourite theories.

"The Tahitan mission," writes Ellis, "has shown that no civilizing process was necessary to prepare the natives to receive Christianity; that the attempt to teach the people reading and writing and a knowledge of the useful arts, was unproductive of any useful result until they read the Gospel, and were brought under the motives to industry and improvement which it alone supplies; and that afterwards, education, industry, improvement, and civilization followed in its train. It has frequently been objected to Christian missions, that they do not civilize the people where they are established; that they are directed to the inculcation of religious truth and the wants of the soul, to the utter neglect of mental culture, industry, science, useful arts, and all temporal improvement. The Tahiti mission presents the most satisfactory answer to this objection; and shows that while the communication of religious truth, and the religion of the soul, have been its primary objects, it has, according to the concurrent testimony of enemies and friends, raised the people to a degree of civilization superior to that which any other portion of mankind who were in similar circumstances fifty years ago, has in that interval been able to attain." [1] In confirmation of this practical view of the case, it may be here observed that the Greenland missionaries found this to be their experience likewise. They began, as human sciences begin, from the known to the unknown, and the result was *nil*; they then totally reversed their method, published the great truths

[1] Ellis's Polynesia.

of the Gospel in their startling power and vigorous simplicity, and instantly the victories of the cross began.

It was a system of belief—ready and implicit and childlike. "With the *heart* man believeth unto salvation."

This is the inevitable result. True Christianity is the mightiest civilizer that has ever been known. It is a holy system of centralization; it begins at the motive power in man—the HEART—and forthwith all the springs of action are set in harmonious motion, and the regulating power is surrendered to the vigilant observation not of man but of God—not of Self but unselfishness.

Then, too, thrives commerce; for that individual now must be a prudent, an enterprising, and a laborious man who follows that pursuit if he be a Christian. Let the man who doubts the fact listen to a commercial maxim. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" and another, "Not slothful in business;" then the motive, "Serving the Lord." Such a work will be thoroughly well done.

Is it not so as a general rule in Christian England compared with Papal Europe? Where are to be found, around the stagnant masses of paganized Christianity in Papal Italy, Spain, or Austria, the mighty energy and commanding success of Great Britain and America? A good Bible guarantees a good ledger.

But the spirit of Jesuitism is ubiquitous for evil supremacy. History has noted it in almost all climes, and with nearly the same results. To gain any special object no sacrifices of honest principle were too great, and it may be added, no sacrifices of Christianity also.

"The Jesuits," says the Abbé Dubois, "conducted the images of the Virgin and Christ on triumphal cars, imitated from the orgies of Jagganath, and introduced the female dancers of the Brahminical rites into the ceremonial of the Church. They also forged a Veda, assimilating Christianity to many sects in India and China; they were in the sequel expelled from the country for their licentiousness by the indignant authorities.

"The Jesuit Nobili presented himself to the Brahmins, and said that he was a Roman Rajah and a Sunniari, or penitent, who had renounced the world and its enjoyments; he was clad in a peculiar dress, associated with Brahmins alone, wore a string like the sacred Zenaar, buried himself in prayer and solitude, obtained a great character for sanctity, so that all who met him bowed their heads, and joined their hands above their heads, as to a Brahmin of the highest caste. Gregory XV., by a Papal bull, sanctioned Nobili's regulations for Catholic India, and Benedict carried out

the same policy by constituting a separate class of missionaries for the Pariahs.[1]

But this spirit of unbridled corporate domination, this lust of despotism over the very soul itself, is inherent in the spirit of all evil ; and just in proportion as the intellect is powerful and the heart unpurified it has ever prevailed, alike amongst the civilizations of the ancient as the modern world.

The system of ascetic penance, though thoroughly Papistic, was equally, as we have shown, that of the Brahmins and other sections of the degraded human family, which affected, by the medium of these external agents, the purifying power of their Great Father.

The first promulgation of ascetic principles with which we have any acquaintance is amongst the Persian Magi, where we find them connected with secret associations for political purposes. The associations were found inconsistent with the security of civil government, and were suppressed by the strong arm of power.

Remarkable evidences of the subtle and successful action of this brotherhood are to be found in the history of the dynasty of Darius ; one result of which is still on record in the Persepolitan arrow-headed characters of Nashki-Rustan so admirably deciphered by Sir H. Rawlinson.

Nor were the Pythagoreans less an evidence of political power gained by starting from an ascetic principle.

This powerful brotherhood adopted a distinct diet and ritual, the token of their unity, which at length became so intricate as to produce political results of a high order, though its initiatory course had been religious and scientific only.

"Extreme strictness of observances, combined with the art of touching skilfully the springs of religious terror in others, would indeed do much both to fortify and to exalt Pythagoras. But when it was discovered that science, philosophy, and even the mystic revelations of religion, whatever they were, remained confined to the private talk and practice of the disciples, and were thus thrown into the background, while all that was seen and felt without was the political predominance of an ambitious fraternity, we need not wonder that Pythagorism, in all its parts, became odious to a large portion of the community. Moreover, we find the order represented, not merely as constituting a devoted and exclusive political party, but also as manifesting an ostentatious self-conceit throughout their personal demeanour, refusing the hand of fellow-

[1] See Irving, *in loco.*

ship to all except the brethren, and distrusting especially their own familiar friends and kinsmen."[1]

Here again comes in the hateful principle of CASTE, so contrary to that mighty test of the universal brotherhood of CHRISTIANITY. "We have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

"It seems probable," continues Grote, "that the political Pythagoreans were those who were most qualified for action and least for speculation; and we may reasonably suppose, in the general of the order, that skill in turning to account the aptitudes of individuals which, two centuries ago, was so conspicuous in the Jesuits, to whom, in various ways, the Pythagoreans bear considerable resemblance."

Again, would we survey the same principle in vigorous action in the East, turning asceticism to political purposes, and uniting the externals of an ecclesiastical corporation with the inner vitalities of mundane despotism, we have only to survey the singular spectacle of the Buddhistic brotherhoods, fringing the outlying northern provinces of our own Indian empire.

We find that Buddhism has run in the East a very analogous course with Romanism in the West. Having its classes of specially initiated and ordained teachers, it spread widely among the population before it was adopted and made a state religion by the reigning sovereigns. "It was torn in pieces by heresies and schisms on trivial observances and doctrinal points, till one sect, having enlisted the power of the state on its side, persecuted and expelled its opponents, to the weakening and ultimate ruin of the Church and its authority.

"The subserviency of the temporal to the spiritual power was universally preached by this separate initiated class; and by its presumptuous reliance on their influence over the populace, priests in the East, as in the West, have humbled and destroyed the kingly power, and occasionally, when circumstances favoured the pretension, have established a priestly government such as we see in Thibet, in entire supersession of the ordinary temporal authority, and have sought to reserve the administration of all affairs for the special class of initiated or ordained. The priestly governments have been unable to maintain themselves without foreign support; priestly domination has been found incompatible with energetic military action, which always has been, and always must be, the source of real political power. The great Lamas of Thibet are the protected minions of China, just as the Pope of Rome is

[1] Grote's Greece, vol. iv. p. 551.

dependent to-day on France, and was recently on Austria, notwithstanding the reverence in which the Papal name and spiritual authority are still held by vast populations."[1]

Here the Christian, taking his stand on the grand elevation of Calvary, looks around him, surveys this spectacle with grief, and again demands "Where is Christianity?" While the statesman significantly asks—"POLICY OR RELIGION?"

Turn we now to the deadly action of the Western incorporated Caste of treachery and cruelty, Jesuitism and its chief, more especially as developed in our own highly-favoured country, from the dawn of the Reformation downwards.

It may be censured as an uncharitable act to rake up the remembrance of past actions which ought to be buried in perpetual oblivion. "To talk in this way," says Lathbury, "is easy, but let the objectors prove that this line of conduct, to a certain extent, is not pursued by the busy agents of the Church of Rome in the present day; let it be shown that we are not in any danger from Popish practices; that their former principles are repudiated; that Popery is perfectly harmless, and then it will be time enough for Protestants to forget the past.

"It is one of the principles of the Church of Rome that all must submit to her authority; and when her members possess the power, they deem it to be their duty to exercise it in subjugating all others to her domination."[2]

If, then, we contemplate the era of Elizabeth, we shall find that bad agency resolute, unrelenting, and incredibly active.

That the court of Rome was in earnest in its avowed determination against Elizabeth, is evident from the treatment which the actors in the dark scenes received at Rome. "They were caressed before their enterprises were undertaken; and of those who paid the forfeit of their lives for treason, some were canonized as saints for their glorious deeds, and all were enrolled as martyrs in a holy cause."[3]

All forms of garb and doctrine were assumed by these desperadoes, who, not content with the deadliest machinations against the life of Elizabeth, sought, from the very pulpits of the national Church, to influence the affections of the people in favour of their foreign master, and to degrade the character of Protestantism.

"The Jesuit Heath," says Lathbury, "was sent over by his superiors, and was instructed to feign himself a Puritan, and to do all he possibly could to widen the breach among the Protestants. It happened

[1] H. Prinsep, Esq.: "Mongolia and Tartary."
[2] Lathbury, *in loco.* [3] Idem.

that, while preaching at Rochester, a letter accidentally dropped from his pocket, which led to his detection. It had been addressed to him by a Jesuit of eminence on the Continent, and contained certain directions for the regulation of his proceedings during his mission into this country. On searching his lodgings, the officers also discovered a licence from the Pope, authorizing him to preach such doctrines as should appear calculated to divide the Protestants. Whatever means were deemed necessary for accomplishing the great object were practised by the Jesuits without hesitation. Many of the Popish clergy were permitted to conform to the English ritual, that they might secretly undermine the Reformation. They retained their livings, in order that, by continuing at their posts, they might be able to take advantage of any favourable circumstance as it presented itself.

"The machinations against the life of the queen were not the individual acts of the perpetrators; they were, on the contrary, known to the Pope, and sanctioned by the Papal court. Parry came over with the avowed intention of taking the queen's life. Providentially, he was discovered, and received the due reward of his crime, suffering death as a traitor. Before he quitted the Continent, the Cardinal of Como wrote to him, with the knowledge of the Pope, assuring him of the pontiff's best wishes for his success, and conveying to him a full forgiveness of his sins."

In the well-known attempt of Philip of Spain upon England, the hierarchy of Rome maintained the most intimate connection with that bigoted despot.

The fleet was commended to the intercession of the saints; and, as to defeat, its possibility was never contemplated. Philip solicited and obtained the co-operation of the Pope, who supplied him with money, and renewed the bulls of excommunication against the queen; her subjects were absolved from their allegiance, and plenary indulgences were promised from the treasury of the Church to all who would act against England.

The genius of Romanism is in its nature terribly proselytizing—so much so, that crowns are as nothing when weighed against the glittering delusion. Our own James II. is an instance of this. In spite of the known Protestant feeling of England at that time, Papists were appointed to all offices of trust, while Protestants were dismissed. "The nuncio from the Pope was publicly received; Jesuits and priests appeared in the streets in their religious habits according to their orders; and funerals were celebrated with exactly the same ceremonies as in Popish countries. Romish bishops were consecrated in the Chapel Royal, and the priests at Whitehall told the Protestants that they hoped soon to walk in procession through

Cheapside. These things were very distressing to the people, who sometimes insulted these processions in the streets."[1]

So determined was the king on introducing Romanism, that his zeal outran his prudence. Father Petre, the Jesuit, was made a member of the privy council, and was the sole guide of the royal measures and of the royal conscience. One of his first acts was the appointment of an ecclesiastical commission.

As soon as the commission was established, it was resolved to use it as an engine to shut the mouths of the clergy, for the royal proclamation had been unheeded. The pulpit alarmed the king, and its cry must be silenced at all hazards. Accordingly, the most decided measures were resorted to.

"At that time Dr. Sharp, a man of learning and a popular preacher, was rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. He persisted, as did many others, in preaching against Popery, contrary to the royal declaration. Though the same course was pursued by numbers, yet it was deemed expedient to make an example, in the first instance, of one of the most distinguished of the clerical body. Accordingly, the Bishop of London, Sharp's diocesan, was commanded to suspend him for disobedience, and doubtless it was intended to pursue the same method with all other clergymen who should venture to open their mouths on the prohibited subjects. The Bishop of London, like an honest man, refused to act, when he was summoned before the ecclesiastical commission. This was the first open rupture between the Church and the Crown.

"The Popish priests, in the royal chapel and in other places, continued to attack Protestantism, though the clergy of the Church of England were prohibited from touching on controversial topics. The most eminent theologians of the Popish party were appointed to preach, and many of the sermons were subsequently printed by the king's printer, with the royal sanction.

"The proceedings of these preachers, however, recoiled on their own heads. They ventured to attack the Protestant translation of the Sacred Volume, asserting that it abounded in lies, at which the people became so exasperated that they abstained from that attendance at the Chapel Royal which had originated in the mere love of novelty. Thus, while the Popish priests were attacking everything that is most dear to Protestants, the English clergy were commanded to be silent. The command was not obeyed, and the results of their disobedience were most glorious; for to them, as the instruments, are we indebted for not only the preservation of the Church of England, but also for that of Protestantism itself.

[1] Lathbury, *in loco.*

"The era of the ignominious flight of James II. was one of the most critical periods of our history since the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and it is remarkable that the latter event occurred exactly one hundred years before the Revolution. It was in 1588 that England was delivered from a Popish invasion, under Elizabeth: it was in 1688 that England was delivered from dangers equally imminent, by William, Prince of Orange, subsequently King William III. Both years were years of wonders; to both ought Englishmen constantly to revert. If we forget our mercies, God may justly leave us a prey to our adversaries.

"James II. had undoubtedly expected to recover his crown by force, with the assistance of France, and perhaps of some other Popish sovereigns, and then to introduce Popery, and trample upon the rights of his people. That such were his intentions is evident from his subsequent acts; and his whole conduct proved that England could never have been safe under a Popish prince. Such a hold had his Jesuitical advisers obtained over this monarch, that they easily persuaded him to abandon the government for a time, rather than submit to be bound down by laws which would have restrained him from any future attempts at the introduction of the Papacy."[1]

And are not the high-handed claims of mediæval Papacy renounced? Not a whit!

"Every single acre of church-land that has ever been forfeited in this country is claimed by the Pope, as subject to his authority. He has granted a dispensation, indeed, to those who hold these lands, and who have returned to the bosom of the Church, so that they may keep possession of them. But as to all that are held by heretics, let them rest assured that if ever Popery should prevail in England, so as to be able to assume the reins of power, forfeiture or subjection to the Pope is the alternative proposed to them."[2]

Nor are morality and justice less outraged by the principles openly taught by this complicated system of political action.

In the bull "*Pastor Bonus*," we have the blasphemous invitation of all sinners to come to the Pope, to come to him, or send to him for pardon, even though concealing their names, for all crimes.

"The reader has only to recollect that the outlaw and murderer can find a refuge and a welcome in the orders of the monks of the Papacy; that there is no species of crime that can incapacitate these regulars from any rank, dignities, or powers in the Church of Rome; and he will not wonder at the exhibition of crime it pre-

[1] Lathbury, *in loco*.

[2] Mac Ghee, *in loco*.

sents to his view, when he sees there is no species of atrocity to which that Church cannot modify the human character, and no degree of dignity to which she cannot easily nominate her scholars."[1]

The bull "*Unigenitus*," which condemns to be punished by the secular arm all Protestants who maintain the doctrine of civil and religious liberty, was confessed by the late Dr. Murray to be in force in Ireland.

The minor cases of outlawry and murder are not only cases in which the priest can pardon the offender, but he can allow him to enter into a religious order, and become a monk. For example, the man who murdered Lord Norberry, or Mr. Little, while the ordinary principles of justice, morality, and religion set a price upon the head of the murderer, his confessor grants him absolution; or, if he has not the power, the penitentiarius of the diocese grants it him, and by the authority with which he is invested by this bull, which is denominated the "Pastor Bonus," *i.e.* the Good Shepherd, he can give this man leave to enter a religious order. This "Pastor Bonus" was set up by the Roman Catholic bishops for their priests, to direct the consciences of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

The Major Penitentiarius can pardon homicides, outlaws, and murderers—these can become monks or priests.

"Now, the Major Penitentiarius is one of the cardinals at Rome, who is intrusted by the Pope with the plenary power of granting dispensations and absolutions; which, as it forms a considerable portion of that traffic in which merchandize is made of the souls of men, a considerable portion of the Pope's time would necessarily be grievously intruded on if he had not some person to whom this office might be delegated."[2]

The laws of this heretical country deem the murderer unfit to live at large in society, but the "Pastor Bonus" decides that he would make a capital monk; and it accordingly permits the Major Penitentiarius, and the Major Penitentiarius permits his delegate in the diocese, to allow him to enter an "approved religious order." How many murderers, escaped from the outraged laws of their country, may be shut up at this moment in the monasteries of every country where these horrible principles prevail!

And what sort of Christianity and justice has this ill-omened political system produced in France?

"Is there not still alive," we read in a popular print, "a Frère Léotache, who, with infamous art, enticed a beautiful young girl

[1] Mac Ghee. [2] Ibid.

into his odious lair, violated her, murdered her, and cast her soiled and mangled body back over a wall on to the world which she had adorned? Not long ago, since the *coup d'état*, a man cut his wife's throat, bled her to death over a basin, and walked away to a *café* as if nothing had happened! The crime was distinctly proved; but the jury were acted upon by the clergy; it was shown that he went regularly to the confessional, he was acquitted, and the president addressed him in these words: 'Prisoner, you are acquitted on account of your religious sentiments!'"

Can we conceive anything darker in paganism than this? Religious sentiments! And doubtless, nine-tenths of all present thought the regular attendance of the murderer at confessional made up CHRISTIANITY. On the other hand, had a French Bible-reader committed some illegal action in an unguarded moment, most assuredly he would never have been "acquitted for his religious sentiments." To have read the Word of God has never made a man *religious* in the eyes of Papal Europe, whereas, as in this instance, confession is its sum and substance.

Let us now see what species of even-handed justice this paganized Christianity yields. Behold the man who cuts the throat of his own wife, and slowly bleeds her to death over a basin, acquitted for going to confession! On the other hand, behold the priest Verger assassinates at one blow the archbishop of Paris. Is he too acquitted for his "religious sentiments"? And yet, atrocious as his crime was, it fell far short of the deliberate and fiend-like atrocity of the man of "religious sentiments." "Verger," writes a foreign correspondent of the press, "had always maintained that priests ought to marry. 'Do you think I would have committed such a deed,' cried he, with emotion, during his first examination, 'if I had had a wife and children?' In vain did judge and procureur attempt to take a high tone. They were provoked into childish insolence and undignified remonstrance; and until the gendarmes were set upon Verger, to stifle his voice and drag him away, he appeared as a giant among pigmies. What a humiliation for justice in France! A man reeking in the blood of the most distinguished prelate in France, assassinated on the steps of the altar—this man causes the intellects of the bench and the bar to cower before him; and no one feels moral courage enough to say, 'Let him speak; the words of an assassin can injure no one!' But the truth is, that Verger had terrible revelations to make."

And now can any candid mind, which has gone through the evidences, brief as they are, of this system of corporate rule, headed by its Italian chief, doubt that it has been, and is still,

essentially earthly in its aims? When we see men of judgment and strong masculine sense—men well acquainted with history, and not unskilled in the motives of human action—get up in their places in the Commons' House, and talk of the respect due to religion in the case of a corporate body of schemers whom all lands have expelled and all history has denounced as thoroughly political—we are indeed struck with surprise. If men will confound the respect due to Christianity with the just treatment due to designing policy, they must be left to an institute for sanity, and not to the laws of reason. Again we ask, POLICY or RELIGION? One more question we would put with the prophet, in view of the commingled luxury, taste, and tyranny of the successive despots of Rome :—

SHALT THOU REIGN BECAUSE THOU DWELLEST IN CEDAR?

CHAPTER V.

THE HOLY FIRE ASSURANCE.

"The DARK PLACES of the earth which are the habitations of cruelty."

"Hark'e, Tom—ye think, 'cause I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say; but, this time, I've made up my mind, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin me—now I'll *conquer you or kill you!* one or t'other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em one by one, till ye give up."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

DR. NEWMAN, in his "Addresses to Mixed Congregations," has observed that "the only chance of peace and assurance in this changing world, is in the Catholic Church." That is true—but then, the "assurance" of the Catholic Church is a *fire* assurance, and not a *life* assurance, as Huss and Jerome of Prague found to their cost. He who would deny this must have very great assurance indeed. The learned Oratorian whom we have quoted above, has written a treatise on the development of Christianity. As the Inquisition is called the "HOLY INQUISITION," and is an institute of the Church of the Oratorians, it is just possible that that domestic ecclesiastical arrangement, as well as Jesuitism, may be one out of many of the Christian developments. History has warned us to put no faith in the ordinary acceptation of terms; since those which, at one era, are of current authority, do at another become obsolete. Thus we have the Holy Inquisition, the Holy Father, the Holy Church, the Holy Coat, and His Holiness. We cannot help these changes: a youthful generation may well have tastes different to those of its ancestors. The same man that was the embodiment of Caste in his grand-inquisitorial tour to Damascus, "haling men and women to prison," was looked upon by the pontifices of the Hebrew nation, and the intellect, "wealth, beauty, and fashion" of the Jewish metropolis, as a polished, scholarly divine, well skilled in the canon law of his Church, and bent on maintaining its dignity, pomp, and power. Behold the very same "Prince of the Church," but lately "breathing out slaughters," suddenly become a Puritan. Here was a fall from the hierarchical dignity! Forthwith, the

supreme ecclesiastical convocation vote him "a pestilent fellow and a mover of sedition." His character for a consistent, safe, gentlemanly, and dignified persecutor, is gone for ever.

It is a remarkable fact, that just in proportion to the "religiousness" of individuals, just in that ratio is their cruelty. This was the case with Saul of Tarsus, the Brahmins and their suttees, and the Papal devotees during the Irish rebellion :—

"None of the rebels," says Taylor, "were so bloodthirsty as those who were most regular attendants at the Popish ordinances; the drunken and careless sort were observed to have the greatest share of good-nature. It is a certain truth, that those savages never had so many masses, nor ever prayed so much, as during their month of usurpation; and when parties of two or three hundred would go round the country burning the houses of Protestants, they generally fell on their knees as soon as they set them on fire. After immolating the lot of victims destined for the day, the murderers were assembled by a crier, who went through the camp and the town, proclaiming the following notice :—

"'SHELMALIER AND SHELBURNE,

to prayers :—three Paters and three Aves to be offered to God and the blessed Virgin Mary 'for our glorious cause; for the further dispersion and extirpation of all heretics; for our glorious Church militant on earth, and triumphant in heaven. Kneel down and kiss the ground :—our Captain has slain a man.'

"A large tub of water was then brought, which one of the priests immediately blessed. Ordering the rebels to kneel roundabout, he, with a whisk of heath or broom, sprinkled them with the water, repeating the words of the Psalmist again and again, 'Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow' (Ps. li. 70)." [1]

False religion, or the religion of man, is that dire monster which stands ready on the spring, keeping grim ward and watch at the doorway of the Christian's household. In foreign climes, the Christian cannot enter his FATHER's house without being seized and devoured by that beast of prey.

It has been the same in polished France and savage Otaheite. In the latter country, more than once, individuals were selected to be offered in sacrifice to the gods, only because they were Christians. Mr. Davies, in his journey round Tahiti, in 1816, met the murderer of the young man who was offered up in sacrifice by

[1] Taylor's Irish Rebellion.

the people of Taiarabu, a fact to be remembered, because it was the last human sacrifice offered up in Tahiti, and because the victim was selected for his attachment to Christianity.

But let us for a moment survey the terrible deeds of false religion in France, the great centre of elegance, of taste, and gaiety, at the noble era of the Reformation.

"No Christian population," says Marsden, "in any land, has suffered so long and so bitterly. From the Reformation to the nineteenth century, the history of the Reformed Church in France is an unbroken succession of frightful injustice and appalling cruelty. It has suffered, too, the fate which attends a vanquished minority; ceasing to be feared, it ceased to be known.

"The first Protestant congregation in France was established in Meaux, in 1521. Bucer and Melancthon had visited this neighbourhood just before, and created a thirst for the Reformation. Calvin's translation of the Bible had just appeared. Two remarkable men, Lefevre and Farel, were the first preachers of the Reformed faith; and two noble women, the duchess of Ferrara and the queen of Navarre, were its first patrons. The epithet 'Huguenot' was applied to the Protestants of France at a very early period of their history. Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, was one of the converts of Lefevre and Farel. He joined with the former in giving a wide circulation to the four Gospels in their native tongue, and placed a copy of the Bible in the hands of the king's sister, Marguerite de Valois, queen of Navarre.

"She encouraged the reading of the Scriptures, and afforded a refuge to the Protestant ministers at her court. Through the whole of Picardy, the 'heretics of Meaux,' as the opponents of Rome were then termed, spread their doctrine abroad with great success. It seemed probable that France would become a Protestant nation, but these bright hopes were soon cast down. The priests of the diocese of Meaux were suffering in character and influence from the success of the Reformation, and complained to the Sorbonne.

"Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, was involved in a charge of heresy by the clergy of his diocese, and the Sorbonne invoked the succour of the parliament of Paris on the one hand, and of the Pope on the other. The Pope thundered from the Vatican. He wrote to the parliament of Paris:—'In this great and marvellous disorder, which flows from the rage of Satan, and from the rage and wickedness of his imps, all the world should strive their utmost to guard the common safety, seeing that this abomination would not only embroil and destroy religion, but moreover all principalities, nobility, laws, orders, and degrees.' The bishop was easily subdued,

and paid a fine of two hundred livres. But the converts of Meaux were more resolute. A council was held at Paris, and it was resolved that the obstinate heretics should be exterminated. In 1523 an edict against the heretics of Meaux was published, and the congregation was dispersed. Lefevre sought the protection of the queen of Navarre, and Farel fled to Basle, where he carried on his ministry, and continued to circulate the Scriptures through France by means of pedlars. But a vast multitude suffered martyrdom, and, to strike terror, the executions were dispersed all over the kingdom; the consequence was, that everywhere the doctrines of the Reformation were canvassed, and the patience of the sufferers won over thousands of converts. Pavannes was burned alive at the Place de Grève in 1524. At the stake he declared against the doctrine of the real presence. 'I wish,' exclaimed a doctor of the Sorbonne who heard him, 'that the Church had lost a million of gold rather than Pavannes had spoken.' Louis de Berguin, a young man of noble family, was another victim. But 'those of the religion,' as they were called by a delicate periphrasis, still increased in numbers and in firmness. Numbers of pious men and women were burned alive, and as the speeches delivered by the martyrs at the stake became a powerful means of conversion, measures were taken to prevent them from addressing the spectators.

"A scene was enacted at Paris on the 29th of June, 1535, almost unmatched in cruelty. The Sorbonne resolved to embark the king almost beyond the possibility of retreat in the cause of the Catholics, and to whet the appetite of the mob for blood. Some violent placards affixed to the doors of the church, and even of the palace, afforded an excuse. In them the mass was attacked in scurrilous language, and the vices of the clergy were exposed. Protestant writers have supposed that they were contrivances of the ecclesiastical party to excite the people; and as the Reformers had nothing to hope, except from the favour of Francis, it seems unlikely that they should have thus wantonly provoked him. If it was so, the desired effect took place. The rumour was set afloat that the Huguenots had laid a plot to burn the city and massacre the Catholics. The dreadful cry, 'Death to the heretics!' resounded in the streets. Orders were issued to seize the Protestants dead or alive; and in a few days the prisons of the capital were crowded with victims of both sexes and of all ranks and ages. Their trials were soon over; and it was resolved to strike terror into the hearts of the Huguenots of the whole kingdom, by a procession such as in other countries has since borne the name of an *Auto-da-Fé*. An innumerable concourse of people

crowded the streets, covered the roofs, and hung upon the walls and balconies. Never had so many relics been paraded. The relics of the Sainte Chapelle were then brought out. Then followed the head of St. Louis, a piece of the true cross, the true crown of thorns, a real nail, and the spear-head which had pierced our Lord.

"Then came St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. The cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, in their robes, took their places. The king in person followed them bareheaded, and carrying a lighted torch. The nobility, burgesses, and parliament closed the procession. The king, seated on a throne at the palace of the archbishop, made an address to the court and the clergy, and then protested that he would not pardon the crime of heresy even in his children. His religious frenzy had evidently been worked up to the highest point. 'If one of his own limbs were infected, his own hand,' he said, 'should cut it off.' On his return to the Louvre, he witnessed the horrible scene to which the procession was the prelude, and six of the Huguenots were executed. The boldest of them had their tongues cut out, to hinder their dying words, so contagious among the witnesses on previous occasions of the same kind. They were then put to death by the *estrapade*, a movable gibbet, which, alternately rising and falling, plunged the victim into the fire, or raised him aloft in the air. An ordinance was published, which decreed the extermination of the heretics, and pain of death to those who should conceal them. But Protestantism was by no means subdued. In the remote provinces a large proportion of the nobles entertained the new opinions. It was calculated that nearly a sixth of the whole population was imbued with them. In Normandy, Picardy, Flanders, as well as Languedoc and Dauphiny; and all the great towns, Rouen, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, abounded with them. Many of the ecclesiastics forsook the Church of Rome. The scholars engaged in business; the regular clergy taught the doctrines of the Reformation. The Bible and religious books printed at Geneva were distributed in vast numbers by the colporteurs. One of these men, in 1546, who was taken at Paris, was broken on the wheel, and burned. But his execution, far from deterring others, served to show them by what agency the Reformation could be carried on most effectually. Pierre Chapot reasoned so well upon the scaffold in favour of his principles, that the doctors of the Sorbonne made a formal complaint, that were the heretics allowed to speak, all would be lost! The parliament resolved that all the condemned, without exception, should for the future *have their tongues cut out!*"

What atrocities are these! It is only by denying freedom of speech and freedom of the press, that Romish superstitions can maintain their ground. This is the disgraceful process still pursued in Austria, Italy, France, Spain, and, in fact, wherever false religion rules with a high hand. What a noble contrast is presented in the free press and free Bible of countries truly Christianized! But not only were individuals singled out for slaughter, but whole districts, wherever true Christianity prevailed, were given over to destruction.

"A public decree ordered that they should be exterminated as rebels; their goods confiscated, their houses destroyed, and even their plantations dug up. 'Everything was horrible and cruel,' says the historian De Thou, 'in the sentence pronounced against them, and everything was still more horrible and more cruel in the execution. Twenty-two towns or villages were burned or sacked with an inhumanity of which the history of the most barbarous people hardly presents an example. The unfortunate inhabitants, surprised during the night, and pursued from rock to rock by the light of the fires which were consuming their dwellings, escaped one snare, only to fall into another. The pitiful cries of old men, the women, and the children, far from softening the hearts of soldiers mad with rage like their leaders, only served to point out the places whither to direct their fury."

The horrible atrocity of St. Bartholomew is well known. That event brought out clearly the terribly persecuting nature of paganized Christianity. It was just in proportion to the being a "good son of the Church," that a man was cruel.

Here, some Frenchmen proved themselves irreligious in the eyes of "the Church." Montmorency, a nobleman of high rank, was invited to join in the holy festival of St. Bartholomew. He refused to participate in a measure so abhorrent to the nature of a gallant soldier. "He left Paris in horror, on the first intimation of the intended massacre; and his name was placed among the proscribed in consequence. It is not without reason that a recent French historian represents his countrymen as the mere instruments fanatically excited to the commission of what he terms 'the Italian crime.'"[1]

But are St. Bartholomews confined to civilized countries only? Let us see. What do we find in Otaheite, in the case of the "Bure Atua," or "the prayers to God"? Just what was the fact in the case of those who prayed to God in the time of the French St. Bartholomew. Here in Otaheite is its exact counter-

[1] Marsden, 392.

part; with the happy exception of the failure of the horrid plot.

The influence of the "Bure Atua" in the nation, from the rank many of them held, and the confidence with which they maintained the superiority of their religion, together with the accession that was daily made to their number from various parts of the island, not only aroused the latent enmity against Christianity which the idolaters had always cherished, but awakened the first emotions of apprehension lest the new word should ultimately prevail, and their gods, the temples, and their worship, be altogether disregarded. "To avoid this," says Ellis, "they resolved on the total annihilation of every one in Tahiti who was known to pray to Jehovah.

"A proposal was made to the pagan chiefs of Pare, Matavai, and Hapaiano, to assassinate in an instant every individual of the Bure Atua. The persecuted party was already formidable in point of numbers and rank, and the idolaters, in order to insure success in the murderous design, invited the chiefs of Atehura and Papara to join them. The time was fixed for the perpetration of the bloody deed. At the hour of midnight they were to be attacked, their property, their houses burned, and every prisoner secured to be slaughtered on the spot. The parties who for a long time had been inveterate enemies to each other, were made friends on the occasion, and cordially assented to the plan of destroying the Christians. The intended victims of this treachery were unconscious of their danger until the evening of the 7th of July, when, a few hours only before the horrid massacre was to have commenced, they received secret intelligence of the ruin that was ready to burst upon them. At this remarkably critical period, the whole of the party having to attend a meeting either for public worship or for some other general purpose, assembled in the evening near the sea. No time was to be lost. Their canoes were lying on the beach. They were instantly launched; and hurrying away what few things they could take, they embarked soon after sunset, and reached Eimeo in safety on the following morning, grateful for the happy and surprising deliverance they had experienced. The different parties of their enemies, who arrived towards midnight, learned, with no ordinary disappointment, that their prey had escaped beyond their power."

"The progress of Divine truth, however, was so rapid among the natives, that at the close of 1814 no fewer than three hundred hearers regularly attended the preaching of the Gospel. These

[1] Ellis's Polynesia.

encouraging appearances only roused the anger of their idolatrous enemies, who, no longer content with simply ridiculing and treating with contempt the object of their hatred, proceeded to more alarming plans of resistance against the progress of these new principles which were daily gaining ground among the people. Every inch of ground was reluctantly surrendered to Christianity; and at several periods persecution raged amid the Elysian bowers of Tahiti and Eimeo, as fiercely as it had done in the valleys of Piedmont, or at the metropolis of the Roman empire. Many, in Tahiti especially, were plundered of their property, banished from their homes and their possessions, their houses were burned, and they themselves hunted for a sacrifice to be offered to Oro, merely because they were '*Bure Atua*,' or the prayers to God."[1]

Here, then, is a complete mirror for humanity, that from the waters of the Pacific reflects the image of false religion—it is the twin-brother of unchristianized man; nor can the pagans of St. Bartholomew, of Carcassonne, and Toulouse, and Bezières,—of Smithfield, of the Quemadero of Madrid, or of the Holy Inquisition, claim any greater amount of Christianity than the ignorant persecutors of the "Bure Atua" of Otaheite—both bands were immitigably heathen. Christ had asked through His people, "Why persecutest thou ME?"

We now approach a terrible system of authorized and avowed destruction of human life; a system that has consigned to a horrible and lingering death more human beings than the Thugs and Suttees of India, the cannibalism of the South Sea Islands, the Mexican sacrificers, or the Blotmen of Scandinavia: it is the atrocious "CASTE OF THE HOLY INQUISITION." What a tremendous contradiction of terms! The assumption of holiness, and the practice of the lusts of cruelty!—cruelty, whose secrets were taught in a treatise called "The Art of Torture." "Surely, surely," you will say, "this is all *now*, at least, bitterly deplored, and no one can be so inhuman as to wish a return of those days." Is it really so? Let us see! What say the organs of the true Church of France? The Abbé Morel, canon of Angers, defends the Inquisition: he says it was *obliged* to be severe, because of the increase of heresy. Monsieur Lauwertie, in his "Justice in the Nineteenth Century," says, that the civil authority in the sixteenth century "saved the faith of our fathers by severe laws and rigorous measures, which I hesitate not to call salutary." M. Vennillot, editor of "L'Univers," says, in 1838 (in his Pilgrimages in Switzerland), "What I regret, I frankly avow, is, not that they did not burn John Huss sooner, or

[1] Ellis's Polynesia.

that they did not burn Luther at all, but that there is no prince sufficiently pious and politic to stir up a crusade against the Protestants."

Here is the true Otaheitan sacrificial taste for offering up as victims to the gods Oro and Tane, such "Bure Atua," or "God-prayers," as they can lay hold of.

It has ever been thus with the religion of man. No clime and no age of nominal civilization has escaped the curse of that godless policy. Man writes up in bold characters, "This is the way to heaven," and lo, it leads to the dungeon of Caste; and the mocked worshipper enters not the temple of light, but the dark prison-house of corporate selfishness.

But pause we here. We are now at the vast portico of the Holy Inquisition; and it well becomes us to be silent as we enter so sacred a place—the holiest temple of the Church of Rome—a Church eulogized by the Tractarian, as giving "free scope to the feelings of awe and mystery;"—it does so here at least.

"The palace of the INQUISITION, or the HOLY HOUSE," says an excellent authority, to whose work we are indebted for the following copious extracts,[1] "had extensive accommodation for all classes of delinquents; rooms well ventilated (light and air being admitted through iron gratings), and sufficiently large for the occupant to move about, with bed, seat, fireplace, and a few conveniences; or close, dark cells, with little air, small space, a heap of straw, no fireplace, and scarcely any kind of convenience; or, deeper still, no light, scarcely space enough to move or stand upright,—a 'little-ease,' a misshapen pit, wherein the living body sank into the hollow of an inverted cone, and was fed with just enough to keep up the functions of nature, just to prevent death, and no more. Then were added, in due proportion of weight and number, those manacles, fetters, chains, and other contrivances of torment. The sworn gaoler might not speak to the suffering 'child of iniquity,' however summoned. To no call or entreaty, or sigh or shriek, was the 'faithful and industrious' keeper to give an answer by word or sign. No communication—no respite—no sort of pity! The inquisitor would come, or send, when it so pleased him, to put a question, tempt with a promise, or terrify with a threat. The durance being thus made perfect, in solitude and in despair, there could not be collusion with other criminals, nor corruption of the keepers, nor intelligence from the outer world, nor chance of any sort for defeating the ends of 'justice.' Gradu-

[1] Rev. W. H. Rule, "The Brand of Dominic:" London, 1852. An admirable work, and most carefully drawn up with respect to authorities.

ally, from the healthy and convenient chambers, down into the horrible pit, the 'inquisite,' who refused to deny Christ, to discover brethren, or to confess crimes not committed, was made to descend; and being still obstinate, was taken to the rack, or handed over for the stake."

The following account of one of those *autos-da-fé*—"acts of faith"—the consummation of the lingering tragedy of many a poor wretch who had been suffering for months the pangs of torture—is vividly descriptive of the horrible scene. Let us hear the author's own words:—

"The great bell of the cathedral had been tolling from early dawn, and now the city was in motion. All preparations being complete, the chief inquisitor proceeded to the palace-door, attended by his notary, who read the roll, beginning with the names of those who had offended least, and closing with them on whom the Holy Office poured its bitterest curses. Each person came to call, with all his marks upon him—marks of starvation, torture, terror, shame—or oftentimes with a smile of conquest on his countenance, and words of triumphant faith bursting from his lips. But criminals of that class known as dogmatizers were generally gagged—the mouth being filled with a piece of wood, kept in by a strong leather band fastened behind the head, and the arms tied together behind the back. In Goa, as each came, or was brought, the notary read another name, that of a guard or sponsor, who was to perform the meritorious duty of walking beside him in the procession: in Spain, however, there were two guards to each. The Dominicans, honoured with everlasting precedence on all such occasions, led the way, in Goa and in Spain; singing-boys also preceded, chanting a litany. The banner of the Inquisition was intrusted to their hands. The Spanish banner was a rude green cross, on a black ground, with an olive-branch on one side and a sword on the other, showing the alternative of reconciliation or death offered by the Holy Office. The motto was, *Exsurge, Domine, et judica causam Tuam*: 'Arise, O Lord, and judge Thy cause.' The Inquisition of Goa displayed a portrait of St. Dominic holding the olive-branch and sword, standing on a cloud, with a dog (of which his mother dreamt) having a brand in his mouth to set the globe on fire. By his motto, *Misericordia et justitia*, he seemed to offer the choice of mercy or justice. We pause here, to note that the rules of the Inquisition preclude the exercise of mercy, and set at nought even the common forms of justice. After the banner walked the penitents—a penitent and a sponsor, two and two. In Goa, a cross-bearer brought up the train, carrying a crucifix aloft, turned towards them, in signal of pity; and on looking

along the line, you might have seen another priest going before the penitents, with his crucifix turned backwards, inviting their devotions. In Spain, the banner which preceded was itself a cross, and answered the same purpose. They to whom the Inquisition no longer offered mercy, walked behind the penitents, and could only see an averted crucifix. Two armed familiars walked or rode beside each of these, who was mounted on an ass, and two ecclesiastics, probably Theatines, or some other clerks regular, also attended. After these, the images of heretics who had escaped were carried aloft to be thrown into the flames; and porters came last, tugging under the weight of boxes containing disinterred bodies, on which the execration of the Church had fallen, and which were also to be burnt.

"To do honour and service on that occasion, the whole body of civic authorities, high and low, walked in order after that miserable train; then the secular clergy, then the regular clergy. The staff-inquisitorial, not to be confounded with any others on that triumphal day, had gone before, a long space intervening between them and the general procession. They were attended by a strong body of armed familiars, all mounted on horseback, and, overshadowed by the banners of the Pope and of the king, they entered first into the grand theatre, and ceremoniously took their places. This theatre was a temporary wooden erection, but very spacious. It was, in fact, a large amphitheatre, resembling those which are used for bull-fights, except that it was not an unbroken circle, but consisted of separate galleries, facing each other, on two or three sides of a square, with stages for the chief officers of church and state, and one magnificent altar at least, the fourth side being left open for entrance and egress. On one side of the altar was a pulpit, for the delivery of the sermon and the publication of the sentences; and sometimes there were more pulpits than one. The members of the procession ascended the galleries in order, and the open area was left free for the ceremonies that were to take place. Outside the city, as in the Valley of Gehinnom, for the fires of Tophet and for the sacrifices to Moloch, was a hearth, or place of burning. As our own language is too poor to provide a name for such a thing, we consent to borrow from Spanish its peculiar designation, and call it the *Quemadero*. This Quemadero was a piece of pavement devoted to the single use of burning human bodies; and besides other sufficient reasons why it should lie without the walls, there was this, that the act of killing might be done apart, and so made the more formally that of the civil power; and that the smoke of those horrid sacrifices might not offend the nostrils of the higher clergy, they only going to witness the execu-

tion of their own sentence, to whom the sight would be agreeable, or who might, in superior devotion, wish to attend at the performance of the meritorious deed. Sometimes the Quemadero was a raised platform of stone, and sometimes adorned with pillars, or other bits of masonry, to distinguish and beautify the spot. Never were heretics baited and consumed with greater pomp."

On Trinity Sunday, May 21st, 1559, was the first royal *auto-da-fé*, at Valladolid, in the great square. The king himself was not able to be there, but the princess, Doña Juanna, and the prince, Don Carlos, were on the stage.

They were surrounded by the councillors of all the councils that attended the court, many grandees of Spain, a large number of titled marquises, counts, viscounts, barons, and gentlemen; ladies of all classes; and on the ground a vast concourse of spectators. The platform, stages, chairs of state, galleries, altars, and pulpits, were fitted up with unsparing sumptuousness.

When the procession entered the arena, this courtly audience counted sixteen persons wearing penitential badges, brought to be reconciled to the Church, and then doomed to life-long dishonour; fourteen to suffer death by fire; and a box with the mortal remains of a lady who was reported to have died under the taint of Lutheranism, and this lady's effigy was also carried as a mark of special shame.

On another occasion, when Philip, the husband of our bigoted Queen Mary, was present, we find the same pomp maintained. There attended "the grand ladies of Spain, with all the councils, tribunals, and constituted authorities of the city, in their seats of state, representing every power and hierarchy, and making that 'act of faith' as truly national as any act could be. France was represented by ambassadors, and so was Rome. All Southern Europe assented to the deed, and another sin to be retributed was registered on high."

"The Inquisition, being 'supreme and universal,' condescended not to heed the rights of nations, but gloried in the sacrifice of three foreigners in this festival of blood. Nicholas Burton, a citizen of London, had traded with Spain in a vessel of his own, and, about two years before, being at Cadiz, was arrested by a familiar. His alleged offence was having spoken something contrary to the religion of the country to some persons in Cadiz, and to some others at S. Lucar de Barremeda. What this something was does not appear; but the real cause of his arrest was his being owner of a fine ship, and, as the inquisitors believed, of all the cargo, and other valuable property. Surprised at finding himself arrested without a word of accusation, he demanded the reason, but was

answered only with threatenings, dragged to the common prison, kept in irons fourteen days, and, not imagining himself to be there as a heretic, but on false accusation of another kind, unconsciously supplied his persecutors with material for their purpose, by exhorting the prisoners to repentance, and explaining to them the Word of God. Witnesses to his heresy being thus made, they conveyed him to Seville, laden with irons, and threw him into a secret prison in Triana. There he must have lain for two years at least; and now he was brought into the theatre as an obstinate heretic, 'his tongue forced out of his mouth with a cloven stick fastened upon it, that he should not utter his conscience and faith to the people;' and whatever were the torments he had suffered, or the confession he made before his tormentors, we know them not. Llorente found records to the effect that he was a 'contumacious Lutheran heretic,' and that 'he remained constant in his sect, and was burnt alive; the Holy Office of Seville taking possession of ship and cargo.'

"To recover that ship and cargo, a Bristol merchant, in part owner, sent his attorney, John Frampton, to demand restoration. Frampton spent four months in Seville in useless legal formalities, when his powers were pronounced insufficient, and he returned to England for a more ample commission. Thus furnished, he landed a second time at Cadiz, where the servants of the Inquisition seized him, set him on a mule, 'tied him with a chain that came under the belly of the mule three times about, and at the end of the chain a great iron lock, made fast to the saddle-bow.' Two armed familiars rode beside him; and thus he went to Seville, alighted within the walls of the old prison, and was thrown into a dungeon, where he found some Spaniards under treatment for heresy. Next day he was interrogated as to his name, travels, calling, and relations, and lastly required to say the 'Hail, Mary.'

"His recitation did not include the Romish addition, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners;' and this served in proof that he might be detained as an English heretic, that the course of law might be interrupted, and ship and cargo transferred to the inquisitors. After this he was racked, and, at the end of fourteen months, brought out in a *sambenito*. Burton saw his baffled advocate among the penitents, yet not knowing who he was; and Frampton, having seen Burton burnt alive, was taken back to prison for another fourteen months, and then released, under the usual humiliating injunctions, with an obligation to abide in Spain. But a favouring Providence restored him to England, and he divulged the whole. He lost £760 cash, and understood—let this be well noted—that the gains of the Inquisition by that single

auto were above £50,000. He saw William Brook, a mariner of Southampton, and Barthélémi Fabianne, a Frenchman, burnt on the same hearth with Burton."

"To kill, let us remember, is murder in most cases; but inquisitors being exempted from the operation of ordinary laws, and never intending to kill any person, because the Church does not so intend, if it should happen that any one dies in their hands, not by their intention, but through his own obstinacy, it being remotely possible that they might have prevented it, they have fallen into 'irregularity.' But this accident happened in the service of the Church, who therefore empowers them to confess to each other, and to absolve each other.

"When the magistrate kills a heretic, a schismatic, or a rebel, he does his duty; and they bless him. But the deed is his, not theirs. They never kill, except by accident. Excellent Church! that can so nicely manage conscience, and so liberally remit the pains of hell, and so exquisitely absolve from even the slightest taint of criminality.

"The Papacy itself is gentle. That power, triply crowned, enthroned as if in heaven, serene, impassive, aspiring upwards, shutting its eyes to the wretchedness of men, and closing its ears against the crying of the oppressed, holds the Church in its firm grasp, pours the glare of ecclesiastical doctrine on the book of God, and launches vengeful bolts on every opponent. Angels ministrant—not the Papacy itself—direct the fulminations and smite the heretics. The Papacy, according to this ideal, hurts no man, but commits the scourge to inferior hands, and, like the god of Epicurus, knows no anger, inflicts no pain, and feels no pity. Nor were the wretched Jews less exempt from this horrible scourge.

"Juan de Mariana says, that in the single year of 1481 two thousand Judaizers were burnt in person, and very many in effigy, of whom the number is not known, besides seventeen thousand subjected to penance. Among those burnt were many principal persons and rich inhabitants, whose property went into the treasury.

"As so many persons were to be put to death by fire, the governor of Seville caused a permanent raised pavement or platform of masonry to be constructed outside the city, which has lasted to our time," (until the French invasion if not later,) "retaining its name, *Quemadero*, or 'Burning-place,' and at the four corners four large hollow statues of limestone, within which they used to place the impenitents alive that they might die by slow fires."

The unhappy Jews were now expelled by this high Caste from Spain, as though they had been Sudras so foul as to defile this holy land. The rabbi Abarnabel found his way into the royal presence, knelt before the king and queen, and weeping implored pity on his nation, and offered to lay down as ransom six hundred thousand crowns of gold. These intercessions had nearly prevailed. The king was calculating whether he had not better accept the ready money, when the first inquisitor ended his hesitation at a stroke.

"Torquemada rushed into the room where the king and queen were sitting, holding up a crucifix, and shouting at the top of his voice, 'Judas sold the Son of God once for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are going to sell Him the second time for thirty thousand. Here He is; here you have Him; sell Him if you will.' And then the audacious bigot flung the crucifix before them on the table, and retired in fury. The full weight of Papal indignation seemed to overhang them, and Abarnabel and his friends were put to silence. Here indeed the tribunal did not act, but only its head and its members, who engaged their sovereigns to act instead of them. The expulsion of the Jews, therefore, must not be overlooked, as if it were not a deed of the Inquisition. Having gained so much, Torquemada made the most of his opportunity. He sent preachers through the country to convert the Jews, and published an edict, offering baptism and reconciliation; but very few indeed submitted. He forbade Christians to hold any communication with them after the month of April, or to supply them with food, shelter, or any necessary; thus annulling a promise given in the royal decree, that during the period of four months no wrong or injury should be done to them. 'A contemporary and eye-witness,' cited by Lindo,[1] shall describe their condition at this time. 'Within the term fixed by the edict, the Jews sold and disposed of their property for a mere nothing. They went about begging Christians to buy, but found no purchasers. Fine houses and estates were sold for trifles. A house was exchanged for an ass, and a vineyard given for a little cloth or linen. Although prohibited carrying away gold or silver, they secretly took large quantities in their saddles, and in the halters and harness of their loaded beasts. Some swallowed as much as thirty ducats to avoid the rigorous search made at the frontier towns and seaports by the officers appointed for the purpose. The rich Jews defrayed the expenses of the departure of the poor, practising towards each other the greatest charity, so that, except very

[1] Bernaldez, MS. Chron. de los Reyes Catholicos.

few of the most necessitous, they would not become converts. In the first week of July, they took the route for quitting their native land, great and small, old and young; on foot, on horses, on asses, and in carts; each continuing his journey to his destined port. They experienced great trouble, and suffered indescribable misfortunes on the roads and country they travelled; some falling, others rising; some dying, others coming into the world; some fainting, others being attacked with sickness; so that there was not a Christian but felt for them, and persuaded them to be baptized. Some, from misery, were converted, but they were very few. The rabbis encouraged them, and made the young people and women sing, and play on pipes and tabors, to enliven them and keep up their spirits.' All their synagogues were left unpurchased, to be converted, without compensation, into mass-houses.

"On one occasion the people of Seville rose against the Inquisition. Their opposition, however, was too feeble to endure; it was based upon no true Christian principle. Crowds of fugitives were driven back into Seville, bound like felons; the dungeons and apartments of the convent overflowed with prisoners; and the king assigned to the 'new and holy tribunal' the castle of Triana, on the opposite bank of the Guadalquiver, to be a place of custody. The inquisitors, elate with triumph over the reluctant magistrates and panic-stricken people, shortly afterwards erected a tablet, with an inscription, to commemorate the first establishment of the modern Inquisition in Western Europe. The concluding sentences of this inscription, were: 'May God grant that, for the protection and augmentation of the faith, it may abide until the end of time! Arise, O Lord, judge Thy cause! Catch ye the foxes!'

"One Gaspar de Santa Cruz escaped to Toulouse, where he died, and was buried, after his effigy had been burnt at Saragoza. In this place remained a son of his, who, as in duty bound, had helped to make good his retreat. This son was delated as an impeder of the Holy Office, arrested, brought out in an 'act of faith,' made to read a condemnation of his deceased father, and then sent to the inquisitors at Toulouse, who took him to his father's grave, and compelled him to dig up the corpse and burn it with his own hands. Llorente shudders as he relates the fact, not knowing whether the barbarity of the inquisitors or the vileness of the young man is the more worthy of abhorrence. But it is a chief glory of the Inquisition that it can vanquish natural affection.

"As the sovereigns had given way before Torquemada, and banished the Jews, so now they yielded to his successor as their spiritual guide, and gave up the Moors. The Sultan, who had been appealed to from Granada, sent an embassy to demand that

his brethren should not be forced into Christianity. The Jews had not been so treated, because there was no earthly power sufficiently interested to avenge their cause. The Church, although she feared not the God of Abraham, was afraid of the Sultan. But no foreign Moor was thenceforth allowed to enter Spain.

"At length the Inquisition interfered; that holy and impassive corporation determined to purge Spain of the Moors as they had previously cleared it of the Jews. Rebellion followed. A fierce warfare spread havoc over all the province; but the inquisitors assured the king that his only remedy was to extirpate the Moriscoes; and after the last of their strongholds was taken, the remnant then scattered over the country was sentenced to expatriation. The bands of the Church military occupied all the kingdom of Granada, now marked out into districts. A troop of licentious soldiery drove the weeping Moriscoes from their houses into the neighbouring churches, and thence carried them away, in such vehicles as could be found, to towns beyond the frontiers, and from those towns they were distributed all over the Spanish peninsula, and mingled with the general population. Thenceforth the hated race had no visible existence.

"We now append the number of Torquemada's victims, according to the calculation of Llorente, which is quite exclusive of the Jews, and appears to be very moderate, notwithstanding a charge of exaggeration laid against him by modern admirers and apologists of the Holy Office:—

Burnt at the stake, ...	10,220
Burnt in effigy, the persons having died in prison or fled the country, ...	6,860
Punished with infamy, confiscation, perpetual imprisonment, or loss of civil rights, ...	97,321
Total ..	114,401

"From the time of Torquemada until the year 1809 there were, at least,—

Burnt alive, ...	31,912
Burnt in effigy, ...	17,659
Penitents, ...	291,450
Total ..	341,021

And what is the opinion of the Select Commission of the Spanish Cortes of 1811 relative to this Holy Inquisition? This commission presented an elaborate and profoundly interesting report, containing a review of the history of the Spanish Inquisition from its

earliest and most authentic records, concluding that it could not be established consistently with the liberties of Spain.

Of the main question it thus speaks :—

"This is the tribunal of the Inquisition,—that tribunal which is not dependent upon any in its proceedings; that, in the person of the inquisitor-general, is sovereign, since he dictates laws for judgments wherein sentence to temporal punishment is pronounced;—that tribunal which, in the darkness of night, drags the husband from the side of his wife, the father from the arms of his children, the children from the sight of their parents, without hope of seeing them again until they be absolved or condemned; without power to contribute to their defence and that of the family; and with no means of knowing that, in truth and justice, they ought to suffer punishment. And, after all this, besides the loss of husband, parent, child, they must endure the sequestration of their property, the confiscation of their estates, and the dishonour of their family. And can this be compatible with the constitution, by which order and harmony have been established between the supreme authorities, and in which Spaniards perceive the shield that must preserve them from the attacks of arbitrary power and of despotism?

"Priests, ministers of that God of peace and charity who went about doing good, are they who decree the torture, and are present at its infliction, to hear the piteous cries of innocent victims, or the execrations and blasphemies of the guilty! It is inconceivable how far prejudice can fascinate and false zeal can lead astray!"

I remember to have heard, a few years ago, from the lips of the Padre de la Canal, one of the most accomplished scholars and historians of Spain, in his library in the Augustinian monastery in Madrid, the sentence, "*The Inquisition has ruined Spain.*" And Spain must be colonized, peopled anew, and made Christian, before these traces of ruin, more general and more lasting than the vestiges of Roman, Goth, or Saracen, will disappear from the social condition of that fine people.

Llorente estimates the number of Jews who perished in the streets, under the fury of mobs, at upwards of one hundred thousand in the year 1391. To evade persecution, multitudes submitted to be baptized. More than a million changed name in the fourteenth century.

Let us now survey the reciprocity of indulgence which has, in Spain, existed between the High-Caste Holy Inquisition and the Protestant Soodra Caste of Great Britain. It is the same tale all over the world.

In the year 1713, Gibraltar was ceded to Great Britain; and by an article of the treaty of Utrecht, "her Britannic Majesty, at the

instance of the Catholic king, consented and agreed that on no account should Jews or Moors inhabit or have dwelling in the said city of Gibraltar;" but "her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain promised that the inhabitants of the said city of Gibraltar should be allowed the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion." The very next year, an Englishman, Isaac Martin, was imprisoned and tortured by the Inquisition in Granada, on the very spot where the edict was written for the expulsion of the Jews from Spain; as if to show Great Britain the effect of principles to which she had rendered obeisance in the proscription of the Jews at Gibraltar, and the return she might expect for indulgence towards "the Roman Catholic religion" within her own dominions.

What is the position of Protestant Christians at Rome? What places of worship, again we ask, are allowed to be raised? It is a state of things disgraceful to civilization. But is the Inquisition the only corporation that burns human beings? Let us see.

A Mr. J. Kingsley supplies the following communication to the "New York Anti-Slavery Standard" of January 17:—"Happening to have occasion to visit Carter county (Kentucky) last week, I was made the unwilling witness of a scene of barbarity that would have made the bloodthirsty Nero tremble. It seems, from what I afterwards learned, that the slaves of one William M'Minnis, quite an extensive farmer of Carter county, Kentucky, were suspected of being engaged in a conspiracy to rise upon a certain night, and, in connection with the slaves of an adjoining farm, murder the white people. This report having gained credence, the slaves were arrested, and tried by one of those mock courts so common in the southern country. One negro, who was supposed to be in the conspiracy, was closely questioned, and threatened with severe punishment in case he did not reveal the whole affair. The negro stoutly denied having anything to do with such a proceeding, disclaimed any knowledge of an insurrection, and begged to be released. But he was doomed to be tortured until he confessed. In order to intimidate the other slaves, it was deemed necessary to torture this miserable creature before their eyes. Accordingly he was stripped, the weather being cold, and then he received two hundred lashes on the bare back; still the negro swore that he knew nothing about the insurrection. Not yet satisfied, these inhuman monsters, excited as it were by the blood they had already drawn, proceeded to tie him up to a stake, with the evident intention of burning him. When told he was next to be burned, the screams of the poor creature were indeed terrific and heart-rending; but despite his entreaties and cries, a pile of dry wood was heaped around him and again he was told, if he would not confess, he would be burned

to a crisp. Still he refused, when the pile was lighted, and soon began to blaze round the victim. Unable longer to witness such unexampled cruelty, I rode away, and made an effort to get some neighbours to go and stop the inhuman proceedings; but was told to mind my own business!"

In another place "a vigilance committee was called into existence; and in Dover and other places a gallows was erected, and negroes were suspended from it, without a trial, like dogs In the 'free and enlightened republic' torture was also employed, and an immense number of slaves were flogged to extort confessions from them, many of whom expired under the punishment."

How strongly bigoted feelings support and encourage the most horrible atrocity may be perceived not only in the case of the terrible Inquisition, but of the High-Caste feeling of hierarchies in general when they have abandoned the principles of Christianity.

In the course of the Irish rebellion, the Protestants who were confined in the gaol and prison-ship were led forth to slaughter. "They were," says Taylor, "conducted to the bridge under a strong guard of merciless furies, piked to death with every circumstance of barbarous cruelty, and then flung into the river to leave room for more! While this work of blood was going on, a rebel captain, being shocked at the cries of the victims, and possessing some feelings of humanity, ran to the Popish bishop, who was then drinking wine with the utmost composure after his dinner, and, knowing that he could at once stop the massacre, entreated of him, 'for the mercy of Jesus,' to come and save the prisoners. The bishop coolly replied that it was 'no affair of his,' and requested the captain would 'sit down and take a glass of wine;' adding that 'the people should be gratified.'

"The captain, however, indignantly refused the invitation, and, filled with abhorrence and distress of mind, walked silently away."

And are unchristianized Protestants any better when involved in the degrading snares of CASTE? Not a whit! What do we find? In the late horrible atrocities at Kansas, Colonel Burford's regiment, famous for murder and pillage in that district, was despatched from South Carolina with religious services by clergymen, accompanied with a presentation of Bibles! Is this Christianity? Not a jot more than that of the Inquisition.

And what is going on in Austria? We there find that a priest would not permit the body of an Austrian staff-officer, an Englishman, of the Protestant faith, to be buried in a family vault which he had had constructed in a churchyard that is near some property which he possessed in Moravia. As Count Schaffgotsch, the dio-

cesan of Brünn, fully approved the conduct of the priest, the remains of the officer were interred outside the churchyard.

But why need we be surprised at this? "Notorious heretics are infamous *ipso facto*, and are deprived of ecclesiastical burial;" even they who bury them "incur excommunication." "All heretics are out of the way of salvation;" and "heretics are justly punished with death;" and, above all, it is not only an honourable, commendable, but indulgence-giving act, "to extirpate heretics." [1]

The same pagan system of religious cruelty was terribly exemplified in Otaheite, in honour of heaven, as in the Quemadero of Madrid. "The foundation of some of their buildings for the abode of their gods," says Ellis, "was actually laid in human sacrifices; every pillar supporting the roof of one of the sacred houses at Maeva, was planted upon the body of a man who had been offered a victim to the sanguinary deity about to be deposited there." Nor has this sanctified holiness of cruelty failed to be practised in India less than in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The tribe of Brahmins called Kurradee had formerly a horrid custom of annually sacrificing to their deities a young Brahmin. "The deity," says Coleman, "is supposed to delight in human blood, and is represented with three fiery eyes, and covered with red flowers. An intoxicating drug is contrived to be mixed with the food of the intended victim, who is often a stranger whom the master of the house has for several months, perhaps years, treated with the greatest kindness and attention, and sometimes, to lull suspicion, gives him his daughter in marriage. As soon as the poisonous and intoxicating drug operates, the master of the house, unattended, takes the devoted person into the temple, leads him three times round the altar, and, on his prostrating himself before it, takes this opportunity of cutting his throat. He with the greatest care collects the blood in a small bowl, which he first applies to the lips of this ferocious goddess, and then sprinkles it over her body; and a hole having been dug at the feet of the idol for the corpse, he deposits it with great care, to prevent discovery.

"After the perpetration of this horrid act, the Kurradee Brahmin returns to his family, and spends the night in mirth and revelry, convinced that by this praiseworthy act he has propitiated the favour of his bloodthirsty deity for twelve years. The discontinuance of this horrid custom of late years is said principally to have arisen from the following circumstance. At Poonah, a young and handsome Brahmin, fatigued with travel, and oppressed by

[1] Church of England Quarterly, June, 1854.

the scorching heat of the sun, sat himself down
a rich Brahmin, who chanced to be of the K
Brahmin, shortly after passing by, and perce
was a stranger, kindly invited him to his hou
to remain till perfectly recovered from the f
The unsuspecting Brahmin youth readily acc
and was for several days treated with so much attent
ness, that he showed no inclination to depart. He had seen
the Kurradee Brahmin's beautiful daughter, and conceived for her a violent attachment. Before a month had elapsed, he asked and obtained her in marriage. They lived happily together till the time of the Dussarah's arrival, when the deceitful old Brahmin, according to his original intention, determined to sacrifice his son-in-law to the goddess of his sect. Accordingly, on the tenth day of the feast, he mixed an intoxicating poisonous drug in his victuals, not, however, unperceived by his daughter. She, being passionately fond of her husband, contrived unobserved to exchange the dish with that of her brother, who in a short time became senseless. The unlucky father, seeing the helpless state of his son, and despairing of his recovery, carried him to the temple, and with his own hands put him to death. This being perceived by the young Brahmin, he asked his wife the meaning of so shocking and unnatural an action. She replied by informing him of his recent danger, and the particulars of the whole affair. Alarmed for his own safety, and desirous that justice should be inflicted on the cruel Brahmin, he effected his escape, and repairing to the Peishwa, fell at his feet and related the whole affair. Orders were instantly given to seize every Kurradee Brahmin in the city of Poonah, and particularly the infamous perpetrator of the horrible deed. He was, with a number of others similarly convicted, put to death, and all the sect were expelled the city, and strict injunctions laid on the inhabitants to have in future as little connection with them as possible."

Our readers have but lately seen an individual in France, who had cut his wife's throat over the basin,—just as the Kurradee Brahmin did—acquitted on account of his "religious sentiments." The Kurradee Brahmin had religious sentiments too; but every honest man must rejoice, that the sentence of a heathen judge, in his case, was far more upright than that of a so-called Christian tribunal. During the era of the French Reformation, the Roman Catholics complained that it was unjust and shameful to make peace with the heretics; and the Pope wrote to the French cardinals, calling upon them to do their duty and defend the Church. "It is especially to be feared," said he, "that God may inflict a

cesanment on the king himself, and on all those who have taken remt in this negotiation."

And is the holy zeal of the Mohamedans less active than that of Rome's pagan Inquisition? Not a whit, as we shall see. "The Mussulmans," writes one from India, "unanimously bemoan their hard fate in being compelled to forego the luxury of punishing apostasy with death. This is the recorded opinion of every missionary and Moulavi consulted. It certainly accords with my knowledge of the followers of Mohamed. I never met one yet, who did not believe firmly in this doctrine, and in the certainty of salvation to be obtained by the slaughter of an infidel. The Moplahs of Malabar and the Feruzees of Bengal, both true Mussulman sects, carry the belief now and then into action." Again, the Mohamedan directions for punishing heretics are conceived precisely in the same spirit with those of Papal Rome. "A female apostate, in case of refusing to repent, shall be placed under confinement, and chastised at the usual hours of prayers, until either she becomes a penitent or ends her mortal existence. If a male apostate from Islamism repents after having become apostate,—in the opinion of the learned, his repentance could not be accepted in this world, and he becomes liable to death. The doctrines of Islamism are not such as to admit of being differently construed in different ages or climes. Thus it is, and ever was, the duty of Moslem rulers to punish with death both unbelievers and apostates."

In the full consciousness of power, Mohamed proclaimed that all who did not forsake their idols should be exterminated; he even inserted the persecuting edict in the Koran. In like manner, Philip's reply to a heretic that was being dragged to the stake was —"Were my son such a wretch as thou art, I would myself carry the fagots to burn him." In a letter which he addressed to his aunt, Queen Catherine of Portugal, regarding Carlos, he declared himself ready "to make the sacrifice of my own flesh and blood to God, and to prefer His service and the universal welfare to all other human considerations."

"It must be borne in mind," says the Rev. H. Rule, "that they who refer to Spain to prove that the inquisition of heresy has ceased, and conceal the fact that there are tribunals appointed for that purpose, with power to deliver over their victims to the secular arm, to be burnt alive or hung, are guilty of gross dishonesty. Although there be not an inquisition in name, there is one in *reality*. It is perpetuated, by the renewal of old laws, in the tribunals of the faith." How close to our own times this horrible state of things has subsisted, we will now show.

De Castro, in his History of Religious Intolerance in Spain, tells

us that the Inquisition, abolished anew in 1820, was resucitated in 1823, entirely through the caprice of some bishops. In 1824, a man was burnt alive in Valencia, as a Voltairian heretic. This was the last victim of the iniquitous power of the Popes. And what has been proved in the case of the institution of the Indian widow-burnings? Positively the same love for holy cruelty, carried so far as to rest the custom itself upon a priestly falsification. "The basis upon which the institution was affirmed to rest," says Max Müller, "was in a passage of the Rig Veda. This, however, was proved to be a forgery, and the most flagrant instance of what can be done by an unscrupulous priesthood."[1]

Is that a pagan or a Christian society which excludes the Word of God from its people and its schools?—is it religion or policy? God gives His Word, and man seals it up: is this religion? Is this a part of Christendom? Is it not rather heathendom, and its prince the prince of pagans? What more could the chief pontiff of the Rome of Nero have done against Christianity than to burn the oracles of God, to burn His people, and to prohibit the possession of His Word?

Up to the year 1831, it may be confidently asserted that the bodies of deceased Protestants in Spain were liable to the grossest outrage, which the populace were instructed to think it became them, as "good Catholics," to perpetrate.

And what was the effect in England[2] when this horrible Inquisition reigned supreme in our then unhappy land? The people were disgusted with a creed which led to the perpetration of such unheard-of cruelties. Strype assures us that many were induced to embrace the Protestant faith during the reign of Mary, who at her accession appeared to be firmly fixed in the tenets of Popery. "The strongest proof of this," observes an able author, "may be drawn from the acquiescence of the great body of the kingdom in the re-establishment of Protestantism by Elizabeth, when compared with the seditions and discontents on that account under Edward."[3]

Let not poor Christians, however, be alarmed that the Old Man of the Mountain has begun to devour once more in Italy or in Austria. There is a vast difference between buying a new set of

[1] The passage actually stood, "Â rohantu gányo yonim agre;"—"The mothers may go first to the altar." This the Brahmins changed to, "Â rohantu gányo yonim agneh;"—a small change, but sufficient to consign many lives to the womb (yonim) of fire (agneh).—Profess. Max Müller.

[2] It may not be generally known that Cobham was burned on the site of Meux's Brewery, New Oxford-street, London; and on that of the Baptist chapel, Bloomsbury, thirty-seven persons.

[3] Hallam's Const. History, vol. i. p. 146.

teeth and buying a new constitution. Jesuit's-bark may indeed create a fictitious appetite, but a worn-out stomach will repent him of his youthful boldness. Digestion, appetite, muscle, eyesight, locomotive power—all must be natural; if not, galvanic spasm will never make a young man.

And now, let it not be said that these cruelties were the effect of the barbarism of the age. What has Christianity to do but to civilize, for civilization follows inevitably on its track? Here was the very head and AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE CHRISTIANS—nay, more, a god upon earth, who could have done anything he pleased. Yet he it was who prompted these crimes, lighted these fires, and canonized these butchers. He and his courtiers urged on the subservient nobles and the subservient populations of Europe to commit such crimes, in cold blood and in the name of religion, that none of these nations would of themselves have been wicked enough to perpetrate. Talk of barbarous times! Who made them barbarous? or rather, who, though with ample means, neglected to civilize and to Christianize Europe, for the sake of its own selfish Caste? Who, with the Bible in his power, locked up that holy BOOK from the world, because God's WORD was opposed to the word of the usurping Christ? Who was it that was all-powerful for evil and not all-powerful for good? Let us hear no more of "barbarous times," as an apology for barbarous men. No man of sense, no man of feeling, will, out of maudlin complaisance to bigotry, consent to remove one blood-stained landmark from the field of history. No! he will not unjustly falsify the records of his race, to please those who in England would stifle truth by the cry of "intolerance," or bury it abroad by judicial murder. No! not to avoid the cry of "BIGOTRY" from those who are the greatest bigots, or to shun the outcry of "FIREBRANDS" from men who have made more bonfires than the rest of the world combined—not excepting the long-protracted Brahminical suttees! No! not to avoid the epithet of "UNCHARITABLE" from religious epicures, who have roasted, from Cobham downwards, myriads more Christians than the pagans of Otaheite and the Sandwich Isles have of their brother cannibals.

"Oh! but, my dear sir, you really do run on most dreadfully; you are so coarse, so intolerant, so unchristian, of such an illiberal spirit. Where is your charity?"—"Nay, friend, it is because *I am* charitable that I speak out plainly. I show my charity by kindling the beacon on the deserted lighthouse, that the goodly ship of the state may not drive full on the surrounding rocks where stand a savage band of wreckers waiting for their prey."

"Oh! but the age of cutting off noses, and cutting out tongues,

and burnings and rackings, and 'all that sort of thing,' you know, is gone by for ever. Take it easy, my friend, and let things be as they are, and don't trouble your digestion.'

"Agreed and welcome—as soon as ever all the bloodthirsty laws and atrocious principles which produced these enormities are abolished with the same publicity and solemnity with which they were proclaimed—as soon, in fine, as Christianity has secured Oro, the big idol, and his sacrificing priests; till then, let me take care of myself, and, if you will allow me, of you too. Now go, my friend, and have a little chit-chat with the Madiai, Cechetti, Miss Cuningham, Borczinsky, and the monk whom holy men have shut up with madmen. However, stay!—you will get nothing from him: he too is become mad."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELIGION OF TASTE.

"One would not sure be ugly when one's DEAD,—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."—POPE.

"Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ."—HOR.

WE are now about to survey the Caste of the RELIGION of TASTE, one apparently having no connection with the horrors of the great Caste of the Inquisition; one as full of suavities as the other is of terrors. It is, however, one equally tremendous in its results.

There is nothing so delightful to the thorough dealer as to drive a hard bargain, and yet obtain the credit of honourable liberality. Purse and character thrive together. "A little learning" is said to be a dangerous thing, but a little religion is not so considered. It is, it seems, an article so dangerous to society that, like powder, a very small quantity is enough to produce a terrible explosion, and the smaller its packets and the more securely enveloped, the better. Like powder, too, the more respectable people are, the more they are afraid of it. This is very prudential, for they have more to dread from a religious explosion than the poor; their Caste, too, would be endangered, while the Pariah of society could have nothing to lose by it. Nay, we may look at it in another point of view; may it not be more truly said that respectable people are so afraid of it that they take care, if obliged to carry any of it with them into society, to produce it well corked down, with the label POISON in large characters? In fact, with these people, a little goes a very great way; and they think that, like most poisons, it is medically beneficial just in proportion as it is duly diluted. COMPROMISE is the diluent advocated by the political pharmaceutist of the "Times;" so that the puritanical toxicum which would madden a whole people, and make them run a-muck in every village and city of our island, may by our modern physician be distilled into a very palatable and innocuous draught. It is most unfortunate for this theory that all history and all experience prove its fallacy.

Humanity has been afflicted by a long-standing paralysis; a paralysis to be urged into healthy action by nothing less than the

most potent stimulant; but then the medical agent must be unadulterated—in fact, *puritanic*.

Half measures will not shake off the coma of the stertorous patient, nor will the Jesuit's-bark prove an availing tonic. The ingenious men of "compromise" would have our Sunday mornings devoted to the free-trade cries of "Come buy my fine oranges," outside the church, and "What must I do to be saved?" within;—without, the holiness of the tobacconist's incense wafted by the peripatetic priest of the meerschaum; within, the fragrant sanctity of the Sabæan cloud of the True Church.

Truly, the Oxford monk, who is great at cigars, finds no great difficulty in joining the paganized fraternity of the "Cloud-compeller" of the Vatican. He has but to transfer his sacerdotal ministrations from the secular to the spiritual narcotic.

"Compromise" writes up Ten Commandments within the church, and without it tells us there are but Nine. Truly it were rational to carry out compromise with an even hand, alike in civil contracts as divine; then should we see the sage spectacle of our Stock Exchange cashing "I promise to pay Ten Pounds," with nine sovereigns. Gentlemen of compromise, let us be consistent, if compromise *can* be consistent. Let our archbishops and bishops send round some few honest painters with their brushes to alter in our chancels the X. to IX.; and let Scotch Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and Wesleyans, reverently yielding to the superior Christianity of our new "Church of the Museum," and respecting the closer walk of these holy men with a holy God, stand by and mark the regeneration of the British isles by that intellectual process which has worked, and is working, so admirably in ancient Rome and modern Italy.

What Christianity wants now-a-days, it seems, is a decent assembly of safe men,—men of moderate principles; men of episcopal scholarship and apostolic mediocrity; men who know how to cull the flowers of sacred poesy, and judiciously eschew the acids of revelation, such, for instance, as "Ye must be born again."

Such puritanical doctrines have always been held indecent for a dignified episcopacy.

It is sad to reflect that this safe system never took the fancy of St. Paul. He was a terrible zealot, and, for a "Prince of the Church," one of the most unsafe for an episcopal legist: such a bishop in our Upper House would be the most uncompromising of men, a tremendous firebrand; sour, morose, bigoted—in fact, puritanical. His principles would have the effect of producing discord, and family and national quarrels, just as in the case of his Master, "who came not to bring peace, but a sword." That is just

what that stiff, stubborn, unyielding, uncompromising Christianity did in the thirty years' war of Germany, in the French wars of the League, in the wars of the Albigenses and the Piedmontese, in the wars of the Netherlands and Spain, and in the naval expedition of the Armada against England; all these, and many more, were the result of that terribly uncompromising, acidulated, bigoted, uncomplying thing, Christiainty.

Why will not this stiff-necked creature be more accommodating? Surely a gentlemanly, polite, and urbane religion is a more satisfactory inmate in our houses than the coarse downright Christianity of the tinker Bunyan, the sourness of Baxter, the ill-bred zeal of Wesley, or the savage truthfulness of Knox. This Christianity is a most intolerant thing: it will not give way, it never has given way; it will not endure a rival; it levels every throne but its own; it makes brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, a household of bitter quarrellers. Who will make this intolerant creature a civil, obliging, complying, polite, accommodating, and gentlemanly acquaintance? Would you know, my friend? Go to Rome; and its dignified "Princes of the Church" will tell you how all this may be accomplished. There, no mean Christianity of Dissent disturbs her grandeur. The "holy mother" and her children are royally apparelled; warmed by the fires of Smithfield, she is not afraid of the cold, and "all her household are clothed in scarlet." Go to the continental courts and learn there. Nowhere will you see the peasant sturdiness of Christianity, with its boorish obstinacy and its rugged truth. No! it is gracefully blended with martial reviews—ay, on the favourite day, too, of the bigoted Bible publican. There the romance of the "Holy Warrior" is enacted in the sacred opera of the morning, and the elegant ballet of "Every Man his own Saviour," in the Comédie Royale of the evening. This is something like a religion: palatable, tasty, princely. Alas! but for that beggarly minority, that poor-house Christianity, that *will*, Lazarus-like, obtrude its sores at the gate of the rich man's temple, what a delightful, respectable, charming, and polite religion would Europe have had!

The Soofee, though a Mohamedan sect of religion, is one of decidedly religious taste. What is more, it is in no way to be distinguished from that of the Caste of Religious Taste in England. It is a thoroughly safe one, and deals in elegant generalities, never committing any man to a declaration of Christian principles, and yet enabling one to be excessively religious.

"The Soofee professes eager desire, but with no earthly affection; he circulates the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in his sect, and all is mystery within mystery. So enrap-

tured are the Soofees with the beauty of Him who decorated the human form, that with the beauty of the form itself they have no concern, and if ever they behold a beautiful shape, they see in it the mystery of God's work."[1] Just so Akenside :—

"On every part
They trace the bright impressions of His hand.
In earth or air—the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the Virgin's form,
Blooming with rosy smiles—they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The Mind Supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy."

Now this is a safe, gentlemanly religion—one that does not disgrace a man in the eyes of his acquaintance by talking about Jesus Christ. "The Mind Supreme" is a sort of elegant pagan Christianism, and steers clear of many disagreeable personalities. Here is a Soofee hymnal from Saadi, into which we have endeavoured to infuse the religious taste of the original; it has the advantage of being gracefully dreamy, and would suit alike St. Barnabas and the "Sunday Museum Church" of Young England.

Give me, fair youth, that goblet clothed with fire,
Which swells the panting soul with chaste desire;
Those ruby blushes in the chaliced gold,
Soul-bless'd, like beauty's glowing lip unfold—
Waters of life! that vintage hither bear,
Whose fragrant breathings waft the soul from care;
Fraught with rich blessings, as when angel grace
Beams purest lustre o'er the lovely face.
Sweet is that stream all-hallow'd by the bless'd,
Sweet o'er the raptured soul th' o'erpow'ring zest.
Bless'd are your chasten'd fires, ye lords of love,
Bless'd the delight of seraphim above!
Dear is that heart which draws a blessing down,
By the soft bands of pure desire alone;
Who gaze enamour'd on that deathless friend,
All hail! his palace, yours, whose realm shall never end!

But what have we here? Positively something more lively than the Mohamedan Soofee can furnish. It is the Gallic RELIGION OF TASTE, and the precious veneer of the Parisian soul shows forth all its native grain under the application of the holy French polish.

Let us see. Here is a newspaper account :—"The ceremonies of Holy Thursday were yesterday celebrated in the churches of Paris with more pomp than usual. The attendance was great everywhere from morning till late at night, and in some places the tide

[1] Sir W. Jones.

of human beings leaving one church to perform their devotions in others hardly ceased for a moment. At the Madeleine, St. Roche, Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, Abbaye-aux-Bois, and Notre Dame des Victoires, the attendance was particularly numerous. Most of them were fitted up magnificently. Representations of the events connected with the Passion of the Saviour took place in several of them; but that of Calvary, at St. Roche, particularly attracted attention, and was the object of general veneration. Amid the sharp rocky eminences arose the cross, half covered with black cloth. A number of lamps, partly concealed among the crags, shed a 'dim religious light' over the chapel in which the tomb was erected, while the cross itself, on which the brilliancy was skilfully thrown, came out in bold relief. At the Madeleine the tomb was erected in one of the side chapels, but the effect, however in harmony with the rather ostentatious ornaments of the interior of that church, was not so striking nor so solemn as at St. Roche or St. Sulpice. The coffin was covered with velvet embroidered with gold, and above the whole, rose a canopy of crimson velvet surmounted with white plumes. At St. Eustace the tomb was placed in the embrasure of the principal entrance beneath the organ."

This is very graceful, and abounds with all those delicate appreciations of artistic holiness which we should expect in a population so famous for its civilization, when under the Christian auspices of the True Church.

Let us see how the Italians manage these things. Here is a holy "Procession of the Rosary" in the 17th century:—

"After the cross and banner went about two hundred or three hundred little children dressed like angels, and others like little he or she saints, amongst which they did not forget to put a good many little St. John Baptists. These were followed by thirty or forty young women, representing so many saints of their sex. One of them represented St. Apollonia; and to distinguish her from the rest she carried in her hand a basin, gilt and enamelled, in which there were teeth; another represented St. Lucca, and carried in a basin two eyes; a third, St. Agnes, who carried in her arms a living lamb, &c. There were some prepared on purpose to make the people laugh, and especially at St. Geneviève, who had a lighted wax taper in one hand, and in the other a book in which she read; and round about her were seven or eight young boys, dressed like devils, all over black as a coal, with great long tails, and very ridiculous and extravagant faces, and great horns on their heads; these skipped about the saint and made a thousand ridiculous postures, and apish tricks and faces, to endeavour to distract and divert her from reading her breviary by making her laugh.

"The maid who acted this saint had been chosen by them on purpose, on account of a melancholy temperament, who accordingly acted her part very well. The last of them all was the Blessed Virgin, who was represented by a very comely and beautiful maid, very richly dressed, with a great royal robe. She had a rich crown upon her head, thick-set with pearls and diamonds.

"I observed, that when this young woman who represented the Blessed Virgin passed by, nobody stirred their hats or bowed themselves. But a little while afterwards, when the wooden image of the Virgin came by them, all the people fell down on their knees, and, beating their breasts, called her the Mother of God, and prayed to her."[1]

Here we behold the tasty religion of a holy materiality so common to Papal Europe and our English St. Barnabases; a nice distinction being made between the deified wood of the image and the sordid humanity of the living actress.

Let us see another of these "great exhibitions," about one hundred and thirty years later. It is the fourth day of the festival of St. Agatha:—

"In front of the door of the cathedral stood a silver throne for the saint, under a splendid tester, supported on shafts of about twenty yards long, to which were tied ropes as much longer. Hundreds of citizens, clothed in white frocks and caps, were waiting to draw this ponderous vehicle, intended to convey the image of the saint. About six o'clock in the evening, St. Agatha, having completed her peregrinations, was conducted by torchlight to the church from which she had set out; whilst the bishop of the place, forced out of his house by the religious zealots, and hoisted upon the shafts, as a living colleague to the dead idol and relics, was hurried along, with less satisfaction to himself than to his flock, towards his own cathedral. The image and the silver chest containing the sacred remains were then dismounted from the car, and brought up the nave to be deposited in the chapel. At this moment the madness of the multitude was at its highest; they danced, roared out 'St. Agatha!' and rushed to touch the consecrated case. At length it was withdrawn; and so ended the procession of this laborious day."[2]

Oh! how easy it is for treacherous humanity to trick itself! How easy for a great sinner to imagine himself a great saint! If the Sunday opera be performed in an ecclesiastical edifice by well-trained hierarchical *maestri* and *prime donne*, and then called "RELIGION," then is poor conscience lulled to sleep. Say, inhabit-

[1] "Frauds of Romish Monks." Lond. 1691. [2] Blunt, *in loco*.

ant of Christendom, is it to be Mozart or Christ?—Reubens or Jehovah?—taste or thy soul? Thou canst not serve both at once, any more than thou canst at once look down upon the earth and gaze upwards to the heavens.

And what darkness does such a system as this spread over the soul! In the Roman newspapers, recording the death of a "principessa" who had then but recently died, and who had been at the head of one of the Roman benevolent associations, we find the following remarkable assemblage of taste and spiritual blindness:—"The association desires to express its thanks by making an expiation for the soul of the departed, by a splendid celebration of her funeral!" Here is salvation by the RELIGION OF TASTE!

And have we not our boudoir Religion of Taste, with its prie-dieus and crosses? Imagine the chamber-maid dusting this holy furniture for the fine variegated Lady-Christianity, that cannot hold communion with God without a "God-praying" chair! Imagine the helpless Christianity of this benighted being, if some pious burglar should deprive her of her ladder to heaven!

What a vainglorious synagogue of heathenism is man's temple of nature! Enthroned in this, in all the Papalism of human intellect, man issues his bull for the abolition of the living oracles.

Here, his nuncio, Intellect, will only consent to know God through the Soofeeism of his own poetry, his own painting, his own statuary, his own love of beauty, his own music.

His must be a geological god—an architectural god—a floral god—an astronomical god—a scientific god—in fine, the true classic and Athenian "unknown god" of intellectual paganism; but the Christ-God of St. Paul, the Bible God of Christianity, is an inconvenient God, nay, an obsolete God. Ah! how easy is it to introduce materialism into human worship—how hard to pierce by spirituality beyond the starry realms, and reach the throne of the Eternal! The ambassador of heaven, who would introduce man through this garden of the senses to his God, is a base apostate. The very purity of Jesus' life—the agonies of redemption—the awful holiness of Jehovah, and the eternity of the soul—all utter an anathema upon the treachery of that degraded delegate of Christianity, who, for the robes of Christ's righteousness, would clothe himself and his congregation with the vestments of the priests of Baal.

And what has intellectuality,—what education—another phase of the religion of taste,—done towards the regeneration of men? Well and nobly has the leading journal of the British empire written when it thus inquires,—"Are the reckless sensualists, the gamblers, the men who plunge wildly into the abysses of debt, men

without education? They are constantly men of the very best education, men who have had the very last finishing touch of the moulding hand, men of large information, elegant tastes, and high accomplishments. But the process which refined them on the surface could not control the force of passion, and subdue the inordinate, insatiable, and lawless element in them, which drove them on from one form of excitement to another, till it landed them on that criminal excess which corresponds to what is technically called crime in the lower classes.

"If this spectacle of the combination of education and criminal excess is presented to us in the upper classes of society, what possible reason have we to suppose that it will be at all different in the lower?

"Certainly men cease to be barbarians when they are educated; they are civilized beings; but how much of self-control is involved in this change? How far is this a moral change? What is the amount of security it gives against crime? That is the question. What is the effect of education in the upper classes, for it is as well to turn to them at once, because we argue with so much more reality about them than about the lower, who are involved in a mist of romance and theory? Does education, and good education, in the upper classes, stop wild, random, violent excess, especially in youth? Upper society does not, of course, often produce highwaymen or burglars, but it turns out gamblers, spendthrifts, and cheats. Can any one, then, inspect the annals of high society, and say with perfect confidence that education stops crime,—*i. e.* vicious excess, which is as bad in its way as the crime which puts the lower offender in the dock? Let us be real on this subject of education. Is there any clear evidence that education subdues passion, vice, or fury in man? Every Spanish inquisitor who has tortured an Albigensian in the dungeons of Seville, or fried a Protestant in the great square of Valladolid, has been an educated man. If the annals of the world, then, show that passionate excess, malice, vindictiveness, recklessness, extravagance, and wildness have gone along with education in those classes of society which have come under the cognizance of history, why should we so confidently expect that education should suppress crime in the lower classes?"[1]

Of all the intense absurdities ever perpetrated by men who call themselves "Christians," and who have the light of the Scriptures to guide them, and its unbending laws to rule them, that of purifying the corrupt inclinations and the degraded spirit of fallen man by intellectual amusement, is the greatest.

[1] "Times," December 29, 1856.

To purify the stream, the *source* must first be purified. If this be not done, nothing is done.

And yet it is strange to observe the same writers who acknowledge the impotency of education as a restraining cause, and who recognize the "chastening influences" of true religion, advocating the disruption of one of the most important ties of Christianity found in that golden link between God and man—a holy Sabbath. This is the very principle that has brought Christianity into contempt on the Continent, and has furnished arguments to the sceptic against the wordliness and sensuousness of religion. Let us hear this leader of the Christian press, who has graduated —judging from the false standard of argument used—in the school of the Porch rather than in that of the Mount :—

"As to the Crystal Palace: why may we not walk in a private garden on Sunday? If in a private garden, why not in a public garden? If in a garden out of doors, why not in a garden under cover?"

This style of argument-on-the-inclined-plane, puts us in mind of the Parisian schoolmaster who wished to prove that he was the handsomest person in the world, whose proof *accelerando* was as follows:—"Europe is the finest quarter in the world; France is the most beautiful country in Europe; Paris is the handsomest city in France; the university is the handsomest quarter in Paris; my room is the handsomest in the university; I am the handsomest person in my room;—therefore I am the handsomest person in the world."

But the spiritual instructor of Europe thus continues :—

"If a vast conservatory is not too like paradise, or another place, why may it not comprise ornaments of an artistic, scientific, and historical interest?"

Here comes in again that religion of taste which has left "the artistic and scientific" cities of Athens, and Rome, and Paris, just what we know them to have been and to be at this day. The journalist thus continues :—

"What is most to be feared from this sort of movement is the encouragement it gives to a dull, tyrannical, and prohibitory religion. It is the 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' and we may also add, the 'See not, hear not, know not, move not, do not,' old superstition still among us." [1]

Christendom, though not Christianity, bears witness to this dulness, tyranny, and prohibition. To Christendom, certainly, the Bible is a dull, tyrannical, and prohibitorial book; it is full of

[1] "Times," February 21, 1856.

such tyrannies as the following :—"Ye must be born again"—*that* is very tyrannical ;—"He that believeth not shall be damned" is excessively tyrannical ;—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" was terribly tyrannical in the case of the Jews ;—"Shut to thy door when thou prayest in secret" is both dull and tyrannical. In fact, true Christianity is full of tyrannies of this description—it ever has been, and it ever will be. But, strange to say, he who is a true Christian, finds these tyrannies very endurable, very salutary, and very delightful. To the fictitious Christian of religious taste they are insupportable.

Let us not deceive ourselves as to the means required for the regeneration of mankind. The agent proposed is simply an absurd one ; the cure to be effected is a cure of the soul—immateriality —and lo! man in his wisdom applies a material agent—one that is notoriously, and ludicrously, and irrationally inapplicable to the regeneration of the immortal spirit.

It is as though one should attempt to purify the noxious atmosphere of a desolate and ruined garden, choked with weeds and foul with miasma, by the very sensible expedient of setting up graceful statuary amid the neglected walks and squalid verdure. The connection, forsooth, between the shapely materiality of the one and the subtle impalpability of the other is so intimate! The former, doubtless, is a grand Phidian godship, set up to exercise a curative process on the blighting, poisonous air of this once delicious garden. Behold man's grand scheme of appointing his viceroy over the spiritual world of impalpabilities! Who does not exclaim with Elijah, "Cry aloud, for he is a god; peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened"? How absurdly, then, does our hebdomadal philanthropist enter into this ruined paradise, with all the regal grandeur of the Wizard of the North! He has but to wave his golden *bâton* with a dignified air, and behold, the foul miasma is at once dispersed and purified—for lo! his *bâton* is of gold. Sensible process! Agitate, then, this misty, foul, and pungent malaria, O intellectual sage!—you will never create a respirable air ; agitation is not alteration. If you would breathe the breath of life in this ruined, miasmatic paradise—if you would once more cultivate beautiful flowers—if you would again hear the sweet music of its celestial warblers, and see the golden fruit bend the rich branches of the "tree of life," you must create a new atmosphere ; or, while you are waving your golden *bâton*, you will drop down, a poison-smitten corpse. Is your wand, think you, the potent wand of Moses, that it should swallow up the serpents that disport themselves in the foul chambers of the human heart? Or is your rod the priestly fix-

ture of the Aaronic St. Barnabas, blossoming within the brazen gates of the sanctuary, and shedding enough holiness on the lungs of your matiual piety to form a reservoir of spiritual life for the rest of the day—in fact, a sort of holy gas laid on from the Belgravian main, and warranted to last the rest of the twenty-four hours?

Let us face the difficulties of the case as men, if not as Christians. Let honesty be our guide, and let us not seek to palter with our passions and our consciences. What is the testimony that truth bears to the relative power of the religion of taste and the religion of God? Let us hear :—

"The indolence of the South Sea islanders," says Ellis, "has long been proverbial. While the inhabitants continued heathen, the endeavours of the missionaries were altogether unavailing. The people frequently said, 'We should like some of those things very well, but we cannot have them without working; that we do not like, and therefore would rather do without them. The bananas and the plantains ripen on the trees, and the pigs fatten on the fruits that are strewn beneath them, even while we sleep; these are all we want. Why, therefore, should we work?'

> "They knew no higher, sought no happier state,
> Had no fine instiuct of superior joys.
> Why should they toil to make the earth bring forth,
> When without toil she gave them all they wanted?
> The bread-fruit ripen'd, while they lay beneath
> Its shadows in luxurious indolence;
> The cocoa fill'd its nuts with milk and kernel."

They furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment, that to civilize a people they must first be Christianized. And what says another Christian writer of profound philosophical character?—

"Pious Christians, deceiving themselves on this point, wished to conduct the people of Greenland methodically by natural to revealed religion. As long as they rested in these first elements, their preaching did not affect, did not gain a single soul; but the moment that, casting away their human method, they decided to follow that of Christ and of God, the barriers fell before them; and once more the folly of the truth was found to be wiser than the wisdom of man. The schools teach us to proceed from the known to the unknown—from the simple to the composite; but in the kingdom of God, things occur which derange all our ideas. There we must begin at once with the unknown, the composite, the extraordinary. It is from revealed religion that man proceeds to natural religion. He is transported at a single bound into the centre of mysteries. He is shown the mass before the details—the end before the beginning.

"It is the doctrines, the mysteries, the paradoxes of the Gospel, that we must carry to the savage, if we would gain his heart to natural religion, from which he is estranged, and to pure morality, of which he knows still less." [1]

The Christianity of our day is a very gaudy hot-house plant of the newest taste, and its cultivators scorn the old-fashioned idea of rearing fruit-trees [2]: we must, it seems, have flowers now-a-days, and not fruit. This is the rage of our new ecclesiastical floriculturists—no hard-working husbandmen are wanted now; all are to be florists. The old vineyard [3] and its old labourers are not in request. Hence, ornament, colour, and perfume are studied, and regular irrigation bestowed twice a day. On a Sunday, these High-Caste gardeners advocate, naturally enough, "innocent" and "recreative" *airs* to play round the delicate texture of their gay flowers, in order to freshen their vitality, and to give a deeper blush to their heavenly purity of bloom.

Neither St. Paul, Luther, nor Wesley, set about *refining* the people; that is a Papal process, and it has never succeeded in Italy nor in India. The Apostles gave mankind Christianity, well aware that it would produce refinement; for it teaches "soberness, brotherly kindness, meekness," and the "condescending to men of low estate." It is an utterly false principle to think of *preparing* the way for Christianity.

Let us be but once assured of what some of our fine popular writers would persuade us to believe,—that the music of the great masters discourses eloquence and piety, and that these compositions are so many sermons—in fact, that they are the outpourings of piety, and teach piety,—then, granting this claim, we are inevitably landed on a ridiculous *terra incognita;* nay, rather a terrible quicksand. Let it be granted. In this case, it will be well for government to lose no time in taking into its pay two sets of holy men; the one, ambassadors of God, to preach the everlasting Gospel; and the other, sacred musical Levites, to play perishing sinners into holiness. "Repentance" and "faith," government might perhaps dispense with, as it would be rather hard to expect a regenerating Sunday band to effect this in three hours. The one then would save "souls alive" by giving God's message; the other would save "souls alive" by giving Mozart's message;—the one would "speak words whereby they might be saved;" the other would play tunes "whereby they might be saved." Thus it is clearly the duty of the government to establish a fund for this Levitical brotherhood of musical

[1] Vinet.
[2] "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."
[3] "I am the Vine; ye are the branches."

priests, who *sacrifice so much* for the people ; even now, doubtless, performing their sacred functions gratuitously and out of pure love to the souls of the people. But the labourer is worthy of his hire. How nobly would these melodious Levites, with their brazen instruments, harmonize with the Jewish brazen gates of St. Barnabas, and the brazen candlesticks, and massive altars, and intoning priesthood of Judaic Exeter ! These holy Sunday melodists might then assume a dignified purgatorial position with respect to the sins of the metropolis ; and a special bull might be issued by His Holiness Sir Tetzel Hall for the regeneration of his spiritual subjects by these devout missionaries.

Sensible men would then see the purification of the National Church carried out vigorously and consistently—in fact, in harmonic progression ;—so that the beautification of the sinner's soul would correspond to the beautification of the sinner's park. Thus, poor "Pilgrim," in his progress from the "City of Destruction," might expect some handsome fountains of rose-water, to maintain a perpetual enamelled verdure, on his tranquil route to the "City of Eternal Light."

We are now prepared for a graceful mediæval debtor and creditor account for Sunday metropolitan holiness, similar to that made out by Tetzel to the cities of Germany when favouring them with the pontifical indulgences. These musical "indulgences," then, might be noted down somewhat after a *maestoso* fashion, thus :—

Parish of Belgravia,

Dr. to His Holiness Sir Tetzel Hall.

	£.	s.	d.
To 12 drunken navvies entirely cured of sin, by Mozart's Mass in B flat ; warranted not to steal,—at 3*s*. 4*d*. per navvy, ..	2	0	0
To 14 dissipated members of the "Junior United Service," entirely changed in heart ;—very humble and pious Christians ; —have left off claret,—at £16. 13*s*. 4*d*. per convert	233	6	8
(*N.B.*—Converted by the band of the Life-Guards, being as cheap as could be done for this hard work, and only 100 per cent. above the navvies. His Holiness Sir Tetzel and band worked very hard, and expect something additional from the government.)			
To 4 volatile spirits, carefully corked down, and sealed with a Mormon signet, by "I Puritani,"—(first performance this season)—at 10*s*. per spirit	2	0	0
	£237	6	8

N.B.—Superior Sunday-Salvation Bands let out on very moderate terms :—the instruments are warranted to be kept free from rust by choice Italian agents ; and a full brass band of sixty performers is kept in constant readiness to play "innocent" airs in Benjamin Hall, *just opposite to* Exeter Hall.

To be serious: here is a nation that has, after a scrupulous external observance of the Sabbath for two hundred years, together with a common, general, and undisputed admission of the paramount value and sanctity of the institution, suddenly, A.D. 1856, found out that this institution is not to be observed in the way that it has been; that it is not to be maintained, because it is a Jewish statute; that one half of the day is enough for God, and that music is indispensable for a portion of the other half. Now, the plain fact is, that certain folks, not the people of England, but partially of the metropolis and a few large towns, are seeking meanly to evade certain Christian duties which have become very irksome to flesh and blood. These people, however, do not like to confess this honestly; they wish to be called Christians without taking up the cross, or bearing "CHRISTIAN'S" burden.

Now-a-days, "Christian" must not have "much tribulation,"—must have no "persecution,"—no "denying himself,"—no "quarrels with those of his own household,"—and "no care of all the churches." "Christian's" constitution is so weak that he must not "strive"[1] to enter in at the strait gate; "Christian's" "mother"[2] would be afraid of his putting some limb out of joint; and as for "taking the kingdom of heaven by violence," "Christian" has grown so sickly and delicate that any such exertion would lay him up for months, and perhaps ruin his spiritual constitution, and render recovery impossible, even at St. Barnabas's hospital. Now let us look at the prime gauge and test of Christianity, individual or national. That is to be found in revelation, a subject to be treated of as the "WILL" of God. The question then is, Are we prepared to receive the inheritance resulting from it, not only with all its grandeur, but also with all its responsibilities? If so, we shall at once have a consciousness of our acceptance of this "WILL," from its very unpalatableness. Where, then, is the bitterness of "THE LITTLE BOOK" that was administered by the angel of the Apocalypse? Do our musical evangelists experience this wholesome, pungent acridity after devouring the book of Beethoven? Are the same practical, solid, beneficial results produced in the one case as the other? Is the feeling of self-condemnation and deep mental scrutiny the result of this musical Bible? It is one of the surest proofs, if this be not the case, that such readers cannot yet call themselves CHRISTIANS. These are great things to demand; but Christianity will accept of nothing less. Be assured that that exquisite harmony, with its rich resonance, its tenderness, its solemnity, its affecting pathos, and its martial

[1] ἀγωνίζεσθε.

[2] See "Our Lady's Mother.'

grandeur, will never induce "Pilgrim" to taste that peculiar bitterness that was so disagreeable, though beneficial, to Evangelist. There is no choice; the angel of the everlasting Gospel is imperative:—"TAKE THE BOOK." Men must imbibe the bitter poured forth by that small but mighty laboratory; and would they know the sovereign virtues of a tonic that alone can renovate the decay of man's moral constitution, it is only to be obtained on this condition. A musician is not a physician. Were this the case, Rome would now be the holiest, the purest of places, and the Milan theatre of La Scala would, long ere this, have attracted all the puritans of Scotland to her holy bosom.

It is a fact, not a little significant, that all those who indulge in the serene amiabilities of a sensuous worship—those who are the most strenuous supporters of the heathen paraphernalia of artificial holiness—those who make silver shrines for "Diana of the Ephesians," and insist on all the powers, privileges, and deifications of the priest of the sanctuary—are also the most strenuous supporters of these Sunday musical promenades. This is but natural: for what constitutes the main stock-in-trade of their Christianity within their Belgravian temple, may reasonably be supposed to be of the same nature with that without. Thus the musical worship of the parks in the afternoon is but a continuation of the Levitical musical religion of the morning.

As the humane philanthropist would say to the individual who too readily gives way to the seductions of the inebriating draught, "Beware!" so would the true Christian philanthropist say to the man of religious taste, "Beware!" The ruin of the drunkard, it is well known, is effected not suddenly, but by the force of habit. The ruin of the soul is of the same nature. Gratify religious taste at the expense of conviction, at the expense of light, at the expense of God's law, and real Christianity will fade, true mental light will fade, and the law of God will be superseded by the law of taste. The man who communes with taste, when he should be communing with his God, is a self-inebriated religionist.

Again and again he raises this deadly chalice to his lips, insuring first the paralysis of the soul, and then its death.

"Thank God!" exclaim our musical Levites, "that ranting old-fashioned Baptist that would cry out [1] so hoarsely, so unmusically loud, that everlasting dissyllable, 'Repent! repent!'—thank God!" exclaim they, taking the Aaronic incense of their cigars from their mouths, as they surround the band,—"thank God! we have done with that tiresome agent of the Nazarene! Let us hear a sermon from Mozart, or Haydn, or Handel,—these are the preachers

[1] κέκραγε.

for us." Ay, indeed: for what man of taste is there who does not prefer music to crying, even though it be that of the Baptist? The world has not yet, however, found the promise made to a brass band, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

And what are these artificial solemnities of music, compared with that hallowed trumpet-call of the Swiss freeman,—"LET US WORSHIP GOD!" so grandly ringing forth from his mountain temple as it towers to the sky from the everlasting hills;—"LET US WORSHIP GOD!" It is nightfall! the departing light leaves the mountaineer to solitude—reflection—darkness. It were not unwise for the men of our own island home also to prepare for the nightfall and the departing light; well were it that England too should reverberate with the solemn sound, "Let us worship God!" but then it must be "in spirit and in truth." It must be—

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

What is our new musical adoration but the dethroning of God to set up in His place the image of the Goddess of Reason with a harp in her hand, instead of viewing on the Eternal Rock the Living Angel of the Everlasting Gospel with the open Bible? Amid the energies of commerce, while wealth has been contributing its massive flattery to the nation, other agencies, more silent but not less potent, have been at work. Their results will ere long be apparent. Do not let our prejudices blind us.

What should we think of the artist, sculptor, or musician, who, after six days' incessant interruption, at length enjoys the favour of one entirely his own, for the steady pursuit of his darling study—what should we think of this man, who talks loudly of his enthusiasm for his art—of his eager desire to arrive at the summit of his profession—who yet, with a strange contradiction, voluntarily throws aside the opportunity, gives his thoughts and attention to a dreamy mode of study, and affirms that one-half of that cherished day is quite sufficient to aid his ambitious flight, and that human nature could not endure the fatigue of one whole day's application to these favourite pursuits? What sort of painter, what sort of musician, what sort of architect, would such a system turn out? And yet, in one profession of eternal importance, whose studies are for an immortality of glory, man is glad to find apologies for a sloth that is singularly unprofessional. Let him at least be honest, nor let him attempt to deceive himself and others by assertions that integrity must denounce.

Let us now look at the subject under another aspect, and let us inquire the state of Christianity—not of religious theatricals—in

those nations where the Sabbath is not observed. We must ask this question, because the express objects of a Sabbath, and its advantages, are to make man less worldly, more prayerful, more holy; to give him greater freedom from everything which would call off his attention from his God. The Christian tests the propriety or the impropriety, the correctness or the incorrectness of his every action, by the steady advance of his spiritual being—that divinity within him—towards the temple of immortality. If the grand object of a nation which claims to be Christian be the utmost progress in Christianity, such a community will no more think of wilfully wasting the precious boon of a Sabbath by practices treacherously covered with the harlot rouge of "innocent recreation," than a starving wretch would of throwing away the food mercifully bestowed upon him in his utmost need. Imagine a brigade of soldiers, at the most favourable period for repelling the enemy—that period when harassing foes on the flank and rear have ceased their attacks—strangely quitting their ranks at this their time of vantage, on a great day of battle, for "innocent recreation"! "What!" exclaims the man of sense, "does the general enlist madmen?"

And shall the merchant, the lawyer, the man of pleasure, or the tradesman, give six days to the well-being of his body, the advancement of his mind, the accumulation of wealth, the refinement of taste, the raising himself in the social scale, and the gratification of pleasure, and yet grudge that Christian trinity—his Creator, his Redeemer, and his Soul—one day of praise, one day of prayer, one day of thought?

No! let us not deceive ourselves. The English character is naturally too honest to refuse conviction, though it may dislike conversion. It will be hard to convince our countrymen that Christianity—the vestibule of the temple of eternity—is a casino for "recreation." Neither in yon magnificent building, a "house not made with hands," nor in our progress towards its entrance, is there anything like "recreation."

True religion is a thing of solemnities, not of amusement: it is not the pastime of life, but the struggle of a soul. In the very first step towards it there is very little recreation; it is the gaoler's earnest cry, "What must I do to be saved?" There is little "recreation" in "striving to enter in at the strait gate;" there is little recreation in repentance; there is little recreation in "fighting the good fight of faith;" as little in "entering into heaven with much tribulation;" there is little recreation in a "pilgrimage,"[1] and

[1] "We are strangers and pilgrims."

none in a Day of Judgment. What is Christianity? Is it a thing of earth or of heaven? Is it of the grossness of form, or the communion of immortal spirits with their God? Is calmness or tumult, excitement or reflection, its element? Is prayer in secret its vital breath? Is the study of God's WILL its atmosphere? Then the true existence of the Christian on the Christian's day is not recreation, but EARNESTNESS.

What, then, is the notorious state of those nations who give one-half of the day to the formal pomps of religion, and the other to "innocent recreation"? Are not these people highly cultivated?—are they not full of the finest appreciation of all that is beautiful in art and nature? Their "innocent recreation" and their exquisite taste have left them notoriously degraded in morals. And just in proportion as this "innocent recreation" on the Christian's day of peace has extended, and the reverence for that day has decreased, just in that proportion has their immorality augmented. But by what is the standard of "innocence" to be measured? The infidel has his standard—shall this be adopted? The man of pleasure has his, too—must this be the object of selection? The moralist, doubtless, has one in his possession which he would fain recommend. But the question is one of CHRISTIANITY. It is not, then, what the infidel, the sensualist, or the moralist may require, but what will meet the demands of the CHRISTIAN. Anything less than this will not do for the nation which arrogates that name. Either let such frankly renounce a title which would thus be absurd; either let them honestly say, "We are pagans, and intend to continue so;" or, on the other hand, let them boldly say, "We are Christians, and of Christ." The system that would have suited a Seneca, or a Socrates, or a Plato, will fall far below the requirements of Christendom. Such individuals might, with strict adaptation to their creed, have encouraged visits to the Parthenon and the groves of Academus, at once for the advancement of pagan holiness and of "innocent recreation." Here, the two objects are perfectly compatible with each other—but then, Christianity is not heathenism. In the one system, morality may coalesce with morality; in the other, Christianity will allow of no rival: it is God's witness in man, and it tells of nothing less than God.

In Greece, the piety of a nation exquisitely refined was to be promoted by the durable enshrinement of the intellectual principle. This was grandly effected by a Phidias; and yet the result was a system of materiality. The types of beauty, of majesty, of benevolence, were given for the instruction and moral progression of a race eminently capable of progress—and with what result? It was but to enunciate the Divine apothegm, "The world by wisdom

knew not God." Nor can it ever know Him thus. That law which regulates the true advance of a Christian people is a law of the *soul*—it has its penalties for thought, while human laws punish only the act. Let us not mistake. The measure of man's goodness and the measure of man's "innocence" are to be found, not in himself, but in his Creator.

To those who advocate such frivolous pastime for immortal beings at such a period, and who yet claim the appellation of Christians, we may well exclaim, as they stand on their giddy height—

> Beware, O Christian Wise-man, lest thou hence
> Do fall, and soil thy Princely Eminence!
> Though Cardinal thy virtues all be found
> For thee, 'tis well to build on solid ground.

Better a thousand times the truth in a barn—in the mouth of a child—in the wilderness—from the lips of the rough seaman—than the treacherous ministrations of too many of our highly-educated teachers, whose only god is CASTE.

It is worthy of remark, that while not a few of the Romanizing priesthood of our Church and their stanchest adherents advocate Sunday music, the sound-hearted portion of the Establishment, the Presbyterians, and the whole of the Dissenting congregations throughout the length and breadth of the land, heartily oppose it. Here, then, we have classed on the one side Papalists, Anglo-Catholics, and men of no religious profession; and on the other ministers and congregations holding the principles of Ridley, and Latimer, and Jewell, and acting up to the spirit of the Christian revelation. These parties are diametrically opposed to each other: the practices of the one have ever eventuated in degrading, those of the other in exalting, our country.

"The Romanist press inveighs against our country for hallowing the Sabbath-day. Why? Because they have raised to a level with the Sabbath the ordinances of men. In Catholic countries Good Friday is far more solemnly observed than the Sabbath-day, and saints' days are more decorously kept."[1]

Across the Channel we see the majority of a nation, in true heroic guise, selecting this peaceful day for taking heaven by storm, with drums beating and colours flying. Such is the model some would propose for a reflecting people like the English. And are things more rationally ordered by the supreme authorities of the National Church? Is this grave body—the depositary of the piety of the sixth Edward and the

[1] Dr. Cumming: Apocalyptic Sketches.

sound judgment of Jewell—exempt from the taint of this artistic Caste of Religious Taste? Alas! what a pitiful exhibition of vital religion is drawn forth from man's crowded ark of Christianity! This is not a question between two sections in the Church—it is a question between false religion and TRUTH. Grave "law lords" sit in judgment upon an appeal upon which the spirit of true religion throughout the world looks down with pity and with grief.[1]

The Christianity of this great country is degraded to the pattern-book of the clothier; and the adjustment of coloured cloths is elevated to the sublimity of the religion of rainbows. In foreign lands, as in our own, reflecting minds survey such scenes with surprise and compassion, and are apt to see in the grey tresses of legal sacerdotism, an incongruous weaving of law and gospel—a sort of artistic material, new in the spiritual world, for the clerical surplice—

> Where woven from their wigs, is seen
> Dame Liddle's spotless crinoline.

Has not the world had enough of this cultivation of symbolism? "It is a fact," says Dr. Cumming, "that Pugin was converted by his architectural taste from being what is called a Protestant, to be what he is, a real Roman Catholic."

Let us ever remember that the Christian is not a captive, to be led forth in the chains of floral garlands at special seasons, to swell the pomp of the church militant; nor is he to be paraded at fixed times, and gifted, at the sacerdotal will, with the afflatus of local holiness.

The Christianity of a certain class of men requires something very grand and very substantial to be thankful to God for,—

> Some o'er good dinners only say their grace;
> Some mumble something with an earth-prone face;
> Some rise half up, while all the others sit,
> And gravely shut their eyes a little bit.

Alas! it is to be feared that to a certain section of devotees, St. Paul's "own hired house," where he preached for "three whole years," would be a very shabby temple.

Our modern Christianity becomes so weary with Sunday meditation, that a little visit to the Museum comes to be reputed a species of moral and tasteful pilgrimage to the holy shrine of man's intellectual Loretto: the benefit to be derived is equal to the purity imbibed from its Italian prototype. Then, again, as the Italian hand-organ is an "innocent recreation" for nursemaids and children, there is really no reason why a brigade of these diligent

[1] Their late decision permits party-coloured changes of altar-cloths.

practitioners and musical devotees should not perform alongside of the Sunday band. Both would be hired by private parties, and both would be for "innocent recreation." It is clear that, if Sunday bands receive remuneration, the poor Italian organist should not be debarred from his gains also. In truth, no more mischievous deed has been for a long time wrought with a high hand than the musical consecration of the parks by the High-Caste Bishop Bull. Is this, we ask, the atmosphere of reflection? or is it the sounding stream that bears man irresistibly along, like some heathen ablutionist, upon its current of fictitious holiness? Alas! for the musical ignorance of the great tent-maker and the fishermen of Galilee! No Sunday band had these benighted Christians to aid them in the harmonious regeneration of corruption! Our second-hand statesmen manage things better.

The whole tenor of the Christian's life is one continuous struggle between that which is apparently substantial and that which is actually visionary. Surrounded by the light of earth, he is to walk by that of heaven; realities are to be invisible, and invisibilities real. He must view the concrete grossness of his physical being as a passing mist, and feel that all its relations with intellect, and all its wealth of taste, are absolutely impotent by their treasures to carry out the great ransom of his immortality. To his dismay, man has to learn from Christianity, that the most exquisite mental beauty, attended by her loveliest offspring, cannot pass beyond the clay tenement which she inhabits, nor the soil upon which her tabernacle has been reared. Intellect cannot purge immortality, any more than the son can create the parent that begat him. States may bestow upon man their homage to dignify his existence;—on him nations may pour out their honours, with a view to fertilize the blood-stained soil of patriotism, even as multitudinous rills are sent forth to vivify the wastes of creation;—for him music may shed its light over the night of time, and art may pour its golden rays upon the evening of his existence;—nay, he himself may be the living shrine of all that mind can contain, and all that art can glorify, and yet be less exalted, less dignified, less secure, than the Temple penitent, who smote upon his breast with "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The first is the child of Caste—the last is the offspring of Christianity. How does God look down upon this intellectual process of man to do Him honour? What! honour God merely with the intellect, when He requires the homage of the soul? Was it to redeem intellectuality that the Eternal Divinity descended into man? Was it not to ransom the kindred essence of immortality? A worship of heathen intellectuality Jehovah must behold with righteous indignation. To be exalted,

man must first be humble: he must be the "little child"[1] before he can be the king.[2]

Englishmen! there is a time coming when all will have a decisive opportunity of testing the power of the painted materialities of man's holiness; of proving the value of those visors and robes, the theatrical properties of corporate holiness, which, hired out and transferred from iniquity to iniquity, would invest superstition with the features of Christ. Yes! at the hour when you shall be clearest for judgment, but feeblest for strength, then summon to your bed-side the idols of man's "Church." Bid the acolyte bring forward the jewelled covering of a Papalized eucharist; let the might of science usher into the chamber of gloom the massive altar; hither hasten the sacerdotal procession, and with them bring those modern saviours of a ruined world, the sacred candlesticks, and bid their twinkling tapers light thy gloomy steps through the Valley of the Shadow of Death into the presence of thy God. Thy reason scorns the cheat, and revelation utters its anathema on thine idolatry of sense. The very fact that Christianity requires of man more than man of himself can effect—that it demands the tribute of a spiritualized existence, towards which he can offer nothing more pure than impurity, nothing more free than slavery—demonstrates the inadequacy of intellectual pomp and an æsthetic worship to raise man from a degradation which is emphatically a degradation of the soul. In a land where revelation is the professed gauge of Christianity, it is a common idea, which betrays a heathenism of apprehension little to be expected, that devotion is raised by what is courteously termed the "solemnities of music;"[3] that it can discourse to assembled masses in all the eloquence of holiness; and that it is as well able to raise the soul to God as God's message delivered by God's ambassador. What an ingenious special pleader is fallen humanity! It will produce you authorities from ethics—from the conventionalities of life—from right reason—and even from revelation, when the Caste-god is to be enthroned. For those who virtually make a religion for their Maker by making a religion for themselves, all reference to the inner life of the Christian is unwelcome. It is to this test, however, that we must come, or ours is not Christianity. Say, then, immortal spirit—for

[1] "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

[2] "He hath made us kings and priests."

[3] "Organs, or instruments of music in the public worship of God, were not introduced until the ninth century A.D. From the firm protest of the monks, you would suppose them fierce puritans, or excited Covenanters, speaking against it."—Dr. Cumming: Apocalyptic Sketches.

religion demands not the response echoed from thine earthly shrine—is this thy mode of being alone with thy God and holding hallowed converse? Does not the Christian more truly hold converse with his FATHER, when he has "entered his closet and shut to the door"? Here is a test of the reality of the communion between heaven and earth—between the immortal soul and its immortal Maker. Here is nothing to deceive or falsify the judgment. Here, in silence, no music excites the intellectual being, nor treacherously usurps the sovereignty of the soul. The communion is of the spirit, and not of sense; the one is of Christianity, the other is of Caste.

There is a special object for which the Romanizing party is striving to exalt the taste of our countrymen. Once get the people of England passionately to follow taste, and you will soon have them following their artistic teachers wherever they choose to lead. English travellers to Italy and Rome are particularly exposed to this peril. Taste is a treacherous guest. The tiger is beautiful; but he loves blood. Go near enough to stroke him down, and you will soon be in his jaws. Your taste will assuredly lead to his tasting you.

If an excessive love towards husband, wife, or child—the dearest of ties—be denounced by God as standing between Himself and His creature, how much more must an overweening passion for architecture, painting, or statuary, be, under similar conditions, the object of His sovereign displeasure! These become the lymphatic toxica of the life spiritual.

Papal Europe presents England with an instructive lesson. We have only to look around, and observe in every Sunday-despising country, the press in fetters and the despot strong. The moral of this may be read by the pure politician; the Christian has it engraven on his heart. It is the slave consoling himself for his slavery by drunkenness.

Let the statesman, let the free citizen, let the patriot well ponder on this important axiom, that liberty of speech, liberty of free action, liberty for a free press, never have, never will, and never can exist, where they rest not upon the solid basis of CHRISTIANITY. It is a childish, a vain chimera, to attempt to unite true freedom with contempt of Christianity; and he is guilty of that contempt who does not, as far as in him lies, carry out practically and honestly, not the half, but the whole of its teachings. If once the pure intellectualist leaves the fortress of Revelation, he must be prepared to meet many a "strong man, mightier than he," who will inevitably "strip him of his armour, wherein he trusted." Man is a "prisoner of hope," and his only safety is in falling back upon the "STRONGHOLD."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIGH-CASTE PRESS.

"If thou partakest of the root and fatness of the olive .... thou bearest not the ROOT, but the ROOT thee."—ROMANS, xi. 17, 18.

"Ours is the ARISTOCRACY of Fortnum and Mason."—TIMES.

ALAS! that there is a Caste of the Press. Self!—and again CORPORATE SELF! "Nay," say you indignantly, "we are the refuge of the feeble, the scourge of the oppressor, the dread of tyrants, the advocate of liberality, the champion of freedom, the great modern teacher, the patron of intellectuality, the nourisher of art, and the light of the moral day!"

And who, and what, made you so? Do you clearly recognize your obligations? Have you gained this vast territory by individual toil?—have you earned it by the sweat of your own brow? Is it the sole acquisition of your combined giant family; or is it an *inheritance* transmitted to you—an inheritance won with agony and tears, and fire and groans; an inheritance fertilized by the rich remains of martyrs—its boundaries marked by mountains of whitened bones, and its richest meadows permeated by streams from the gushing blood of holy men—the blood of men who flung away life, in the grand nobility of their ardour, with all the generous zeal of the GREAT CAPTAIN for whom they fought? Know that if you are noble, you are not the founder of your nobility. Of yourself, yours has nowhere, and under no circumstances, been aught but a life-peerage, and the light of your glance but a transient meteor. Know that your patent is of infant days; yet your inheritance is of the highest antiquity: it is the latter alone that has given you the necessary wealth to prosecute your claim to the former. It has given you a counsellor unsurpassed in zeal, in profound reading of the human heart, in elevated views and in motives the most beneficent. Untouched by selfishness, he has struggled onward in his noble task against all the combinations of despotism, and all the lusts of cruelty. For you, never for one instant of his God-like career has he closed his watchful eye in slumber. If, then,

you are in possession of a mighty realm, know that it is to him that you are indebted; by him you have been enabled to take your seat upon the grandest throne that ever captivated the child of a lofty ambition: be you sure that you become not a tyrant. Yes!—it is CHRISTIANITY that has pleaded for you with a force, a majesty, and a grandeur, irresistible; you reign because he has demonstrated your lineage. Know too, that but for the GREAT CHARTER, whose principles were expounded, applied, and enforced by the Great Pleader at the bar of Truth, you would at this moment have been a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth—you would have been the Ishmaelite of the intellectual desert—your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you. Look around, then, princely Caste! What see you? What has pure intellectuality done for *you* in France? What has she done for you in Italy? Point to her free triumphs in Austria. Demonstrate the magnificence of her progress in Spain. Search diligently for the majestic vision in Rome!

Mark intellectual Germany, starving amid mental abundance—aye! starving like to the famished island soldiery on the shores of the Euxine, when surrounded by vast stores of food, all-rich, all-nutritive, but dyked off from failing humanity by the deep trench of CASTE. Her intellectuality is not the intellectuality of freedom. She has no free press. And what did intellectuality do for you at the close of those Middle Ages, whom some of your sons so much delight to honour in architecture, in artistic ornament, and in barbaric civilization? Where was your freedom then? What princely benefactor at Rome—what son of St. Peter blessed your fount, and bade it flow with streams of vivifying intelligence? What apostolic successor enjoined his legate to establish a free press in each Teutonic city, to battle in the cause of TRUTH, and to unseal the true sources of civilization? And now that you have seen what unaided intellectuality has *not* done for the Continent—now that you have seen her feebleness to resist tyranny and superstition—turn your weary step towards England, and find not only a refuge, but a rightful kingdom; and gratefully and devoutly recognize your sovereign realm. Know that a free Bible gave to thee a free press. Know that thou wast an infant in the cradle—tenderly cherished, lovingly fed by thy great mother, vital Christianity. Behold! with one hand she rocked thy slumbers, with the other she tore open the only passage of escape from the dungeons of superstition. Know that thy baptism was in the blood of martyrs—that thy sponsors were faith and prayer—know that that Pariah "PURITAN" was thy foster-father, and dandled thee on his knee, and marked thine upward growth of manliness. Aye! with thee he

fled from CASTE to the woods and rocks of free America, that he might give back to England his glorious charge, more vigorous, more mature, more noble, more princely than ever. Dishonour not thyself by dishonouring him. Know that no country can be permanently free without the Christian's CHARTER, nor with it, permanently a slave. Know that the more Christian is the people, the grander is its nationality. It is more truthful, more respected, more dignified, more feared by tyrants. Just in proportion as it is Christian, it becomes the depositary of opinion, and the justiciary of humanity. Shall a Free Press, then, revolt against a Free Bible? Shall the child rise up against the mother? You cannot reign without her. Your existence is bound up with hers—the holy sympathies of her being, flow in your life-blood. To ask whether Russia has a free press, is to ask if she has a free Bible—you know that she possesses neither. You know that the publication of that volume has but recently been prohibited in Spain. The morality of the Castilian court is well known. The morality of the licentious court of Charles II., who "was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and who died with the host sticking in his throat," is equally an historical notoriety. His school was the Caste of superstitious intellectuality. Here he was the pupil of refined taste in music, poetry, painting, and sculpture. He did as some of our educated men would have England do now-a-days. He spent his Sundays right merrily—worshipped religious Caste in the morning, and enjoyed "innocent amusements" at night. What sort of a king did he make for England? What sort of renown did he gain for her? Her degradation was complete, and her name stank in the nostrils of the nations.

Contrast with the base effeminacy of his court, the noble spectacle of Cromwell's rule. Never did our beloved country stand higher in the estimation of the world at large. No! the free press of England dates its real origin from Wickliffe and his Bible, Cobham and his Lollards—from Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Jewell, and Knox. Know that Milton, and Bunyan, and Baxter, and the seven bishops in the Tower, and Cameronians, and Covenanters, and Puritans, and Nonconformists, and Independents, and Baptists, and Wesleyans—these were the true founders of the free press. None but Christians could weary out oppression with the copious offerings of their lives: in the might of God they conquered, when COWARD INTELLECTUALITY HAD FLED THE FIELD. For you they fought and won; for you they are still fighting—nay, for your progeny in despotic lands. They are your best, your truest, your most natural allies. On them you

cannot confer dignity; but your own nobility may be enhanced by acknowledging your obligations to them, and your authority widened and consolidated by supporting the principles they have ever advocated. Be assured that if you desert them, the people will desert you; and you may live to find in your own experience, that a High-Caste press will give rise to a Press of Dissent, just as the persecution of a National Church has given rise to a nation of Dissenters.

History has marked the Establishment dissenting from the Roman Church, and Nonconformists dissenting from the Establishment—the object of both was the TRUTH: against this you cannot prevail. You may tauntingly ask with Pilate, "What is truth?"—but, with Pilate, you will never find it, until you search for it at its SOURCE. The draught may be nauseous—so to the wayfaring man are the "healing springs" of the Pilgrim Fathers' land; yet they are not a poison, but a tonic. Drink, then, PILGRIM; you will be all the stronger for your journey through the WILDERNESS. Be assured that the measure of your stature is the measure of the stature of Christianity. Just in proportion as a tender mother can procure food for her children, just in that proportion will be their growth—that they may grow at all, the food must be nutritive. Would you, then, gain a still higher place in the affections of the people—would you more truly fulfil your exalted mission—would you lay deep the foundations of universal justice—would you effectively aid in repressing the purple tyranny of foreign despots, and in breaking the fetters of the prisoner and the captive—would you have "the blessing of him that is ready to perish" come upon you—be faithful to the grandeur of your origin; shun all exhibitions of versatility at the expense of the TRUTH: that were unworthy of the Metropolitan of the Christian press. Be honest, be earnest; shun the mean doctrine of "compromise" in what God has fixed. Strive to infuse into all ranks the same earnestness of purpose—struggle to forward the rule of a great nation, rather than that of a petty cabinet—to increase the majesty of the sovereign by the majesty of a whole people.

What is it that has given a superior moral tone to our press generally? It is genuine Christianity in its strictly abstract form. All the hangings of silk or of clerical cobweb that flutter in the sanctuary,—all the decorative holiness of substance or of sound, of robe or of reverend, of altar or of music, which make up the religion of the Papal continent, have done nothing for the freedom or the moral dignity of the English press; had they done so, the evidences would have also appeared in that of Italy;

of Spain, of France, and of Austria. We are then thrown back upon the fact, that it is the Bible Puritan of the present and the past, to whom England owes the grand privilege and possession. Here then is the moral certainty, that the press has been, and is still being elevated by the effects of the religious movement of Wesley, Whitfield, the Nonconformists, and the dissenters generally, in the first place; and in the next, by their action upon the Church of England and upon society. In a word, morality has been raised because Christianity has raised it. And yet you, the High-Caste press, can forget your obligations to this source! The "Puritan" is still doing his work upon you, whether you like him or not. He too is raising the people, and the people will raise you, or you must sink below them in moral weight; you cannot drag them down. You have no choice. Your tree must either blossom in hypocrisy, or bring forth real fruit. Nay, were it even possible, through your agency, to undermine the high feeling of this noble people, the destructive process would but recoil upon yourself. On the day that you should succeed in crushing true Christian feeling in this country, you would be even as the strong man bowing himself between the pillars of the temple, and would drag down ruin upon yourself. Already, in your blindness, you have been "making sport for the Philistines." If some of your tribe have been chained to the grinding mill of slavish superstition, it is because they have been dallying with the Dalilah of the West.

Despotism has marked the Free Press of this country nobly employed in sustaining the cause of rational liberty and true Christianity throughout the world. All honour, all praise to their righteous efforts! Meanwhile they have but to persevere in the support of moral and religious truth. Theirs is the holy advocacy of innocency and of sacred right; and their pleadings, simultaneously with the cry of the oppressed, shall ascend before the throne of the righteous Judge.

But again: in a metaphysical point of view, the idiosyncrasies of the High-Caste press, in contradistinction to the Free Press, furnish an amusing study for the psychologist, together with a practical running commentary on the Christianity of the former. This section of the press has a strong family likeness to the holy hierarchy of brazen gates and sacrificial priesthoods. It has an awful reverence for the sanctities of materiality, from the white tinder robe of the extinct clerical firebrand to the massive solidity of the stone altar.

Its sympathies are for holy things and holy places; while holy thoughts, and holy feelings, and holy revelation are plants too common-place to be allowed to remain beneath the fragrant dome of its

spiritual hothouse. In fact, this Caste has to beg pardon for being too religious; it is full of solemnities, and is the unwitting legate *à latere* of the Papal Mammon. Hence, on one occasion, it seems to owe an apology for naming "these awful truths of our religion, and doctrines which even a parent will not mention to his children, except in grave tones and on solemn occasions."[1] Anon, it considers that these "awful truths" may be advantageously illustrated by a scriptural pun. It is in this spirit that the Metropolitan of Caste informs us, that "though the letter killeth in some cases, we don't think it does in the case of the Bank of England note;" or, that such and such a thing was like the son "who was always at home in the parable, and who had his allowance of fatted calves so regularly, that he thought it a matter of course." Or, that there are men "who have their names down, not only in the Book of Life, but also in the peerage."[2]

This is doubtless intended for the children and parents of "grave tones and solemn occasions;" to which solemnity, of course, so old-fashioned a book as the Bible is not entitled. So regenerating a baptism for our Christian youth, administered by the METROPOLITAN of the FONT, is doubtless to secure them in that holy life which a puritanical reverence for so vulgar a book as the BIBLE could never produce. This is strictly in accordance with the priestly doctrine of the "*opus operatum*;" and here again the secular and the spiritual Castes harmonize. But the cheerful liberality of this section of the Caste of intellect is still further in singular and twin-born harmony with the religious principles of Rome and Naples, and of opera-going Otaheite, previous to the introduction of Christianity; principles far in advance of the puritanical notions of such men as Tillotson, and Pascal, and Chief Justice Hale, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Wilberforce, and Porteus; or, in fact, of that very ancient VOLUME from which these mistaken individuals drew their principles. In fact, our religious guides, in this devout section of the press, doubtless wishing to prove that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less,"

consider, in the charitable spirit of the ethics of Mount Olympus —their classical Mount of Beatitudes—that the majority of the audience of the opera is mainly composed "of young persons, and those young ladies who have for the most part been carefully and religiously educated."[3] Now Christianity is very liberal here too,

[1] "Times," December 11, 1856. [2] "Times," in a recent Leader.
[3] "Times," August 11, 1856.

and even goes beyond this opinion; she is keen-eyed likewise, as well as liberal, for she considers "the young ladies" who dance are as "religiously educated" as the young ladies who go to see the dancing; while His Holiness and the "True Church" pronounce the *corps du ballet*, *more* religiously educated than these "carefully taught" young ladies; since the ballet are of the "True Church," and their female admirers are only lady heretics. It is really an unfortunate matter, however, since these young ladies who frequent the opera are so religiously educated, and by this attendance give ocular demonstration of the depth of their faith, that the holy men who so piously taught them should have forsaken their devout pupils just as their "religion" had begun to bud and bear fruit in the holy hothouse of the opera. How comes it to pass that the pastor does not go with his young flock? Have the sheep left the shepherd, or has the shepherd left the sheep? Is the opera too unholy for the soul of a bishop and his clergy, and yet quite holy enough for the soul of the "religious young ladies" whom his clergy have so carefully educated? Alas, poor Bunyan! thy "Pilgrim" was of too *tinkerous* an origin to venture into vespers with these thy lady superiors! The old English tragedy of "The Bedford Gaol" was better suited to the meanness of thy birth and thy vulgar English taste!

A writer of great power and originality, in speaking of the writings of some of our fine modern writers, who in their religious novels attempt to compose a sphinx-like Christianity, has justly observed that "No reader is likely to be impressed with the dignity of being a Christian, by seeing in one of these works an attempt to combine that character with the fine gentleman, by means of a most ludicrous apparatus of amusements and sacraments; churches and theatres; morning prayers and evening balls. Nor will it perhaps be of any great service to the Christian cause, that some others of these profess to exemplify and defend against the cavils and scorn of infidelity, a religion of which it does not appear that the writers would have discovered the merits if it had not been established by law."[1]

That a part of the press that is so strong an advocate of the union of the Church of England with the State, should descend to flippant remarks on that Book which the articles of its own Church declare to be Holy Scripture, is surely a strange mode of defending her. Such a line of conduct cannot convey to foreign nations a very exalted opinion of the high moral self-respect felt by such writers as are dignified with the title of Protestant gentlemen and

[1] Foster's Essays.

scholars; still less will it raise their character as Christians among the reflecting portion of their fellow-countrymen. To desecrate the volume of revelation by using it as a reference-book for a cheap witticism, shows alike poverty of invention and bad taste. It does more and it does worse than this. It virtually countenances and supports the Bible-burnings, Bible-contempt, and Bible-bans, of papalized Italy, Austria, and Spain. Like these countries, it is to treat "holy orders" with great veneration, but the HOLY BIBLE with small respect. The Continent calls this "*religion*"—England denounces it as "CASTE." Such are not the means which Christianity employs to forward the advancement of the best interests of our race. Consistency, not levity in religion, becomes the dignity of those public writers who aspire to the headship of a free Protestant press. These would do well to remember, that their influence rises to the level of the worth of their counsel; that counsel is valuable only as far as it is in conformity with CHRISTIANITY.

They are traitors to themselves, to society, and their country, who knowingly lower the dignity and the supremacy of this great rule of life, in a nation or a household. Every conscience that is bound by its noble laws adds its weighty link to the national bond of grandeur, dignity, and power. Such an individual does for his nation just the contrary to what the Pope is doing for his.

The first supports the law of his God, and the result is national vigour and moral grandeur; the last locks up the Bible and its readers, the result is moral degradation and national decrepitude.

By this virtual abnegation of your high office—by this pitiful truckling to corrupt tendencies—by thus publicly lowering the standard of Christianity, you offer a premium to insults offered to your Christ. What! abnegate your dignified position as a citizen of heaven? What! become a persecutor of the noblest freeman in the person of a CHRISTIAN?

Listen to the majestic reproof administered to the Jewish inquisitor when on his bloody errand to Damascus:—"Why persecutest thou ME?" It was thus that the citizen of Rome was the representative of Rome, in her dignity, in her power, in her retributive majesty; he was under her tutelary guardianship; every insult offered to him was emphatically an insult to the imperial mistress of the world. Not less is the Christian the citizen of heaven; there is his high court of appeal: that appeal will not be unavailing. Beware lest you place yourself in the degrading position of the inquisitor of Tarsus. You boast of your toleration, but plead for intolerance; you write fluently against despots, but you are aiding spiritual despotism; you boast of your country's Magna Charta, but you aid those who trample under-foot the Great Charter of

Christianity; you call yourselves liberal, and yet, to your eternal disgrace, you plead the cause of illiberality. Thus your tolerance is for the intolerant—your pity for the unpitying. Do you not lavish your defence of religion upon the irreligious, and is not your plea for a RELIGION a plea for a POLICY? Have you, as mere men of the world only, read the lessons of history in a manner so careless or so perfunctory as not to perceive that you thus become the mercenary Swiss of the moral world? Do you not see that you, like them, boast yourselves the freemen of Europe, yet you, like them, are freemen in name alone, virtually becoming the satellites of despots, by undermining the "Great Charter." You are thus defending what they are defending—you are thus hating what they hate—you are loving what they love: here is a virtual friendship.[1] You, like them, hate the Christian, for he is a free man; you, like them, affect to despise his citizenship, but envy his dignity; you, like them, lower his motives, for they reprove yours; you, like them, disown his standard of action, for it is of God and not of man. The Christian would elevate you—you would raise yourselves by pulling him down.

Yours is the chase of the "PURITAN," that unclean animal, that is tolerated on the estate of the fine gentleman only for the amusement that he gives. In the time of Nero, the creature presented capital sport to the "great meet" at the Colosseum, just as he did to succeeding pagan pontifices on the Mons Vaticanus in the times of Cobham, of Huss, of Savonarola, of Ridley and Latimer, of St. Bartholomew, and the French dragonnades. "Harkaway!" was the harmonious cry of Nero, the imperial huntsman, as Christian after Christian, clad in the skins of wild beasts, was hunted down and worried to death in the amphitheatre of polished Rome. "Harkaway!" was the joyous cry of the great ecclesiastical huntsman, Pope Innocent, when he bade Simon de Montfort let slip the choicest hounds of His venatic Holiness against the Puritans of the Waldenses and the Albigeois, and bade them kennel in Carcassone and Toulouse. "Stole away!" exclaimed our episcopal huntsmen when they discerned Wesley escaping from the canonical cover. The cry was too late; and when they next caught sight of him, he appeared classically metamorphosed into the most terrible *sheep-stealer* the national fold had ever known. Even to this day his bad character cleaves to him.

> "And breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns,
> And on the bleating flock his fury turns."[2]

"Harkaway!" cries the High-Caste Press of our times, and the

[1] "Nam idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicita est."—SALL.
[2] Dryd. Ov.

newsman's horn chimes in harmoniously with the mediæval huntsman's on the Vatican; and the mediæval Jester, the light-weight Hunchback attended by his fimbriated hound, cheers on his most Christian master in the sport.

Have a care, gentlemen of the High-Caste press; however strong you may muster at the "meet," not one of you will live long enough to be in at the "death,"—your quarry will outlive you all! You dwell in Christendom and think it foul scorn to be called a pagan; we heartily accept the renunciation, and take you at your word. Turn then upon your own heart that light which you are but too ready to turn full upon the Christian. What see you within that shrine? Is it the deity of the intellectual SELF, or is it Christ? Answer honestly. Is not intellectuality more selfish than Christianity? Aye!—just as Christ was more unselfish than man. Come then, frankly examine your heart, and bring your asserted Christianity to a living test. Say, is it as zealous for the dignity, the influence, the progress of the freeman of eternity,[1] as for the exaltation of intellectuality? Do you test your present standing among the grand community of the citizens of heaven by the laws of that country, or by those of earth? Are you the way-worn pilgrim,[2] or are you comfortably at home now? Where have you proposed to rear the temple of your immortality?—on earth or in heaven, in literature or in Christianity? Who are your chosen companions, and what are your most cherished subjects of conversation? Are the first, men of God, or men of the world? Are the second more the disciples of art, of science, of material progress, than of the Great Master and the philosophy of eternity? Is your prime text-book "revelation" or "science"? Have you yet held any converse[3] with the BEING whose offspring you profess to be? If so, have you obtained new life and new light from your FATHER, and new love for Him? Let the boasted man of Christendom honestly say, if this his reputed country be rightly named from him as a CHRISTIAN, if he be too fashionably intellectual to speak of his Christ. This would be, to have had a great Teacher, and to have learned the language of heaven; and yet—strange idea!—not to be able to speak it! Ah! if this be all the Christian's acquisition, it is to be feared that he will be unable to converse with the citizens of his future country: he has voluntarily chosen perpetual silence. Finally, is your Christianity the emancipated Christianity of the heart, or the chained Christianity of externalism? Do you find that you need the intellectual

[1] "The TRUTH shall make you free."—CHRIST.

[2] "We seek a city out of sight, whose maker and builder is God."—ST. PAUL.

[3] "Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."—ST. JOHN.

pomps of music, of painting, of statuary, to form an artistic ladder to your heaven; that the grandeur of cliff piled on cliff in towering magnificence—that the mighty voice of the tumultuous waves, or the gorgeous ocean of the sunset, are *your* Christianity? Then in this case beware!—suspect! Nay, do more: analyze and examine your emotions; bring them all, their rise, their progress, and their effects, before the tribunal of TRUTH, where REVELATION is the law, and GOD the Judge. If they will not bear these tests, you may be an excellent pagan, but a bad Christian; nay, many an intellectual son of Hellen was there in the noble ranks of "the ten thousand," whose Christianity must have exceeded yours, just in proportion as his intellectual organization surpassed yours, and just in proportion as the wonders of creation and the majesty of nature which he surveyed, towered far above what perhaps it has been your lot to witness or imagine.

But, further: the superficial nature of the observations on religious subjects, made by the High-Caste Press, partakes necessarily of the superficiality of its Christianity.

Accordingly we are informed that "our labourers are apt to frequent the Wesleyan, or the Independent, or the Baptist, or the ranting chapel, where they hear a Gospel adapted to their own senses and faculties, instead of attending the services of the respectable Oxford or Cambridge divine."[1]

In what did the "respectability" of Wickliffe consist? We suspect that it consisted in the feeling of the contrite publican rather than in that of the Pharisee. Respectable divine! Why, there is not a poor uneducated Christian who holds daily converse with his God and his Bible in the sacred quietude of his closet, but what, in his acquaintance with the only divinity that CHRISTIANITY acknowledges, is far superior to a large number of these "respectable divines." To such a Christian of what avail would it be to hear a dry exposition of moral duties, or the mere evidences of Christianity, or the exhibition of the bare skeleton of a dry and lifeless theology? What that poor labourer wants is the practical evidence of the religion of the heart and not of the head, demonstrated by the results of the communion of his Christian pastor with his God; his trials, and the means by which he has risen superior to them; the history of his conflicts and how he obtained aid; the nature of his unseen foes, and how they were vanquished.

It is not to the raw student of military scientific theory that the sagacious warrior will go for instruction; would he learn to fight and conquer, his knowledge must be obtained from him who

[1] "Times," January 28, 1857.

has practically passed through many a hard-won battle and fiercely-contested campaign.

Respectable divine! is it the divine of St. Barnabas, or the divine of the wilderness, whose loud cry of "Repent ye" makes "that troublesome, vulgar Baptist" a ranter in the eyes of playful buffoons and of dignified hierarchists?

It is to be feared that our High-Caste Press will soon want a respectable Saviour, to match with its respectable Divines. Alas! our respectable divines are getting strangely scarce. It is to be feared that Ridley and Latimer, and Hooper and Jewell, are not thought very respectable now a days, when we see the fashionable, paganized, misty Christianity into which some hundreds of these respectable divines have melted away and disappeared within a few years. Be assured that this poor man, who needs not compassion as do these "highly-educated men," will never so stultify his Christianity, his sound sense, and his Bible; he is not intellectual enough for that—that is a feat reserved for the Oxford class list and its aspiring Oratorians. Alas! for this our "labourer"! He had only his Bible for his university, and Christ to teach him divinity: no wonder that he was unable to go so very far as these holy men. From Oxford to Rome was too far for his scanty means. Doubtless, he could not prevail on his TEACHER and his university to "develope" Christianity so admirably as they had done. His university, however, has taught him one thing well, viz.—the language of his future country.

Till these inefficiently trained students can speak as pertinently, vigorously, and zealously on the great themes of Christianity, as the pastors of the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Independent—and we add "ranting," congregations, it is folly to expect these labourers—aye, and sound-hearted intellectual men—to attend their ministry.

There is no disguising the fact, that as long as the altar is almost exclusively cherished, and the pulpit neglected, so long will the good-will, the earnest affection, and the attendance of the main body of our countrymen be estranged from the Church and fixed upon Dissent. The political perils arising from religious neglect on the part of the Establishment in times past, would have been of the most calamitous nature but for the zeal and faithful ministrations of Dissenters generally. This it is that has raised up large bodies of devoted men, Christian in heart and life, whom Rome can never touch. Unlike the treacherous relics of Popery still prized and adored by the Anglican Church, they hold no principle in common with her.

We say to England, in these days of treacherous Jesuitism in the bosom of the Establishment, Be thankful that you have Dis-

senters. We say to the Church of England, Be thankful that in your blindness you expelled the Nonconformists; they are now virtually saving you by the faithfulness of their teaching. No political sagacity has done this; the expulsion has produced results the very reverse of the intention of hierarchical bigotry, and the ways of God are being gloriously carried out by an instrumentality of inscrutable wisdom, which, now that the attack of Rome has come, we may distinctly see. Driven out of the National Church by a Popish spirit, they are embodied to encounter still more efficiently the same spirit which is now assaulting you.

As political writers, never lose sight of the fact that the POLICY of England has arisen out of its CHRISTIANITY. In proportion as that is free, the other is free also; its action has become more natural. What is felt and carried out by the strong individual mind, among the thinking part of the community, is ultimately sure to be carried out by the aggregate. That is a national action —that is worth having—that constitutes a moral grandeur, which all the cabinets, and all the statesmen, and all the princes, and all the autographs of princes, can never equal.

The same Power which has permitted success and fostered prosperity, can, by means unknown to His creatures, stay the former, and blast the latter at a stroke.

The Christian feeling of this country can never be trifled with with impunity. Whatever a Caste of political writers may fondly imagine in the pride of their quadrangular exclusiveness, there exist a stubborn honesty of purpose and a resolute Christian spirit that will prove too much for the selfish politician and his coadjutor, the Corporate Press of Caste, however powerful. Wealth, intellect, and numbers combined, have ever proved weakness itself against that innate might in the soul of man, which does now, as it did in the early ages of true religion, impel men to do, to suffer, and to die in the cause of TRUTH. This time, however, the martyrdom will not be on the side of the people, but on that part of the press which embodies the principles of Caste. That day, even now, may not be far distant. The life of a despotic nation is at best but the life of the despot—how precarious that is, all history has shown us. Disease, the assassin's shot or thrust, even an atom set in motion by Omnipotence—either of these is a sufficient agent in the hands of Him who meteth out justice. Diplomacy and political correspondence would, at a single blow, be shorn of their paramount importance by the regeneration of the Continent. That information which is now so costly and so difficult to obtain at despotic courts, may become comparatively valueless, and be the common property of freedom at large, and as easily known as the political action of America.

Christianity—not the thing of shreds, and patches, and colours, of tinsel, and pomp, and decoration, now called religion—would then move forward with an impetus that no bayonets could repress and no dungeons darken. Let us rejoice that light is stronger than darkness, and that the material shall never sway the immaterial world.

It is to be regretted that one of the favourite objects of attack pursued by that portion of the press here described and its Buffoon ally have invariably been those zealous and faithful messengers of the everlasting Gospel who have become distinguished by their unflinching assertion of the great doctrines of revelation, alike among Dissenters and in the Establishment. This has excited all the littleness of their narrow-minded excommunications. But it is not by miserable and contemptible scoffs against the powerful Christian eloquence and burning zeal of such men, nor by attributing to the noblest intentions motives of self-display, that they will benefit the cause of the National Church.

If a church is to be national in its true sense, it must be so not by acts of parliament—not by the measured support of that press that affects at one time the grave and impartial judge, at another assumes the character of the patriot, whilst its principles are the practices of the times, and its elastic conscience is liberal with the feelings and rights of others, but gripingly tenacious of its own.

It is possible for a High-Caste Press to affect the sublimity of the philosopher and his apple discovering the law of gravitation. It may yet be but the greedy child, and the law of its being may be eating, and not meditation.[1]

But further, a press of this calibre has also a lively set of sympathies for what it calls "religion," no matter to what inconsistencies this fact may lead it onwards. Now it is a part of what is called the "religion" of Rome to compel, where it can, the bypassers to bow as the host passes through the streets, and it is a part of its religion to punish a neglect of this reverence if it can. Is this religion to be admitted to our streets, and with such penal results; for these results are simply unqualified religious toleration? Be consistent, gentlemen of the Caste press. Carry out complete religious toleration. You ought to plead for the establishment of the Inquisition in this country, for it is a "Holy Inquisition," and holiness is surely religion; you ought to plead for a Papal nuncio in this country, for this is religion; you ought to plead for the burning of heretics, for this is essentially religion; you ought to plead for the deposition of our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, and the sub-

[1] See the second motto to this chapter.

stitution of a Roman Catholic prince, for this is true religion; you ought to plead for the restoration of all the cathedrals and old parish churches of England, to Rome for this is religion; you ought to plead for the "*Index Expurgatorius*," and the utter abolition of Milton, Shakspeare, Hallam, and Macaulay, for this is *declared* religion; you ought to plead, finally, that you yourselves, the press of this great country, should be licensed, ticketed, and gagged, for this is the religion of religious Rome. Nay, you yourselves ought not to be tolerated, for you are intolerant towards this part of Papal Christianity. Be consistent, gentlemen; put the Inquisition upon the Press, and the Pope over the Inquisition: this is Catholic toleration. To your cardinal virtues add more cardinals. To your faith in the fine arts, add your faith in what they have done for Rome and Italy. Add too, your faith in the wickedness of a policy abroad which is impiously called Christianity.

Make your compact as you like; aid in the slavery of your fellow-countrymen if it give you pleasure; call intolerance toleration, and put upon the hateful "Puritan" the religious fool's-cap, with its flames and pictorial imps, for your inquisitorial *auto-da-fe!* Be you consistent, and leave to the Free Press the office of claiming for England the same religious freedom at Rome that Rome enjoys in England.

When this shall have been obtained; when Protestant churches shall have been built at Rome as Romanist churches have been built in England; when Protestant archbishops shall lecture at Rome as freely as Catholic cardinals lecture at London—then shall the Free Press of England join you in pleading for liberality and toleration to Romanists; but *not till then.*

Let the High-Caste Press be consistent. Let it endow a religion of persecution for the very grave reason that the sect of religious persecutors is *more numerous* in one country than the sect of the religious persecuted. That, truly, is the logic of numbers. The question is not, as often falsely stated, that the Romanist is entitled to think his religion as right as that of the Protestant; but the fair statement of the case is, that no one is entitled to call that a RELIGION which is a POLICY. Let the see of Rome publicly rescind every bull and every curse against Protestant princes and Protestant people; let it give perfect freedom to Christian worshippers in her capital; and when all this is done—when she shall guarantee that she will not pursue a policy under the name of a religion—then we will grant that the Great Press will plead for her justly; *but not till then.*

The Mohamedans of India regard it as a grievance that they themselves are restrained by the government of India from the use of physical force for the propagation of their religion, or the punishment

of native-born Mohamedans who renounce it. Hence the people of Islam in India pronounce the late religious reforms of Turkey as dangerous to their religion. Be you consistent, again say we; plead for religious toleration for the Mohamedans of India, and be not so intolerant as to prevent their enjoyment of their religion, by carrying it out to its fullest extent in the death of every Mohamedan who renounces Islam.

To the High-Caste Press we say, after advocating the intolerance of the pagan and paganized religionist, Be not offended with the intolerance of the Christian. His intolerance is not the graceful placidity of the fine gentleman of conventional religion. The Christian's intolerance is that of the soldier who will not tamely see the stronghold of his Great Captain seized upon without resistance. He will not quit his post but with his life. His is the intolerance of the warrior who will at all hazards repel the foe. What, then, is the conduct of him who cries out in the name of "charity"? It is the treachery of the false soldier who, without striking a blow, gives up his arms, and fraternizes with the enemy. Is this the peace that the Christian warfare requires? The High-Caste Press is fond of advocating "charity" and "compromise," and it deprecates the idea of religious quarrels or religious wars.

"The particular point selected for the formation of these political varieties is, of course, an important one; else it would not warm our Anglo-Saxon blood up to the proper heat. It is religion, and all that pertains to it."[1]

Men, it seems, may freely fight about the principles of *meum* and *tuum*—that is an affair of the pocket, and its sacredness is duly appreciated by the conscience of this elastic press; but religion is, it appears, after all, really such a trifling matter, that it is absolutely astonishing what there can be in it worth while to quarrel about.

"Every man best knows the value of his own life," said the sailor who received sixpence from an officer whom he had saved from drowning. In like manner, every man best knows the value of his own religion; and he who can talk lightly of the latter has, we suspect, very little in his possession, or he would give of it more freely; his sixpence is given with a very ill grace to those who would save his LIFE.

"There are authors," says a profound writer, "who do not exhibit the signs of ever having deeply studied Christianity, or of retaining any correct and serious impressions of it. They are somewhat like the inhabitants of those large towns within the vast salt-mines of Poland, who behold every object in their regions by the light of lamps and

[1] "Times," February 2, 1857.

candles only."[1] Certain it is that if man will use a rushlight when he may have the light of the SUN, he must expect to remain in comparative darkness.

Religion has never yet made war, and it never will: if it did, it would cease to be religion. The paganism of Rome, ancient, mediæval, and modern, has made war against Christianity; so has the paganism of Islam, and the paganism of imperial selfishness, and the paganism of an unchristian press; but religion, never!

It has, however, defended itself when attacked; and all the horrors, and the crimes and bloodshed, which superstition would set down to "religious" wars, either of the sword or of the pen, Christianity throws back upon the selfish spirit of CASTE.

Nobly has it been observed, that "conquerors, races, orders, and interests have had to wage war with the commonalty, and in the end the people have universally prevailed. A thousand badges of slavery have been trampled in the dust."[2] That is also true of Christianity; and the Christian commons of this great country have their grievance—and it is no light one—in respect of those "interests" of a corporate High-Caste Press; for this sedulously decries the united Christianity of Europe.

Every evidence of earnestness and honesty in carrying out the plain requirements of revelation, is met with a bull and an excommunicating ban, fulminated by that Papacy of commerce, and its Cardinal, Mammon.

It is not, as falsely represented, that Puritanism or Presbyterianism demands the earnest course of action thus denounced by it;—it is CHRISTIANITY that demands it: it is not intellect, but revelation; it is not man, but God.

And what confidence can England have in this corporate "Holiness," as a spiritual teacher—for this high office it does not disdain? What says this our Protestant Pio Nono on the assassination of the late archbishop of Paris? Europe is told that "his death, so shocking and so terrible, will not fail to add a crown to his glory."[3] This would have been appropriate enough as a translation from a Parisian paper, but as a sermon from the great preacher of Europe, it is terribly superstitious. How a sinful human being can have any glory to commence with, and how that glory can be increased by a terrible death, is past the comprehension of the man who reads the oracles of God. Such a glory St. Paul would never have claimed. After he had done all, he would still have been "the unprofitable servant." The attribution of "glory" in such a case, however acceptable to the genius of Notre Dame, the Tuileries, the Vatican,

[1] Foster's Essays. [2] "Times," January 28, 1857.
[3] "Times," January 5, 1857.

or Vienna, sounds more like the tinkling cymbal of superstition, than the "trumpet that gives a certain sound." It were well that complaisance should keep on the neutral ground of policy, and that the garden of Christianity should remain untrodden alike by Balaam and his Ass.

When policy appears as religion, the statesmanship of the High-Caste Press may well and usefully exercise its legitimate powers of denouncing the masked intruder; but if that duty be neglected, the Christian commons will not neglect theirs. They have a parliamentary church and a parliamentary army, both soon to be more so; and whatever demands their money, demands its regulation; and though the High-Caste Press may not be "tempor-ally-minded enough to see how the State can escape the fulfilment of its promises, when it has promised to pay so much gold"[1] to any persecuting institution, we are "temporally-minded enough" to suggest, that the paramount council of Great Britain is competent to deal with this question as with all others. Nor will it bind itself down to the maintenance of the bad laws, bad compacts, or the bad superstitions of those who had art or power enough to impose them on the nation.

England will not be covered by the flimsy cobwebs of the Vatican, even though the broom of the superstitious Jaina[2] refuse to clear them away.

Nor is the High-Caste Press the only superficial reasoner on this national subject, since, at the very era of foreign hieratic assumption in this country, and lately, we have had statesmen obtuse enough to plead alike in favour of Italian and Chinese despotism. One[3] there was

> Whose letter writ to Lord John Russell
> Was like an artificial bustle,
> To give fair forms a false inflation
> Whose fairy structure lack'd foundation.

It has ever been the aim of political religion in this country to keep disunited the National Church and the dissenters. This was particularly the case in the reign of James II.

Burnet tells us that he met with a member of the Church of Rome, an able and honest man, well versed in the practices of the Jesuits. This individual stated that the Papists feared nothing so

[1] "Times," 1856, "On the Maynooth Grant."

[2] A jaina, yati, or priest, carries with him a broom, made of cotton threads, to sweep the ground before him as he passes along or sits down, lest he should tread or sit upon anything that has life: some even carry this so far as to feed a disgusting mass of weevils: a singular instance of mistaken tenderness.

[3] Mr. Roebuck, on the Papal Aggression.

much as a union between the Church and the nonconformists, and that "the Papists had two maxims, from which they never departed: the one was to divide us, and the other was to keep themselves united."

There is nothing that has struck so deadly a blow against the Italian system in this country as the ever-increasing approximation of Christians within and without the Establishment. The gradual abolition of High Caste in the National Church is also greatly dreaded; and still more, the faithful teaching of the grand truths of revelation.

"The pulpit," says Lathbury, "was one of the principal means of enlightening the nation and checking the progress of Popery. So alarmed was James at the effects produced, that, influenced by his Jesuitical advisers, he attempted to close the lips of the clergy.

"This was a proceeding quite in accordance with Popish principles; for as Popery places an embargo on the Word of God itself, it cannot appear strange that it should aim at suppressing the preaching of the Gospel. James issued a declaration on March 25th, 1686, prohibiting any allusion in the pulpit to the points controverted between the two churches." This is exactly the process that the "charitable"-talking party are now endeavouring to effect in England, stigmatizing with the name of "firebrands" those faithful men who boldly tell the truth. Let the history of the "Holy Fire Assurance" say who are the real firebrands.

Never since the Reformation has an act more thoroughly NATIONAL been done by any English statesman, than the recent appointments of true-hearted and God-proclaiming bishops. While superficial observers see in it nothing but a paltry dispute between two sections of the Establishment, men of sound forecast discern in it a bold challenge to Papal Europe at large: that result it must inevitably have, if our pulpits are cleared of the automata that lumber them, and the latter make way to truth-telling, energetic Englishmen. Our policy, moulded by increasing rectitude, will be resolute, clear, and CHRISTIAN; and the result will be that hieratic CASTE and national CHRISTIANITY will stand face to face.

They can have nothing in common.

And who are those that are retarding the advent of this noble era for England? Who but those who, as far as in them lies, are keeping down by false argument and degrading contumely, the Christian earnestness of the nation.

When a selfish High-Caste faction finds the zeal of a true-hearted English archbishop distasteful to its Parisian instincts, it treats the faithful old Christian warrior much in the same way as the perfidious Carthaginians did the resolute old soldier Regulus. His case is gravely decided on by the supreme Suffetes of the High-

Caste Press; he is forthwith consigned to their Hunchback Jester, who, like the tormentors of Carthage, joyfully places the ancient warrior in a barrel.

We quarrel not with the poor deformed pagan who submissively does the will of his masters,

> "And thinks, admitted to some equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

If the poor thing must gain his bread as a *carnifex Punicus*, it is not necessary that High Caste should employ him. Well would it be, however, if the deformed creature would attire himself more decently in this Christian land, dressing his fimbriated canine companion with a cleaner frill. He might then joyfully exclaim with Gloucester—

> "I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
> And entertain a score or two of tailors
> To study fashions to adorn my body:
> Since I am crept in favour with myself,
> I will maintain it with some little cost."

That gentlemanly plethora of morality whose graceful nakedness of Christian clothing lays so great a stress upon holy materialities, should, we suspect, be somewhat too dignified to associate with a serving-man of such misshapen mould.

After all, the Christian values at their true worth all purely High-Caste decisions; and truly has it been observed, that "it were worse than foolish to create a literary court of morals and human character, of which the jury, the decision, and the judges will be the objects of contempt before Him whose intelligence will equally distinguish and place in light, the right and the wrong of all time. How will they be confounded if some of the men whom they had extolled are consigned to ignominy, and some that they had despised are applauded by the voice at which the world will tremble and be silent."[1]

"Affectation! hypocrisy!" says Vinet, "is the cry frequently heard in view of certain manifestations, and especially religious manifestations. An ardour which glows in the depths of the soul, which engrosses all the faculties, appears too strange to be credited. In order to believe it, it need only be felt; and certain it is, unless it be felt it cannot be conceived of. All the efforts of the most active intellect cannot give us the conception of the taste of a fruit we have never tasted; much less of an effect we have never felt.

"It is with the heights of the soul as with the sublimities of the firmament."

[1] Foster's Essays.

It is to be lamented that the same classical taste that has fostered a love for pagan sacrifices in the High-Caste Church, should have had a similar effect upon the High-Caste Press. "It is obvious," says a profound critic, "that the writings of heathen antiquity have continued to operate till now with their own proper influence, that is, a correctly heathenish influence, in the very sight and presence of many who have admitted the truth of Christianity. This is just as if an eloquent pagan priest had been allowed constantly to accompany Our Lord in His visits, and had divided with Him the attention and the interest of His disciples."[1] And as truly has he remarked on the icy chill of these cosmoramic preachers—for they do take up that position in their typical pulpit of lead—that their arguments "are in general rather aimed to quiet fear than to animate hope. The pleaders of them seem more concerned to convey the dying man in peace and silence out of the world than to conduct him to celestial felicity. Let us but see him embarked on his unknown voyage in fair weather, and we are not accountable for what he may meet, or where he may be carried, when he is gone out of sight."

"One cannot close a review of our fine writers," he continues, "without melancholy reflections. That cause which will raise all its zealous friends to a sublime eminence on the last and most solemn day the world has to behold, and will make them great for ever, presented its claims full in the sight of each of these authors in his time. The very lowest of those claims could not be less than a conscientious solicitude to beware of everything that could in any point injure the sacred cause. This claim has been slighted by so many as have been wont to attach to an order of moral sentiments facts greatly discordant with its principles. And so, many are gone into eternity under a charge of having employed their genius, as the magicians their enchantments against Moses, to counteract the Saviour of the world."

[1] Foster's Essays.

PART THE SECOND.

CHRISTIANITY.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE WILL.

"That Book is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. That ought in all right to govern us who use them for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, we have no power. From that we are what we are this day. From that we receive whatever it is that we at this present do assume. He that rules without it ought not to be called God's minister or king. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."—KING EDWARD VI.

LET us never forget that Caste rests upon the will of Man,—that is, SELF; Christianity upon the WILL of God,—that is, the BIBLE. Of this great basis we now proceed to treat.

The selfishness that has exalted Caste to the rank of Deity, and enthroned the idol upon the neck of prostrate races, has not spared the purity of Redemption. The ambassador, not satisfied with his exalted mission, has arrogated the majesty of the KING. His message is from an unseen spirit; and lo! he is a teacher of the senses; his manipulations accord with his materialism. He makes his own god, but how rarely does he exclaim, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?" The art of ruling man by official spiritualism is as old as the depravity of the human heart; it was chastised in the "greed of Balaam," crushed with the false priests of Baal, shamelessly exhibited in the sons of Eli, intrigued for by Simon Magus, sold by Pope Leo X. and Tetzel; was systematized by Brahmins, Pythagoras, and Fetichists; has been rampant in the Church of Rome, and, alas! in the Church of England.

"But man, proud man! plays such fantastic tricks
Before high Heaven as make the angels weep."

The glorious effect of a free Bible has at length been amply vindicated in our magnificent possessions in India, where, in spite of Caste in its most stubborn and ancient form, the vivifying nature of its power has been grandly demonstrated.

Its precepts have at length burst the barriers of prejudice, and

the ambassadors of Christ, who have faithfully declared its blessed truths, have become the subjects of a deep affection on the part of the natives. The following are the observations of a close observer of these great results.

"At the missionary stations are day schools and boarding schools for females. So high is the opinion in which their character and principles are held by the Hindoos, that the schools of our missionaries are for this very reason better attended than those of government, in which the Koran is often a text-book. So extraordinary is the desire for knowledge now prevalent, and so singular the admiration of the Bible, that when certain Hindoos in Jaffa established a school in opposition to that of the missionaries, they were compelled to introduce the Bible, to prevent their establishment from being absolutely deserted. The Hindoos now believe that the English have Shaster and Caste, *i.e.* Bible and Religious Commentary."

We are told that the chief opposition to the Great Teacher came from the Scribes and Pharisees and chiefs of the synagogues, the paramount clergy of the day. The feeling of Caste was a terrible hindrance to their regeneration; even the good Nicodemus was afraid of losing his *respectability:* he came to Jesus by night. The essential difference between Caste and Christianity is, that the first is selfish, the latter liberal; the one is exclusive, the other comprehensive. That paganism of the affections that marked the heathen priest in his bigoted sway over his fellow-man still subsists in the political hierophant; and just so much the more strongly as he is more a pagan state-pontiff than he is a pious Christian divine. "Doth not your master pay tribute?" is the question common to the tax-gatherer, to Tetzel, and the Church of England salesman; nay, the lambs are for sale with the fold.

There is no man who holds a firm faith in revelation but must be forcibly struck with the complete, the abiding system of self-abnegation which is the prominent feature in the grand scheme which it opens for all races and for every clime. That noble disinterestedness is the paramount characteristic of the man of God, and it draws its origin from Eternal Love. When we survey the contracted limits of the grandest temple of mundane Christianity, our humiliation is painful, and we look around us, doubting if it be indeed built on the model of its spiritual Founder.

It is too narrow for our Christian commons, and too fine for the contrite publican. Nay, our paganized pontifices still exclaim—

"Favete linguis et procul este profani."

Alas! who is apostolic enough to exchange this grandeur for the

"lanes and hedges"? who is "compelling them to come in"? It is this spiritual exclusiveness that has been, and still is, the bane of Christianity. It is this which has been the precursor of despotism, yet the ultimate founder of political freedom.

The GREAT CHARTER of Redemption is not less certainly followed by national freedom, by enlightened progress and expansive philanthropy, by the widened energies of commerce, and the mightiest activities of science,—in a word, by the moral grandeur of communities,—than is its suppression by political decrepitude and the sepultūre of a nation's virtue. "Them that honour Me I will honour; and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." That king is best honoured where God is most feared. Most admirably has D'Aubigné[1] characterized Romanism when he remarks that,—

"To set up a single caste as mediators between God and man, and to barter, in exchange for works, and penances, and gold, the salvation freely given by God,—such was Popery. To open wide to all, through Jesus Christ, and without any earthly mediator, and without that power that called itself the Church, free access to the gift of God, eternal life,—such was Christianity, and such was the Reformation.

"Popery may be compared to a high wall erected by the labour of ages between man and God. Whoever will scale it must pay, or suffer in the attempt; and even then he will fail to overleap it. The Reformation is the power which has thrown down this wall, has restored Christ to man, and has thus made plain the way of access to the Creator. Popery separates man from God; the Gospel reunites them."

They were the vivifying principles of the Bible that led to the early rising greatness of Savoy and the Albigenses, the flourishing commerce of the counts of Toulouse, and the busy cities of Provence. Commercial integrity is impossible for that nation which prefers the morality of Dens or Liguori to the law of God.

Never, in all the magnificence of the Hellenic colonial system, or the activities of Ionian commerce, had a growth so mighty and so rapid characterized their far-spreading foundations as that which distinguished the maritime offshoots of the Reformation. The republic of the Netherlands was its immediate progeny.

The spirit of the Bible and the spirit of successful commerce are eminently analogous—they both tell of integrity and industry. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," or "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

[1] History of the Reformation.

Such are the golden proverbs alike of national piety and true enterprise. There are great things in the world which have yet produced little results; there are glorious things which have but tended to inglorious effects. They are thus constituted by the abortive adorations of human intellect. The dedication of Samuel to Jehovah was an offering from the spirit to the God of Spirit; that of too many of the temples of Christendom has been an offering on the shrine of man's vanity or his superstition. Architecture, painting, the pomps of ecclesiastical music, and the gorgeousness of an hierarchic array, may shed their magnificence over the dazzled senses—they may produce a delirious day-dream, but they have never yet brought forth a nation of FREE MEN; that is the mighty maternity of the Bible. How rapidly did the Hollanders outstrip the advance of the Portuguese, their mercantile predecessors in India. Already, in 1595, their progress in the East was prodigious. How quick was the birth of the naval supremacy of England under Elizabeth. What but the same spirit animated the maritime free cities of Germany, and furthered their immense prosperity? And, above all, what but the free spirit of the Reformation founded, Bible in hand, the majestic array of the American colonies?

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came,—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the forest's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

"Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,
This was their welcome home.

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye, call it Holy Ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD!"

It was from a Christian and enlightened spirit that these states dated their origin; but it was the Laudian principle of official spiritualism, and the Stuart doctrines of despotic power, that swelled the throng of freemen.

The spirit of commercial enterprise, and the national distinction of grand mechanical agencies, are diametrically opposed to superstition. The one flourishes by inquiry, the other exists by monotony; the one is the creature of light, the other thrives amid darkness. The former gratifies taste and gilds corruption; the latter grows mighty from judgment. The first clears the intellect of communities; the latter soothes by a narcotic. The one imparts to its offspring a giant mould; to the other is born a stunted progeny. The railway, the steam-engine, the vast mechanics of the factory, the resistless might of a free press, the widening glories of our English constitution, the marvels of our floating cities, the solidity of our national character, and, finally, the free life of a world in the West, with all its prodigies of commerce,—all these are the offspring, not of form, but of life; not of mendicant fraternities, but of the free brotherhood of Christians; not of Loyola, but of Luther,—in a word, not of Superstition, but of Christianity. A nation that can exhibit results so grand, can well afford to endure the taunt of gross materialism; if it be so, let it be remembered that it was intellectual freedom that called into existence the ministering agency by which these wonders were produced, and by which the subsistence and the intelligence of myriads were stimulated and insured.

But the Christian statesman does not look upon the region of politics, subsequent to the grand era of reform, with the same eye with which he surveys the cumbrous dynasties of antiquity, or the feudal princedoms of the mediæval ages. Before this quickening era, ambition had moulded the structure of power, and the springs of action were founded in SELF. By the ruling powers the dignity of man was, as a principle, unrecognized; it was reserved for the Gospel to transform the serf into a free man, and the Reformation put the finishing stroke to feudalism. Before this, never had such a pure code been promulgated;—it was embraced by a whole nation, and the laws of God became the laws of man. Here then was the commencement of a new career for the human race. Who does not discern the political results? A new rule of faith had become a grand law of action. For ages past the Church had not been of God, but of man; it had been, as it were, a pyramid which men had attempted to rear on its apex. It was reserved for the sixteenth century to expose the insanity of the long train of builders who had so wantonly ignored the CHIEF CORNER-STONE.

That wealthy corporation which was early introduced into all the European states by Rome, miscalled "the Church," had at length been found to be so grossly dishonest in its dealings, and so exorbitant in the sale of its wares, that a large part of the Saxon race voluntarily left the tables of the money-changers. Nor was the origin of the reform the least astonishing fact in the wonders of the sixteenth century.

"God chose the reformers of the Church from the same condition and worldly circumstances whence He had before taken the Apostles; He chose them from that humble class which, though not the lowest, can hardly be said to belong to the middle ranks. Everything was thus to make manifest to the world that the work was not of man, but of God. The reformer Zwingle emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, from an armourer's workshop; and Luther from the cottage of a poor miner." [1]

One of the most important movements ever made by this great Bible champion was Romewards; but with a result very different from that which has attended so many of our Oxonian antiquaries; thence the former returned with light; the latter brought back a darkness palpable. "The nearer we approach Rome," said Luther, "the greater number of bad Christians do we find." Rome has not changed. Luther felt later in life all the importance of the journey. "If any one," said he, "would give me a hundred thousand florins, I would not have missed seeing Rome." He had with his own eyes seen, with his own feet trod, the vast wards of this lepers' hospital. In disgust he turned away his eyes from this mass of corruption, to fix them more eagerly on the pure Word of God.

It was at this era (1517–18) that the sale of the Papal indulgences caused so much noise in Germany, and excited the holy indignation of the man who, while he supposed himself to be the ardent supporter of the Church of Rome, was unconsciously proving himself, even at this early season, the stanchest of Protestants.

God's WORD had raised Luther from the depths of despair; it had clothed him with confidence; invested him with power; it had shown him the weakness of man and the strength of God; it had opened new sources of consolation, disclosed new motives for action, inspired fresh longings for purity of heart; it had given him an awful view of human depravity; it had exhibited the nothingness of man and the grandeur of Jehovah; it had taught the applicability of the promises alike to the littleness of the pre-

[1] D'Aubigné, vol. i. p. 135.

sent, and to the unutterable magnitude of the future; it had revealed spirituality as descending from its eternal throne to dwell with man. It was the voice of God. Henceforwards the mandates of councils, the bulls of the Papacy, the threats of kings, the institutes of monachism, the traditions of men, and the writings of the Fathers, sank into insignificance before the LIVING WORD. He saw in it a standard for the measurement of the Christian's stature; it was the law of his existence, and his highest court of appeal. Hence the unflinching declarations of Luther, that he would admit of no decisions which were not founded on these statutes, no proof which was not drawn from its pages. It was a revelation; then how immeasurably was it to be exalted above all human decrees! All honour to the Church of England which has embodied this great principle in her articles. It is the grandest monument of her dogmatic teaching, for it is the avowed submission of human authority to that of God. While the Papacy has allowed itself the convenient expansions of tradition, of councils, of the scholastic philosophy, of the Fathers, of canonized saints, of popes,—in a word, of an unlimited "development" from a pardoning God to a pardoning Tetzel; from a Virgin Mary to a Queen of heaven; from a fallible Peter to an infallible pope; from a broken spirit to a lacerated body,—God's word is as simple, it is as clear, it is as holy as ever. But oh, how different is the Holy Bible from the Bible of His Holiness! And so it will ever be. Once abrogate the law of God by human legislature, and political decay becomes the normal condition of empires. The Bible is held in aversion by the moralist, for it demands more than he can give, and more than he can do; it is practically disowned by the Roman state-priest, for it rebukes his worldliness and the sensuousness of his worship; it is discountenanced by a scenic hierarchy, for that welcomes its ACTORS, but degrades the GREAT AUTHOR, substituting material manipulations for the devotion of the spirit. If these should seem harsh charges, let the bulls against the Bible Society, the recent burnings of the Bible, and the persecution of the Madiai, pronounce an honest judgment. The doctrine of Church "development," as enunciated by Dr. Newman, is the necessary result of abandoning "the record and the testimony." It becomes, in fact, "that other gospel" spoken of by the Apostle; and there is no reason why every Brahminical, Buddhistic, or Fetichist guild, after being constituted the "true church" by the respectability of its miracles, should not compose its own decalogue, and assume the divinity of its own ministrations.

What a profligate, what a worldling, what a tyrant, what a torturer, what a perjurer, this same "Church developed" has

proved, let history demonstrate; what mercy, what peace, what love, what gentleness, what holiness, an undeveloped Bible has produced, may be seen in the life of St. Paul, and in the death of thousands of martyrs who were victims to this "Church development." The Bible is a witness that cannot be bribed; it is most unaccommodating to the corruptions of mankind, lay or ecclesiastical. If this testimony cannot be suppressed, it is evident that an incontrovertible test of truth and error is for ever established. Hence, notwithstanding the affirmations of the Romanists, it was long, even before the Reformation, an object of terror to the corruptions of Rome. In 1229, the Council of Toulouse prohibited it wholly to the laity. In 1270, James I. of Aragon passed a law, that whosoever possessed a Bible in the vulgar tongue should bring it to the bishop to be burned (a plan we have lately seen pursued in Ireland by the Redemptorist Fathers), which if he did not do, he should be condemned as reputed of heresy. In 1400, Pope Alexander III. condemned all translations in the vulgar tongue. In 1413, a Roman Catholic bishop, at the Council of Constance, complained that the reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was still permitted. The Italian translation of the Bible by Bruccioli, in 1532, was a sealed book; for in 1564 the Council of Trent entered the name of Bruccioli as a chief heretic, whose works must not be read. At a comparatively recent date, Pope Pius VII. published an encyclical letter, in which he observed, that "the Bible societies endeavour to translate, or rather corrupt, the Holy Scriptures into the tongues of all nations, which gives us just reason to fear that we may there find, instead of the Gospel of Christ, the gospel of man, or, what is worse, the gospel of the devil." And again, in 1846, the present Pope, Pio Nono, in an encyclical letter to the Roman Catholic bishops of Christendom, thus writes:—"Such is the object of these most crafty Bible societies, which, reviving an old device of the heretics, do not cease to put forth an immense number of copies of the books of the Sacred Scriptures, published in various vulgar tongues, and often filled with perverse and false interpretations, contrary to the rules of the Holy Church, which they continually circulate at an immense expense."

After these positive facts, coupled with the imprisonment of the Madiai and Cecchetti for reading the Scriptures, it is simply absurd to say that the reading of the Bible in the vernacular is freely permitted in the States of the Church. What sort of morality such a system has produced in these wretched provinces is a fact but too lamentably palpable. The attempt to evade the paramount rule of the Gospel, on the part of the Romanist, has

led, in one section at least of this bigoted State Church, to the most horrible blasphemy. That teaching is as follows:—"Whatever new thing the Pope of Rome may have instituted, whether it be in Scripture or out of Scripture, is true, divine, and full of salvation, and ought to be regarded of higher value by lay people than even the precepts of the living God." In the 11th article of this work, it is said further, "We confess that the Pope has power of altering Scripture, or increasing or diminishing it, according to his will."[1] In the 2nd and 4th articles of the Council of Trent, we find as follows:—"As experience has proved that if the Holy Scriptures are everywhere permitted to circulate in the language of the country, they do more harm than good, it is left to the bishop or to the inquisitor to give a written permission to such Christians as they may think fitting to possess a copy of them. But to him who shall dare to possess a copy of the Holy Scriptures without permission, absolution shall be refused." What a terrible comment upon all this is the express command—"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of ME." As it is to the Bible that we are deeply indebted not only for civilization and the assuagement of the horrors of war itself, but for the political structure of certain powerful states of Europe—that of our own especially—it would be well for a bigoted Italian Caste to reflect, that as cause and effect are inseparable, civil and religious liberty must ultimately triumph, because they are the direct products of the free spirit of the Gospel, which "cannot be bound."

The dominant cause of Luther's successful resistance to Rome was his unshaken firmness in refusing to acknowledge any other guide, rule, or judge of his cause, save that of the Holy Scriptures. He was well versed in the fathers, the councils, the decrees of popes; but he absolutely refused to take them for one moment into consideration as of ultimate authority: they were human, and liable to error; God's Word alone was infallible. It is a noble consideration, that the poorest peasant is immovable on this ground, and is more than a match for all the sophistries of Rome. The following dialogue will show the Reformer's resolution on this vital point:—

Luther: "I consent, with all my heart, to the emperor, the princes, and even the humblest Christian's examining and judging of my writings, but on one single condition, namely, that they take GOD'S WORD for their guide. Men have nothing to do but

[1] Libri Symbolicæ Ecclesiæ Catholicæ: Streitwolf, Götting. vol. ii. p. 343. This is denominated the "Confession of the Catholic Faith to be taken by all Protestants in Hungary conforming to that Faith."

to render obedience to that. My conscience is in dependence upon that Word, and I am the bounden subject of its authority."

The Elector of Brandenburg: "If I understand you, Doctor, you will acknowledge no other judge than the Holy Scriptures?"

Luther: "Yes, my lord, exactly so; that is my resolve." By dint of persuasion, the Romanists had prevailed upon Luther to submit to the decision of a council; their joy, however, was sadly damped by the proviso annexed:—"I consent," he answered, and the condition involved an appeal from the council as judge, "on condition that the council shall decide according to Holy Scripture." The same principle was as firmly maintained at the diet at Augsburg, where Eck, his bitter opponent, exerted himself so strenuously against the Reformer. Soon after this, several Romish bishops were assembled together, discussing with the Roman champion the Lutheran principles. "But, after all," said the duke of Bavaria to them (the Romanist opponents), "can you refute by sound reasons the confession made by the elector and his allies?"—"With the writings of the apostles and prophets, no!" replied Eck, "but with those of the fathers and the councils, yes!"—"I understand you," quickly replied the duke, "I understand. The Lutherans, according to you, are *in* Scripture, and we are *outside*."

And again, in Luther's dialogue with De Vio, the Papal nuncio:—*De Vio:* "The Pope has power and authority over all things." *Luther* (warmly): "Save the Scriptures." But above all, never did the noble firmness of the great Reformer stand forth more prominently as the champion of the Bible, than when, at the august assembly of princes, at the head of whom was the Emperor Charles, in the Reformer's celebrated profession of faith at Worms. "I cannot," said he, "submit my faith either to the Pope or to the councils, because it is as clear as noonday that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture, or by cogent reasons; if I am not satisfied by the very texts that I have cited; and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's Word, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

It is high time for a Europæo-American congress to lay down, in the interests of humanity, the great principle of the rights of conscience, as the inalienable birthright of MAN. The non-recognition of this great truth is a disgrace to any state that assumes to be civilized. Would Austria, with her new Concordat—would Rome, with her claims of spiritual supremacy, join in this public affirmation? We fear not; tyrants cannot afford to

be liberal. This inflexible firmness of Luther as the Bible champion, and the sterling honesty of his convictions, supported so nobly at the risk of life itself, when he stood in the august presence of a crowd of princes and nobles, softened the hostility of his avowed opponents; and one of the most affecting incidents in the perilous career of the great Reformer was founded upon the acknowledged sincerity of his faith and practice. It is of so interesting a nature, that we cannot help introducing it in this place. It occurred at Worms, in the evening of a day full of perilous excitement caused by his examination on religious matters in the presence of the Germanic court and the Papal princes. Luther had returned to his hotel, and was seeking in repose to recruit his strength, exhausted by the trying events of the day. Spalatin and others of his friends surrounded him, giving thanks to God. As they were discoursing, a servant entered, bearing a silver vase filled with Eimbeck beer. "My master," said he, as he offered it to Luther, "desires you to refresh yourself with this beverage." "What prince is it," said the Wittemberg doctor, "who has me in such gracious remembrance?" It was the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick. The Reformer was moved by this offering from a powerful lord belonging to the Pope's party. "His highness himself," continued the messenger, "drank of the cup before sending it to you." Hereupon, Luther, being thirsty, poured out some of the duke's beer; and having drunk, he said, "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle." The gift was a trifling one; but Luther, desiring to show his gratitude to a prince who thought of him at such a moment, gave him of such as he had—a prayer! The servant bore his message to his master. The aged duke called to mind these words at the moment of his death, and addressing a young page, Francis Kram, who was standing at his side, "Take the Bible," said he, "and read to me." The youth read the words of Christ, and the soul of the dying man took comfort:—"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ," said the Saviour, "verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

It is thus singular that while the work of civilization, springing from the promulgation of a lively and life-giving Christianity, as taught in the Bible, should be everywhere spreading with the most beneficial results, in the very stronghold of the land of Caste, and while native piety and godly devotion is everywhere increasing, from the preaching of evangelical truth, that very city which professes to be the seat of infallibility and of Christ's representative upon earth, should, at the same time, be plunged in

the grossest superstition, and surrounded with a heathen darkness in spiritual things, far deeper than many of the once benighted heathen lands in Brahminical India! Thus it is that civilized man looks round him with amazement, and asks of his fellow if he be not in some frightful dream rather than in the living world of reality. He asks with dismay how it is that, while superstition is fading away in the East, and despotism, and darkness, and Brahminical Caste itself are tottering to their fall, the old grisly horrors of priestcraft are running their black career over Italy, and Austria, and Spain. He asks of Oxford if she be a Christian university or a monastery, that she has taught so many misty bigots to glide down the slippery plank of superstition into the darkness of paganized Christianity. He calls in vain to education—to intellect—to stay the blood-stained hands of savage ecclesiastics. To intellect and education he calls in vain, for they are not living souls to prevent a deed of blood; they are but lights to illumine the dank, dark dungeons of Italian superstition—to show the bone-strewed floor, the rack, the lash, the writhing victim, and the placid devoutness of the holy inquisitor. No! they have been powerless to stay the clutch of ecclesiastical bigotry, from the educated Saul of Tarsus to the educated cardinal.

What but impiety can be anticipated where the Bible is disavowed? The Papists are wise in their generation; they are aware that with an unrestricted use of the Scriptures, Popery could not maintain its ground; hence they assert that the indiscriminate use of the Bible would do more harm than good; accordingly it is placed among the prohibited books in the *Index Expurgatorius*. The Council of Trent declares that "to ask whether more credit is to be given to the Scriptures than to the Church, is to ask whether more credit is due to the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouth of the Church, or to the Holy Ghost speaking in the Word of God." The Council has decided that those who read it without license are incapable of absolution. "The Church can pardon all other offences, but she cannot forgive the crime of reading the Bible without permission. This, according to the Trent decision, is the unpardonable sin. Moreover, the Scriptures are to be received as the Word of God, on the sole authority of the Church—merely because the Church declares it—and the Church, say the Fathers at Trent, is the sole judge of the sense of the sacred volume." [1]

In our own country the greatest of crimes was to read the Bible in the mother tongue; it was made the most penal offence

[1] Lathbury: Jesuitism and Popery in England.

of the statute-book, high treason against the State incurring only forfeiture of goods and beheading; but high treason against Popery being punished with confiscation, and burning of the man himself to ashes. "In the year 1400," says a popular writer, "the archbishop and arch-persecutor, Arundel, obtained a statute for the burning of heretics, which he and his compeers did not permit to lie a dead letter.

"In 1410, he and his colleagues got a yet more explicit law passed, 'to be a law for ever; that whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit lands, cattle, body, life, and goods, they and their heirs for ever; and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the law.'"

The first of Arundel's victims, and the first martyr for religious reform in England, was William Sawtre, parish priest of St. Osith's, in London. He was burned at the stake in Smithfield for denying transubstantiation, having been stripped of his clerical robes, and degraded from his office with great formality, according to the most approved forms of the Inquisition. William Thorpe, a clergyman of note, was imprisoned with others, and is believed to have perished in his dungeon through ill usage, 1407. John Badly, a tailor of Gloucestershire, was brought up to London, and burnt there in 1409.

In 1413, Sir Roger Acton, Sir John Beverley, John Browne, and thirty-six more, most of them gentlemen by birth, were condemned for heresy, and burnt in St. Giles's Fields. In the same year John Clayton, a skinner, and Richard Turmin, a baker, were burnt in Smithfield. Numbers also suffered in various parts of England. But the grand and closing victim of Arundel was Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. Sir John was the most active, devoted, and distinguished reformer of his time. He boldly everywhere exposed the impositions and cruelties of the hierarchy. "At great expense," says Milner, "he had collected, transcribed, and dispersed the works of Wickliffe amongst the common people, without reserve; and it was well known that he maintained a great number of itinerant preachers in many parts of the country, particularly in the dioceses of Canterbury, Rochester, London, and Hereford."

Never without a deep feeling of reverence and gratitude to that noble Christian, and thankfulness to God, should the inhabitants of our great metropolis pass that spot whereon he suffered. It stands close to the great thoroughfare from east to west. At that early day it was known as St. Giles's Fields (a large brewery now covers the very place of his martyrdom); while within a short

distance is the English Quemadero of thirty-seven Bible heretics, a spot now covered by a place of worship, where the Gospel is preached with power, and zeal, and faithfulness;[1] thus hallowing, by the purpose to which it is applied, the field of the martyrs' victory.

How loth is the forger of an important document to be exposed, and how loth is the insidious thief who has surreptitiously stolen writings of value to be detected, and to be compelled to produce them in the face of day, to his own ineffable discomfiture! How much more he who has purloined a will, by which the heir has been stripped of vast possessions, which have been basely appropriated to the sordid purposes of the insidious plunderer.

Thus it was with the GREAT WILL, that bequeathed to the child of Christ his mighty inheritance; an inheritance rich beyond conception, and vast beyond the range of the highest intelligences. Such was the ancient and invaluable document that for ages was locked up by the Italian robber, who had despoiled the offspring of LIGHT of that glorious inheritance bequeathed to them by their FATHER.

Here, in our own England, the struggles of the plunderer to retain his hold of this WILL were incessant.

Every attempt to provide the people with a translation of the Scriptures was steadily opposed by a corrupt and interested hierarchy. The mere possession of a Bible in the vulgar tongue was considered a sufficient proof of heresy, and many Christians were committed to the flames for no other crime. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the celebrated Wickliffe published an English Bible, which called forth the most furious opposition on the part of Rome. Pope Gregory issued a bull (A. D. 1371), addressed to the University of Oxford, where Wickliffe was professor of divinity, in which he was described as "having run into a kind of detestable wickedness, not only for openly publishing, but also vomiting out of the filthy dungeon of his breast diverse professions, false and erroneous conclusions, and most wicked and damnable heresies."

The same furious opposition was raised against Tyndal's and Coverdale's version of the New Testament. A proclamation was made by the king (A. D. 1546) for abolishing all English books published under pretence of expounding and declaring the truth of God's Scripture; and it was ordered that henceforth no man, woman, or person, of what estate, condition, or degree soever he be or they be, shall, after the last day of August next ensuing,

[1] By the Rev. Wm. Brock, at the Baptist chapel, Bloomsbury.

receive or have, take or keep, in his possession, the text of the New Testament of Tyndal's or Coverdale's translation into English.

The actual estimation in which the Bible is held in Rome itself, is plain from the following extract:—"The Bible in Rome is a strange and rare book; the only edition of it authorized to be sold here is in fifteen large volumes, which are filled with popes' commentaries. Of course none but the rich can purchase a copy of the Sacred Scriptures. Indeed very few of the common people know what we mean by the Bible. The question was proposed the other day, by one of my fellow-lodgers, to the lady from whom our lodgings are obtained, and who may be considered as a fair representative, in point of intelligence and religious information, of the middle-class society in Rome, 'If the people generally had a copy of the Bible in their houses?' The reply was, 'Oh yes, all the religious people have.' She also added that she had a very fine copy of the Bible, and immediately went to fetch it. When produced, it proved to be a mass-book, with here and there a passage of Scripture, accompanied with Romish glosses. When it was more fully explained what we meant by the Bible, she replied, 'Oh yes, I know what you mean; that book is in several of the libraries of Rome, and some persons who are very religious have also copies of it.'"[1]

Are things better in Austria now than in England then? Let us see. "Early in the present year, the pious and gentle Archduchess Palatine (since dead) had presented some Bibles to her Protestant brethren in Pesth, and a Bible society had added to her gift a few more copies to be presented to poor youths and maidens on their marriage and admission into the congregation. Thereupon the priest steps in and requires the pastor to give up the Bibles, and presents him a few days after with a receipt for fifty-four kreutzers, as the price of the paper-makers' pulp into which those Bibles had been pounded. The Word of God, acknowledged even by the Catholic doctrines to be the sole rule of faith to Protestants, the pious gift of a princess of the imperial house to the poor members of a Christian congregation, is hunted out and destroyed, as if it were a book of blasphemy."[2]

But perhaps you will say things are better in Italy, nearer to him who is called "His Holiness." Not a whit. Whatever holiness he has, he keeps it all to himself; his people can get none.

Baraita, the pastor of the parish to which Cecchetti belonged,

[1] W. Elfe Taylor: Popery, its Character and Crimes.
[2] Bünsen: Signs of the Times.

had been charged with denouncing him to the government. "He defends himself," says Bünsen, "by observing, that the priest is bound by the government to send in a yearly report of the condition of the souls under his care. Now if Cecchetti had lived four years in my parish without ever coming to confession, I was obliged to apprise the police of the circumstance." What need of an Inquisition when we have a police? On the 24th of October, 1854, Eusebio Massei, an honest baker of Pontidera, near Pisa, was summarily arrested by the police, like Cecchetti, and condemned to a year's imprisonment in the house of correction. The man's crime consisted in searching whether Diodati's translation of the New Testament was really, as the priests said, a mutilated version. For this object he compared it with the translation of the archbishop of Florence, Martini, and found, of course, that Diodati had given a full and complete translation. It must be observed, that Martini's Bible is inaccessible to any poor man, as the only unprohibited edition contains the Latin Testament and notes, and costs nearly seventy scudi. Everything is done moreover of late to prevent the laity from reading even this edition. No other charge could be brought against Massei, except that when the cholera was raging in Pontidera, he had said that purification and cleanliness of the streets and houses might be more efficacious than the holy cross of Pontidera."

And is there anything to be discerned of a more encouraging character in Russia? Alas! not in the least; yet Russia, too, puts in her claim to belong to "Christendom," and the claim is ignorantly allowed.

"There," says Bünsen, "the Bible is everywhere suppressed; not a single Sclavonic Bible has been printed since 1826 to the present day in the whole of this enormous empire, and in a church which has never forbidden the Bible to the Christian people. No foreign mission is permitted even among the Mohamedans, while the State Church has never made converts to any extent, even amongst pagans, without the help of the bayonet or the tap-room. Even the peaceful missionaries of the Moravians have been expelled. The same system of the suppression of the Bible and every sort of popular education now prevails throughout all the Byzantine churches of the East, and does so by means of the influence which Russia exercises over the bishops. These are her tools; and the maintenance of her despotic power is the real object of the much-vaunted Christian protectorate of Russia. The same incubus weighs upon the national Church of Armenia, which, like all the independent churches of the East, reveals noble germs of life, and particularly in Etschiniadzin shows a leaning towards Protestantism."

Shall we turn to Spain, in hopes of a better state of things? What says Borrow? "The booksellers were unwilling to sell my work the [Spanish Bible]. I was compelled to establish a shop of my own. The priestly party in Madrid, in the mean time, spared no effort to vilify me. In the interim, I endeavoured to enter into negotiations with the ministry for the purpose of obtaining permission to sell the New Testament in Madrid. I experienced, however, great opposition, which I was unable to surmount. Several of the ultra-Popish bishops, then resident in Madrid, had denounced the Bible, the Bible Society, and myself. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their powerful and united efforts, they were unable to effect their principal object, namely, my expulsion from Madrid and Spain. At the desire of Sir G. Villiers, I drew up a brief account of the Bible Society, and an exposition of its views. Ofalia, on reading it, said, 'What a pity that this is a Protestant society, and that all its members are not Catholics.'

"Throughout my residence in Spain the clergy were the party from which I experienced the strongest opposition; and it was at their instigation that the government adopted those measures which prevented any extensive circulation of the sacred volume through the land. Rome is fully aware that she is not a Christian Church; and having no desire to become so, she acts prudently in keeping from the eyes of her followers the page which would reveal to them the truths of Christianity."[1]

When the Inquisition was in the plenitude of its power in Spain, the Archbishop Hernando showed to Ximenes, the inquisitor, a manuscript translation of the Holy Scriptures into Arabic, ready for the press, with a version in the same language of the Missal, some rituals, and other books used in worship. Ximenes objected to such an innovation. Hernando thought that nothing better could be done for new Christians than to put the sacred volume into their hands in an intelligible form, and he desired that prayers should be read in the vernacular language. "He sustained his argument by citing the text of St. Paul, and justified his proposal by the example of the Greek Church, whose liturgies he imagined to be still intelligible to the congregations, and by that of the Latin Church for many ages, till her language had ceased to be vernacular.

"Ximenes, on the contrary, was persuaded that the Moors would despise his Christianity if they understood it; and rejecting the sentences of inspired writers as inapplicable to the condition of society in later times, and declaring that prayer in a known tongue

[1] Borrow's "Bible in Spain."

would be an insufferable innovation, he forbade the publication of the versions."[1]

But let us try France, which boasts that "all are equal before the law." Let us see if they are. Here we are in Brittany. What says a keen observer who knew the country well? Let us hear.

"Until 1828, so providently had the Church of Rome acted towards the Bretons, that they possessed no Bible whatever, previous to that date being in the same scriptural darkness as was Germany before 1528—before Luther. In 1828, the darkness was first dispelled by the translation of the Bible into Breton; not, however, by the Romish Church, but by the English Bible Society. In their opposition to the Bible, the authorities are influenced by the priests, who do all in their power, directly and indirectly, to the same end. They proscribe the Bible from the pulpit and the confessional, hunt after it eagerly, and (as in a recent instance near this place) burn it—yes, actually burn it when discovered. They tell the people that it is a dangerous book—a book of evil,—and that the devil enters the house along with it. Since the Council of Toulouse, in 1229, prohibited the 'laity from possessing the Old or New Testament,' and the Council of Trent decreed 'that no one shall receive absolution until he first give up his Bible,' the Romish Church has constantly forbidden the Scriptures. Her principle is applied universally in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; for wherever a priest plants his foot he carries the decree which forbids the Bible."[2] And so in other quarters.

"At Manilla, where a Roman Catholic colony with all the dignitaries of the Church is duly installed, the only two articles forbidden to be imported were Bibles and pocket-pistols."[3]

The distribution of the Scriptures in Brittany, as in the rest of France, is chiefly effected by means of colporteurs, or hawkers, in whose calling there is something peculiarly interesting. "To colport Bibles is an unlawful traffic, punishable by fine and imprisonment; let the colporteur, therefore, beware, and keep a bright look-out ahead. He starts betimes in the morning with his stock of general books, and a Bible or two concealed in a secret place. He carries his license, authorizing him to sell the books therein named, but the Bible is not among them; and this list he is bound to produce whenever demanded by a public officer. He travels by fields and byroads, and if from afar he sees the bright swords or carbines of the gendarmes glittering in the sun, he steps

[1] Brand of Dominic, by Rev. H. Rule.
[2] W. Hope's "Bible in Brittany."
[3] Borrow's "Bible in Spain."

aside, and takes an opposite path. He eschews high company, avoids high roads, shuns *mairies* with care, and looks suspiciously at *octroi* officers, and all places where his cargo is likely to be overhauled. In fact, his mission is to private houses, and individuals only. One successful *placement* encourages him to attempt another; and thus, through the livelong day, he travels on, like the planter of dates in the desert, passing from oasis to oasis until his seed is exhausted. The adventures of one only of these men would fill a volume; and yet they pursue their secluded path unnoticed, and almost unknown, until at last they rest in God. One of them, a well-tried man of fifteen years' experience, one day called with his Bibles at a large farmhouse, where all the inmates and labourers, amounting to some eighteen or twenty people, were at dinner. A universal and contemptuous shout of laughter was the only answer given when he asked if any of them wanted a Bible. What! a Bible? well, that was a good idea! A Bible of all things!—that was too good a joke. Off with him and his Bibles too, and not stand bothering there and preventing them eating their dinner. The good man turned and departed. But ere he had gone far, something from within spoke to him; his heart smote him for his cowardice, and he returned. Behold him again among the party. Again a shout of laughter more stunning than before, mingled with threats to turn him out by force; regardless of which he motions with his hand for silence, opens the Bible, and begins to read these words:—'Servants, be obedient to your masters;' 'Masters, give to your servants that which is just and equal;' 'Children, obey your parents;' 'Parents, provoke not your children to wrath;' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them;' 'Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands.' By little and little the tumult hushes; some sit down, and the noisiest retire from the house; attention increases, and all are riveted, until at last the master stands forth. 'And that is the Bible—a good book too; and I am sorry I called it a bad one. I say it is an excellent book; and let me see the man who dares say a word against it. I'll take a copy of it, and hope others will do the same.' In fine, he sold eight copies in that very farmhouse, and left it full of joy, and trust in the power of that Word which he carried with him.

"A good thing happened a short time since with one of the colporteurs, a man of humble station, but of clear head and of good scriptural knowledge. They called on him to ascertain his age for the census; and it seems that in the classification of religion there were only four heads; namely, Catholic, Calvinistic, Lutheran, and Jew. The following dialogue was carried on:—*Officer:* Of what religion

are you? *Colporteur:* I'm a Christian.—*Officer:* Christian! what's that? I never heard of that religion before; it is not in the list. What is it? *Colporteur:* I am a follower of Jesus Christ, and therefore I am called a Christian.—*Officer:* Maybe; but are you Lutheran, Calvinist, or Jew? *Colporteur:* Not any one of them.—*Officer:* What the plague are you then? I know you are not a Catholic. *Colporteur:* Pardon me, sir, you may call me a Catholic, if you please.—*Officer:* *Mais non!* you are a false man; you are a well-known Protestant, and not a Roman Catholic. *Colporteur:* I never said I was a Roman Catholic.—*Officer* (in great heat): You said this moment you were a Catholic, sir. *Colporteur:* And so I am a Catholic, but not a Catholic Roman.—*Officer:* Well! what you are passes me altogether; put yourself down as you please; but you are the oddest religionist I ever came across!

"The good seed which has been sown in Brittany is silently germinating, and will ere long appear in fruit. The Bible attracts interest, begins to work for itself; meetings are held in country places to hear it read; one lends it to another, reads it to another; and thus, 'without sound,' the temple is being built. It is satisfactory to know that though the progress of Protestantism is comparatively slow in Brittany, it is otherwise in other parts of France. The general increase of Protestants during the last twenty-five years has been very great, probably a million at least; and facts are continually occurring, showing a continued progress in the same direction."[1]

Let us now compare the state of things in the land of Papal Caste with the progress of God's Word in the land of the Brahminical Caste. What do we find? A noble specimen of Christian liberality, of such a nature as to prove that Caste has abandoned India to take up its abode in Rome.

In the year 1844, a leading citizen of Madras offered the sum of £6,000 for the establishment of a Christian institution, in opposition to the government university, which excluded the Bible, upon condition that the public would subscribe a like sum. At the head of the list was placed the governor of Madras, the Marquis of Tweeddale, who subscribed £1,200, followed by a long array of names from all classes in society, until, after the lapse of a few months, the whole sum was raised.

Here, then, we find an Indian vigorously aiding the publication of the Word of God, and he who boasts to be the vicar of God sealing up his Master's message of GOOD NEWS from His people!

[1] Hope's "Travels in Brittany."

Which is the Christian?—the Indian or the Pope? But further, if we observe the progress of the Bible in a literary and national point of view, we shall see in it a powerful engine of philological progress. The English translation had the effect of ennobling our language, and the same result was produced by the German and French translations.

"Hitherto," says D'Aubigné, "the Latin had been the sole language of literature. It was, and even to our own days it has continued, the language of the Romish Church. The modern tongues of Europe were created—at least they were emancipated—by the Reformation. The exclusive agency of the priests was now at an end; the people were called upon to learn and to know for themselves. In this single fact was involved the abrogation of the language of the priests—the inauguration of the language of the people. It is not to the Sorbonne alone, it is not to a few monks, a few divines, a few men of letters, that the new doctrine is to be addressed; it is to the noble, to the burgher, to the artisan—all men are now to be preached to. The popular idiom, which hitherto had been employed only by the chronicler and the minstrel, was summoned by the Reformation to act a new part, and consequently to receive a new development. The Reformation freed the French language from the swaddling-bands in which it had hitherto been confined, and reared it to a speedy and a vigorous maturity."

Here is a noble object gained for every nation! Wherever the Bible comes it emancipates the people—the language and the mind. It changes a nation of slaves into a nation of free men, and leaves its impress deep and enduring on the character of a community. And what are the agencies that bring these mighty things to pass? They are generally of the humblest, yet in God's hands the mightiest of motive powers. The fishermen of Galilee! the son of a poor miner!—God's strength is made perfect in man's weakness.

They are not the great of the earth who have originated those sublime movements that have changed the moral character of a world. Behold the influences of the Sunday schools and the ragged schools!

In America, an old coloured woman, known in New York by the name of Aunt Katy, who in her youth was a slave, established in that town the first Sunday school in the United States.

"Let us then hold for certain," says Vinet, "that if there be in the world a positive religion, which, fitted to control the life, and favourable to the progress and advancement of the human mind, finds no limit in any circumstances of time and place, such a religion

is from God. A little more than eighteen hundred years ago, a man appeared in an obscure corner of the world. I do not say that a long succession of predictions had announced the advent of this man—that a long train of miracles had marked with a divine seal the nation from which he was to spring, and the word itself which announced him—that from the heights of a far-distant future he had projected his shadow to the feet of our first parents, exiled from Paradise—in a word, that he was encircled and surrounded by an imposing array of evidences. I only say that he preached a religion. It is not natural religion. The doctrines of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, are everywhere taken for granted in his words, but never proved. This does not consist of ideas taken from the primitive conceptions of reason. What he teaches, what forms the foundation and essence of his system, are things which confound reason—things to which reason could find no access. It proclaims a God upon earth, a God-man, a God poor, a God. It proclaims vengeance upon the innocent—pardon raising the guilty from the condemnation—God himself the victim of man—and man forming one and the same person with God. It proclaims a new birth, without which man cannot be saved. It proclaims the sovereignty of the grace of God, and the entire freedom of man. I do not soften its teachings; I present them in their naked form. I seek not to justify them. These strange doctrines have conquered the world! Scarcely made known in poor Judæa, they took possession of learned Athens, and gorgeous Corinth, and proud Rome. They found confessors in shops, in prisons, and in schools, on tribunals and on thrones. Vanquishers of civilization, they triumphed over barbarism. They made the degraded African and the savage Scandinavian pass under their yoke. The forms of social life have changed, society has been dissolved and renewed: they have endured. Nay, more: the Church which professed them has endeavoured to diminish their power, by beginning to corrupt their purity. Mistress of tradition and depositary of knowledge, she has used her advantages against the doctrines she ought to have defended; but they have endured."

And what have been the glorious effects of the "Angel of the Everlasting Gospel," when unobstructed on his merciful course towards the dark places of the earth? Let us hear the testimony of an individual well acquainted with the power of God's Holy Word in Ireland :—

"From Cavan to Kerry the secret defection from Rome began to spread. Taking Kingscourt as a centre, Irish schools had spread through five counties adjoining. Old men, women, and children began to read. Not only Irish Bibles, but heretic English Bibles

were eagerly bought up, and compared with the Irish version. On one occasion, seven hundred New Testaments in English were openly sold in the place where a few years before one of these heretical volumes had been triumphantly burnt. In 1837 upwards of four thousand found welcome circulation, and more were loudly called for. Thus the progress of the Irish Society, up to the year 1840, may be summed up in the following extract from the superintendent's report of the year:—

"'Taking Kingscourt as a central point, your schools have from it extended over parts of eleven counties, eastward and westward, reaching the sea. During these last eighteen years, in this district and its branches, you have had in actual operation upwards of fifteen hundred Irish scriptural schools. In these schools during that period, at the smallest computation, a hundred thousand Roman Catholics have been brought into contact with the Scriptures. In one branch of this district, from opposition and persecution, more than a hundred of our poor men emigrated to America; these were all virtually Protestants. They took with them a large supply of both Irish and English Scriptures; and some who have gone thither (as I was informed by their friends) have been employed by Quaker gentlemen, and, under their auspices, are at this moment teaching the Scriptures to their fellow-countrymen.'"

How gloriously changed from that period of Papal darkness when the rebels of Gorey carried the leaves of the Church Bible on their pikes, and in other parts made saddles of the Bibles, and rode about on them!

"A gentleman of the county of Tyrone having called on an Irish inspector, was told he was in an inner room. Approaching the door, he heard the buzz of many voices, and on opening it he found the inspector surrounded by twenty or thirty men. 'Pat,' said he, 'I am afraid you are making Ribbonmen here.' 'Oh, no, your honour,' was the retort, 'I am not making Ribbonmen, but I am making *United Irishmen*, and this (holding up a large Irish Bible) is the bond of our union.'

"About four months ago, an old man, of seventy-five years old, was in the habit of attacking one of our female teachers on the score of her Bible-reading, warning her of her danger, and assuring her that she was on the high road to hell and destruction. In spring last she met this man on the road, who, as usual, commenced abusing her, when she asked him for the tenth time how he came to speak against the thing of which he knew nothing, and begged permission to read a wee bit out of this condemned book. At length he consented, saying that he would just listen to her for this once, in

return for which he hoped she would give it up for ever. Down they sat upon the road-side, and, drawing forth her Irish Testament, she commenced reading the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, to which the old man listened with great attention. When it was concluded, 'Now,' said she, 'what do you think of that?' 'Go on, jewel,' said the old man, 'I'll listen to a little more.' She then read the second chapter of the same Gospel, and appealed to him a second time for his opinion. 'You may read another, jewel,' said he; 'I'm not tired yet.' She then read the third chapter, and, closing the book, asked him if he would advise her to stop teaching. 'In troth,' said he, 'I would advise no such thing; but if you will teach me, with God's blessing I'll learn to read it myself.' From that day forward the old man came regularly to her house for instruction; and he is now able to read a chapter himself, although when he began he knew not his letters, in his seventy-fifth year. A river lies between his house and ——'s, over which the pupil has to pass; and sometimes the floods swell the river so much, that, being lame, when he comes to the edge, he stands hallooing to her husband to come down and carry him across the river, until he gets his lesson, which he hardly ever neglects."[1]

But what says one of the chief Papal organs in Ireland to this movement towards God and His Word? Just what the Popes have said for the last ten centuries.

"The writer, it will be remembered, has borne an honest, though reluctant, testimony to the surprising spread of the Gospel, and asked, in extreme dismay, 'How is it to be counteracted?' This is a solemn question (he says), which priest and layman, which citizen and politician, should seriously consider. 'Shall a work be accomplished which England, with all her *force*, for three hundred years, has been unable to effect?' Altogether misapprehending the value of mere brute 'force,' he thus earnestly and intelligibly, especially so to his Irish readers, insinuates the most practical method of stemming the torrent:—

"'A descent is occasionally made upon some Catholic district, prosperous and strong in the faith; and then you are sure to have a desperate struggle. The stomach does not toil more terribly to rid itself of an emetic, than a sound Catholic population do to get rid of these pests. It was tried at Drogheda last summer: well, the Bible-readers got their bones broken.[2]

"'It was tried at Ardee, and had to be counteracted by assault

[1] Church of England Quarterly, January, 1854.

[2] It is quite true. The Scripture readers were attacked by a mob, hounded on by monks, and one of them received injuries which disabled him for several months.

and battery again. They were treated to brickbats and rotten eggs wherever they went. And although, of course, such an unwholesome reception is to be very much regretted, and commiserated, and deplored, one after all can hardly wonder at it ; for human nature is weak—the Lord deliver us !—and the devil will sometimes get the better of even the best of us. And if one should only find one of those sneaking *slieveens* of Bible-readers stuffing their tracts under one's doorway, or waylaying one's children with their lying guiles, one is afraid one's human nature would be sorely tempted to kick the rascal within an inch of his life.'[1] In such exploits, we regret to know, those so addressed have physically distinguished themselves. It is Rome's fearful armoury, and collects no rust from want of exercise." But very recently we have an exactly similar case brought forward by Lord Dungarvon in his place in the House of Lords, where, also, two Roman Catholic magistrates refused to listen to the complaint of the injured and aggrieved parties. Englishmen will not allow the holy wars of the Vatican to be fought in the British dominions.

But is Rome the only pagan government that sets in motion these opposing engines? Let us see. What do we find in kindred savages in the South Sea? Let us hear a noble-minded missionary as to the resistance offered to the truth by the island "Princes of the Church."

"The prince of darkness, the author of paganism, whose sway had been unrivalled, and whose seat and stronghold had been here, did not tamely surrender his dominions. The idolatrous chiefs and inhabitants took up arms to defend the cause of the gods. Their efforts, however, were but as the ragings of an expiring monster, whose fangs were broken, and whose heart had been pierced. The idolaters were defeated, and afterwards treated with the same clemency which the Christian conquerors in Tahiti had manifested. The vanquished, though spared by the generosity of Tamota, the Christian king, showed themselves unworthy of the kindness with which they were treated, by still talking of war on behalf of their idol."[2]

This is, and ever has been, the exact counterpart of the pagan corporation of Rome mediæval and modern. It is the spirit of Macbeth, and that too in defence of usurpations and murders far more atrocious than his :—

"I'll fight till from my bones the flesh be hacked."

And what glorious results has the Bible produced in the savage

[1] Church of England Quarterly, January, 1854. [2] Ellis.

South Sea Isles! How can the ferocious, manslaying pagan Rome compare herself with such grand results? These are the triumphs of Christianity, not of the Religion of Taste, not of Sunday museums. They are enduring. Mark the contrary effect produced by the artificial religious teaching and the purely intellectual training of the Jesuits, alike in India and South America. In the reports of these missionaries, their converts are reckoned by thousands and tens of thousands; they are dignified with the name of Christians. What greater absurdity? Where, we may ask, are the evidences of this mighty body of regenerate Christians, with the life of God in their souls, either in India or in South America, as the result of these much-vaunted Papal missions? It is not uncharitable to assert that such converts knew nothing of that "new birth" which is the very entrance to true religion. Consequently, these effects have faded, and the degradation of these races is as deep as ever. It is for this identical reason that we see the same nominal Christianity in the still heathenized masses of Italy and Spain. These, forsooth, are called Christians! Where then, we ask, are the pagans?

The long-continued degradation of the populations of hierarchic Europe is a practical standing protest against the false name of "CHRISTENDOM."

But, we ask, and all philanthropists ask, reigns there not this identical spirit of exclusive, hateful, damnatory, and unchristian CASTE in one narrow-minded section of the National Church? Aye! most truly so; it is as bad as that of pagan Rome, for it is the direct offspring of that heathen Church once ruling here; its spirit has never yet been eradicated. Let the Christian Commons of this country do their duty by it. Let us hear the case of a man whose child was refused burial by one of these Anglo-Italian bigots. "I found," said he, "that my child must be buried dog-like if I had it interred in the cemetery, unless I applied to the Dissenters, who were very awkwardly situated with regard to room." The complainant was a Baptist, and he observed that Baptists see no propriety in infant baptism.

What a bigot is pagan Caste! The holiness of a cemetery that had been consecrated by an Anglo-Italian episcopate would be irreparably soiled by the burial of an heretical Baptist; just as the Papists of Madeira threw into the sea the body of a Christian woman, from the same fear. This is thoroughly and immitigably heathen.

"In Hadrian's time," says Bünsen, "the killing of a cat would raise the whole city of Bubastes in revolt against the garrison; for it was *our* sacred cat that the Roman soldier had killed. The belief in the goddess Pakht, whose symbol was a cat, could not

be otherwise vindicated but by taking vengeance of the soldier, who had probably thought of nothing but ridding himself of a troublesome animal." In a similar spirit, as if to raise the sanctity of the Anglo-Catholic to the sublimity of the Egyptian Church, religion not long since had the edifying spectacle of an unholy dog killed for meditating too long over a tombstone in the churchyard of Frome Selwood, in Somersetshire. "It was *our* sacred churchyard that the unholy dog dishonoured."

Can similar heathen bigotry, in Rome, in Exeter, or Bubastes, point to the Bible, and say, "Behold my origin"? Far different were the results of those who knew no "patristic theology," but were essentially the "MEN OF ONE BOOK."

And how did these men of one book prosper? "In a few generations they entirely changed the face of society, by the doctrines of the Bible. They emptied the temples of the heathen gods. They famished idolatry, or left it high and dry like a stranded ship. They brought into the world a higher tone of morality between man and man. They raised the character and position of woman. They altered the standard of purity and decency. They put an end to many cruel and bloody customs, such as the gladiatorial fights. There was no stopping the change; persecution and opposition were useless. One victory after another was won. One bad thing after another melted away. Whether men liked it or not, they were insensibly affected by the movement of the new religion, and drawn within the whirlpool of its power. The earth shook, and their rotten refuges fell to the ground. The flood rose, and they found themselves obliged to rise with it. The tree of Christianity swelled and grew, and the chains they had cast round it to arrest its growth snapped like tow. And all this was done by the doctrines of the Bible! Talk of victories indeed! What are the victories of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Marlborough, and Napoleon, and Wellington, compared with those I have just mentioned? For extent, for completeness, for results, for permanence, there are no victories like the victories of the Bible.

"This is the Book which turned Europe upside down in the days of the Protestant Reformation. No man can read the history of Christendom as it was five hundred years ago, and not see that darkness covered the whole professing Church of Christ, even a darkness that might be felt. So great was the change that had come over Christianity, that if an apostle had risen from the dead he would not have recognized it, and would have thought that heathenism had revived again. The doctrines of the Gospel lay buried under a dense mass of human traditions. Penances, and

pilgrimages, and indulgences, relic-worship, and image-worship, and saint-worship, and worship of the Virgin Mary, formed the sum and substance of most people's religion. The Church was made an idol.

"The priests and ministers of the Church usurped the place of Christ. And by what means was all this miserable darkness cleared away? By none so much as by bringing forth once more the Bible.

"It was not merely the preaching of Luther and his friends which established Protestantism in Germany. The grand lever which overthrew the Pope's power in that country was Luther's translation of the Bible into the German tongue. It was not merely the writings of Cranmer and of the English reformers which cast down Popery in England. The seeds of the work thus carried forward were first sown by Wickliffe's translation of the Bible many years before. It was not merely the quarrel of Henry VIII. and the Pope of Rome which loosened the Pope's hold on English minds. It was the royal permission to have the Bible translated and set up in churches, so that every one who liked might read it." [1]

Behold the difference between man's "Church" and God's "Bible"! In the Italian states alone, are one Pope, six archbishops, seventy-two bishops, fifty thousand ecclesiastics; and in Rome, one priest to every thirty people! HERE MAN IS PARADED, AND GOD'S WORD IS LOCKED UP! The foulness of society corresponds with the heathenism of the crime.

"Is it not a fact," says Ryle, "that to have read an Italian Bible is one of the highest crimes an Italian can commit? He may commit adultery or fornication—he may stab, or lie, or rob, or swear, or cheat—and get absolution from his priest without much difficulty. But woe be to the Italian who dares to have or read God's Holy Word! That fact speaks volumes. Let that fact be thoroughly known all over the world.

"Is it not a fact that the Bible itself cannot be bought at Rome, unless with immense difficulty and at an immense price? You may buy books of many other kinds and descriptions—worthless French novels; frivolous Italian poetry; miserable, lying accounts of pretended miracles done by pretended saints; prayers to the Virgin Mary; and all manner of literary rubbish;—you may buy poisons, daggers, or intoxicating drinks;—you may buy relics, and rosaries, and scapulars, and crucifixes;—you may buy masses and services, and redeem your father's soul from purgatory. But one

[1] "Startling Questions:" Rev. J. C. Ryle, Vicar of Helmingham.

thing it is almost impossible to buy, and that is the one thing needful—the written Word of God. That fact alone speaks volumes. Oh, that the world would awake and know it! THE BIBLE IS PRACTICALLY A FORBIDDEN BOOK AT ROME.

"No revolutions are so bloodless, none so satisfactory, none so rich in lasting results, as the revolutions accomplished by the Bible. This is the book on which the well-being of nations has always hinged, and with which the interests of every nation in Christendom at this moment are inseparably bound up. Just in proportion as the Bible is honoured or not, light or darkness, morality or immorality, true religion or superstition, liberty or despotism, good laws or bad, will be found in a land.

"Come with me next, and look at the map of the world, and see what a tale it tells! Which are the countries where the greatest amount of ignorance, superstition, immorality, and tyranny is to be found at this very moment? The countries in which the Bible is a forbidden or neglected book—such countries as Italy, and Spain, and the South American states. Which are the countries where liberty, and public and private morality, have attained the highest pitch? The countries where the Bible is free to all, like England, Scotland, and the United States. Yes, when you know how a nation deals with the Bible, you may generally know what a nation is. Oh, that the rulers of some nations did but know that a free Bible is the grand secret of national prosperity, and that the surest way to make subjects orderly and obedient is to allow a free passage to the living waters of God's Word! Oh, that the people of some countries did but see that a free Bible is the beginning of all real freedom, and that the first liberty they should seek after is liberty for the apostles and prophets!

"This is the book that at this moment is producing the mightiest moral and spiritual effects throughout the world. This is the secret of the wonderful success which attends the London City Mission and the Irish Church Missions. This is the true account of that amazing move towards Protestantism which has lately taken place in several departments of France. Who are the ministers in England who have the most real influence over the minds of the people? Not those who are ever crying 'Church! Church!' but those who are faithfully preaching the Word. One sweeping charge may be brought against the whole of Christendom, and that charge is neglect and abuse of the Bible. It is true of the Roman Catholic Church from one end of the world to the other. For six hundred years that unhappy Church has waged open war with the Bible, and has laboured incessantly to prevent people reading it.

By a rule deliberately passed at the great Council of Trent, by the bulls of popes, by the encyclical letters of Roman bishops, by the repeated open hostility of Romish priests, the views of the Church of Rome on this subject have been made fully manifest.

"It is useless to tell us that Bibles are openly paraded for sale in Roman Catholic shop-windows in English towns. The Church of Rome dares not show itself yet in its true colours in England. It winks at practices contrary to its avowed principles, because it suits its purpose to do so. Ask any one especially who has lived in Italy and been at Rome, and has seen Roman Catholic religion in full bloom, and mark what kind of account he will give you.

"Men may easily make an idol of the Church, of ministers, of sacraments, or of intellect. Men cannot make an idol of the Word. Let us regard all who would damage the authority of the Bible or impugn its credit, as spiritual robbers. We are travelling through a wilderness; they rob us of our only guide. We are voyaging over a stormy sea; they rob us of our only compass. We are toiling over a weary road; they pluck our staff out of our hand. And what do these spiritual robbers give us in place of the Bible? What do they offer as a guide and provision for our souls? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Big swelling words!—empty promises of new light!—high-sounding jargon!—but nothing substantial and real. They would fain take from us the bread of life, and they do not give us in its place so much as a stone. Let us turn a deaf ear to them. Let us firmly grasp and prize the Bible more and more, the more it is assaulted." [1]

[1] "How Readest Thou?" By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMBASSADOR.

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

"We then, as ambassadors from Christ, beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

WHEN man violates a moral trust, and his fellows connive at the breach, they short-sightedly involve themselves in the retribution which righteously attends the crime. It is the same with man in his capacity of delegate of God. The consenting voices of an approving world through successive ages will not cancel his guilt; nor will the banded confederacies of fictitious holiness avail to absolve the delinquent from his breach of trust.

In proportion to the dignity of the prince is that of the ambassador; and we can conceive of none more exalted than he who is intrusted with an embassy from the King of kings.

Faithfulness is the paramount qualification; if this be wanting, all the charms of eloquence and all the suavities of taste will form but the gilding of corruption. Hence the history of man has, for the last eighteen hundred years, run parallel with the fidelity or infidelity of the heralds of the everlasting Gospel. By these, truth has not been permitted to assume the rigid attitude of death. Pure, holy, and zealous, her voice and her benignant form have been heard and seen of all men; and blessings unnumbered have attended on her footsteps.

Wherever the ambassador of Heaven has indulged in a guilty reticence, or wherever he has unfaithfully delivered his glorious mission, there inevitably the sons of men have been partakers of the punishment of his infidelity. He has allowed the accumulation of a moral atmosphere of pestilence. If they have connived at the accumulation, they must not wonder if they pine and perish in the miasma to which they have submitted. The great Christian Congregation has from the earliest times had in its own hands the means of urging to duty, rectifying abuses, and encouraging faithfulness. It is because its members have severally and collectively failed in the sacred duty which they owed to him who was the

delegate of the Eternal. He has proved untrustworthy, and they have connived at the infidelity. They have allowed corruption to rule instead of purity. Their punishment has been insured, and moral darkness has spread over the world.

The strong masculine sense of the English character rightly attaches a reality, a power, a dignity, and an honesty of purpose to that minister who has something worth saying, and who knows how to say that something well. Our people have an innate sense of the fitness of things and of men. They behold with surprise a body of learned men trained to a special object of the highest importance,—trained with all the appliances of long-established endowments, of vast wealth, and immense erudition,—who are yet, as a body, by no means NATIONAL, for they meet not the requirements of the nation.

How few are there, comparatively, who can speak weightily and connectedly, and with the self-possession of conscious power, on the grand themes of which they should be the eloquent exponents! The cold, dry, formal recitation of the lawyer's brief, rather than the energy of the Apostle;—the log-like attitude and paper-fixed eye, instead of the searching glance through which the soul should look out;—the mechanical performance of the noblest embassy which can be intrusted to man;—such are too often the marks of the pulpit ministrations of our Church. Meanwhile, with what astonishment do Englishmen behold a whole body of men possessed of the most powerful eloquence, and disenthralled from false notions of affected gravity.

Our barristers feel, and feel truly, the position in which they are placed with respect to their profession at large, as well as to the criminal in whose defence they are engaged. Zeal, solidity, mastery of the subject, patient research, eloquent powers of appeal, all absence of cold formality and lifelessness, and a full appreciation of the high importance of the position in which they stand. How is this? Why this vast disparity between two bodies of men of equal learning, and originally of equal advantages? The cause is clear. To the barrister, necessity has given the consciousness, that dulness, formality, coldness, superficial mastery of his subject, and a perfunctory mode of dealing with the interests of his clients, would be the ruin of his prospects. He is compelled to exert himself, or he never can succeed. Not so the tenant of a church-living,—once a living, always a living, even though it be a living death for his parishioners. Let him but master his literary examination, let him succeed in gaining his double first-class, and ecclesiastical learning stands him in stead of piety; and an acquaintance with Church history dispenses with a knowledge of the history of the heart.

What preparation, then, for forming the "AMBASSADOR" do our universities afford, with all their wealth, their vast endowments, and their immense influence? Positively none but of the most inefficient character. The student is suddenly launched into the career of the speaker; the occupant of the learned cell, into a world of action, of enterprise, and of skilled address. Where is his previous training? "From a public school, which is a despotism of one kind, the future candidate for church preferment is transferred to college, which is a despotism of another; and when his collegiate course is closed, instead of being thrown out into the world, to grapple manfully with its difficulties, to hew out a path for himself, to assert his own freedom, and to respect that of others, he becomes a member of the closest of all close corporations; he is placed under an authority all but uncontrollable, and he feels that he depends for bread upon the absolute will of his diocesan."[1] Even the most pains-taking, the most talented, and the most zealous of his order, is left to grope his way into the efficient discharge of his duty, as the exponent of the sublimest truths, as best he may. There is absolutely no course of training for this purpose; and yet this is the great want of the people of England.

What is it that has made dissenters, and is still making them, but the unsatisfactory state of the pulpits of the National Church? What is it that made our honest ancestors ages since prefer Wickliffe to the mass-priest? It was his thorough zeal and powerful preaching, brought out with all the significance of truth, in contrast with Church theatricals,—Englishmen respected the MAN, and not the ACTOR. What was it that made Luther so successful in his ministrations, but the zeal, the vigour, and the honesty of his language from the pulpit? What was it that has lost, and has continued to keep lost to the Church of England, half a million of Christian people like the Wesleyans? It was the clear out-spoken truth, fixing itself on the inelligent consciences of his countrymen, that gave the founder of Methodism his power to do good; and it is the absence and discouragement of that laudable practice that has struck, and is still striking, a damaging blow against the most vital interests of the Establishment.

"Tested by their sermons, the clergy of the Establishment might be said to have no knowledge of the wants spiritual and temporal of their hearers, and, what is worse, no sympathy with them." And again, of the parish minister: "His hearers are fed with the husks of barren and unprofitable disquisitions on matters which they do not understand, and about which they do not care; and

[1] Church of England Quarterly, *in loco.*

the reverend orator is filled with indignation on discovering that, as the parish church is growing empty, so the chapel becomes crowded. Before men are required to preach in public, they should know something about public preaching. The Church of England leaves untaught this most important element of clerical training; and the power of speaking from the pulpit 'to edification,' if ever gained at all, is gained only by long experience, by the memory of many a humbling failure, by the consciousness of having thinned many a congregation, and the fear of having starved many a hungry soul."[1] Again, what says a clergyman of the Establishment in another letter of the same date? "Are the examinations to which each candidate for orders has to submit, true tests of their abilities as clergymen? Certainly not. All that was proved in my own case was this: that I had a very fair knowledge of the Bible and Prayer-book, ecclesiastical history, evidences, doctrine, and ritual. But surely this does not prove that I was fit to undertake the varied office of the ministry. I might be utterly incapable of preaching—utterly incapable of good reading or teaching. Yet they approved me, ignorant of my capacity or incapacity in those respects."[2]

It was to Wickliffe, our countryman, that it was given to begin that grand work of religious regeneration which was never to pause till the whole earth had felt its influence. From his college chair of divinity, a rustic pulpit, from his study, and from highways and market-places, he alike launched the thunders of invincible learning and religion against the friars. "He lifted aloft the Bible in their faces, and confounded them with the awful sound of truths and doctrines which they had trodden under foot, and had hoped were crushed for ever. He stood forth for king and parliament as their 'peculiar clerk,' when, in the reign of Edward III., they refused to pay to Urban V. the annual tribute of a thousand marks, under which the base John had laid this kingdom to the Pope, and enabled them to break that ignominious yoke of slavery. He daringly unmasked those audacious practices of Rome, by which it made this great realm its vassal and feudatory, drawing taxes from it to five times the amount of the king's whole revenue. He stirred up the people to petition parliament that these enormities might end; showing that for the appointment of bishops and other dignitaries the Pope received, 'by way of translation and death, three, four, or five several taxes;' that he filled this country with ignorant Italians, to the exclusion of the most honoured and worthy Englishmen, giving to the former offices of a thousand

[1] "Times," March 25, 1857.
[2] Letter of "Times" from a Clergyman.

marks a year, while the most praiseworthy Englishman could hardly get twenty marks; that these aliens were 'enemies to this land, who never saw nor cared to see their parishioners,' worse than Jews and Saracens; that these cardinals and other aliens remained at Rome, whither the English revenues were sent to them. 'One cardinal is dean of York; another, of Salisbury; another, of Lincoln; another, archdeacon of Canterbury; another, archdeacon of Durham; another, archdeacon of Suffolk; another, archdeacon of York; another, prebendary of Thane and Nassingdon; another, prebendary of York; who have divers others, the best dignities of England, and have sent yearly over to them twenty thousand marks, over and above that which English brokers have.' That 'the Pope's collector keepeth a house in London, with clerks and offices thereunto belonging, as if it were one of the king's solemn courts,'[1] where was transacted the sale of dignities and benefices, and the collection of fees to be sent over to Italy."[2] It is by the energy of the faithful ambassadors of Jehovah that a slumbering world has ever been roused to a sense of its lost condition. The formalities of a stereotyped worship have always been found more calculated to lull to sleep than to produce active reflection. But while the true messenger of the Everlasting Gospel has been attended with triumphant success in his glorious mission, in no case has there been a failure so signal as in that of the false teachers of Christianity who have daringly usurped this illustrious office. Thus in Papal mediævalism we find that the grossest abuses of preaching were those practised during the great festivals of the year. "The Easter drolleries held an important place in the acts of the Church. As the festival of the Resurrection required to be celebrated with joy, everything that could excite the laughter of the hearers was sought out and thrust into sermons. One preacher imitated the note of the cuckoo, while another hissed like a goose; one dragged forward to the altar a layman in a cassock; a second told the most indecent stories; a third related the adventures of the Apostle Peter,—among others, how, in a tavern, he cheated the host by not paying his score.[3] The inferior clergy took advantage of the occasion to turn their superiors into ridicule. The churches were thus turned into stages, and the priests into mountebanks."[4]

And what was the nature of the preaching during the seventeenth century in Italy, that stronghold of the "True Church," where we should have expected to find a practice so truly primitive carried out with the greatest regard to purity? "They have," says our

[1] Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe. [2] Howit, *in loco*.
[3] Œcolampadius de Ritu Paschali.
[4] D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, vol. i. bk. l. chap. iii.

authority,[1] "ordinarily no preaching in Italy, save only during Advent and Lent. On all other feasts and Sundays of the year, they have no sermons at the parishes; and instead thereof, they only sing a high mass in music, but the Word of God is not at all preached in them. Yet, in some convents of monks, they have sermons in the afternoon; but these are sermons peculiar to the order to which the monks belong, and they are always on the same subject.

"The Dominicans preach eternally on the 'Rosary,' the Carmelites on the 'Scapulary,' the Franciscans on the 'Rope of St. Francis,' and the 'Saccolanti' have for their subject St. Anthony of Padua." As to the general character of the sermons in Italy, our author states, that "the Italians are extremely in love with sermons that make them laugh, which is the reason why the most part of their preachers apply themselves to a comical and droll style."

"Their sermon is divided into two parts, the second being nothing else than a string of examples, histories, and tales, made at pleasure to divert auditors. In the interval between the first and second part, they gather alms in the church for the poor; there are men appointed for that purpose, who have bags fastened to the ends of long staves, with little bells at the bottom of them, and they pass close by all the ranks and seats of the hearers to receive their charity."

"Some old engravings afford an admirable satire on the gross selfishness and hypocrisy displayed in the preaching of the Middle Ages. An ancient copy of the fables of Æsop and others was extant, says the learned Wolfius, in the sixteenth century, containing numerous well-executed caricatures of the Popish prelates. Several of these represent wolves with copes on, in the act of preaching. Among others is one of a wolf dressed like a monk, with a shaven crown, addressing the sheep which surround him; and the interpretation added, is 'The wolf with the cope is the hypocrite of which we read in the Gospel—"Beware of false prophets."' The first fable in the book represents a wolf preaching to geese, and saying, 'God is my witness how greatly I long for you all in my bowels.'"[2] Nothing has testified so strongly to the thoroughly mechanical nature of the paganized Church of Rome, as the total absence of vitality in her preachers. Here history exclaims, "No results!" Is it in Rome? Is it in India? Is it in Ireland?—still, "no results!"

These distinctive characteristics of the false and the true preacher of Evangelism, have ever accompanied the ministrations of those who

[1] Gab. D'Emilian, Lond. 1681. [2] W. Elfe Taylor, *in loco*.

teach the religions of men and the religion of God. This was especially the case in the time of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. Then, as now, wherever faithful ministers could be procured, there Popery could not maintain its ground: it was not possible, however, to obtain a sufficient supply of preachers. "Every effort was used by the rulers of the Church; clergymen were authorized by royal licence to preach in all parts of the kingdom; and even some distinguished laymen were permitted to travel through the country and instruct the people from the pulpit in the principles of the Reformation. These individuals did not assume the priestly character, nor were they ordained to the work, but being qualified by learning and piety, it was considered that the circumstances of the country, arising from the indifference of the people and the hostility of the priests, would justify a departure from those strict rules of discipline which in ordinary cases ought to be regarded."[1] Let us hear the illustrious D'Aubigné as to the mode of producing a nation of Christians. "In the first place," says he, "let there be no attempt to introduce either a clerical and traditional religion, or a rationalist and unitarian system. What we must give them is the Gospel, nothing but the Gospel—the entire Gospel. Fashionable people may amuse themselves in their drawing-rooms and boudoirs with Puseyite or Socinian notions; but a nation requires positive and living elements. Christianity in all its simplicity, with all its richness and its strength, can alone save from this mortal sickness."[2]

It is to the pulpit that the spread of the principles of the Reformation in the days of Edward must be attributed. All the celebrated preachers of that day were wont to address large masses of the people from the pulpit at Paul's Cross, in the open air; and on almost every occasion the errors of Popery formed the topics on which they were led to expatiate.[3]

If it be the object of the English statesman to give vigour to his country, influence to her counsels, and power to her will, he can adopt no truer method than by establishing a ministry throughout the whole of the Church, faithful as that of Latimer, and zealous as that of Wesley. To do this, a strict examination of the religious principles of every candidate must be instituted. His power of thoroughly mastering his subject must be tested by a course of initiatory ministrations in a preparatory theological institute.

All who cannot pass this criterion should not be allowed to enter the Establishment.

Very strict proofs of ability, zeal, and piety, are demanded of

[1] Lathbury. [2] D'Aubigné, *in loco*.
[3] Lathbury: "Jesuitism and Popery in England."

candidates by the Wesleyans and other Dissenters; that is the great secret why, as a body, they are so superior as Evangelical ministers to those in the National Church. It is in vain to talk of superior learning on the part of the latter. The people of England are not, and will not be, satisfied with dull, timid, and lifeless addresses from the pulpit.

The following sound, manly, and Christian sentiments of a devoted minister of the Church of England, and an able champion of the everlasting Gospel, are worthy to be deeply pondered by every Englishman:—

"Three hundred years ago there were men in the Church of England who understood their times. They drew up articles of faith, clear, plain, evangelical, and unmistakable. They gave the English Bible to the people and exhorted them to read it. They encouraged plain, popular preaching. They called things by their right names. They dealt with Romish doctrine in an honest, outspoken way, as an unscriptural delusion. They held out the right hand to the Protestant Churches of Germany and Switzerland as sister churches. They contended to the death for the pure Gospel. They laid down their lives rather than give up Christ's truth. They brought down a blessing on their Church. They cemented its foundation with their blood. They made it plain to the world that it was not a semi-Romish communion, but a scriptural Protestant fold. The Judgment Day alone will show how much we owe to the courage, firmness, and decision of our martyred Reformers. It will be an evil day for the Church of England when the names of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, and Jewell, are not held in honour. Two hundred and thirty years ago there were men in the Church of England who did not understand their times. They forgot the principles of the English Reformation. Wittingly or unwittingly they made a retrograde movement towards Rome. They brought down God's wrath on the land. They alienated the affections of the middle classes from the Church of England. They sowed the seeds of rebellion, discord, and strife. They reaped a bitter harvest in the struggle of the Commonwealth times; in a word, they brought about the destruction of the Church, the episcopate, the liturgy, and the throne. Alas! for their folly! Few men have ever done more harm to our Church than Archbishop Laud. If ever the day shall come when his principles and practices shall once more be in the ascendant, we may make up our minds to a storm. One hundred and ninety years ago there were men in the Church of England who did not understand their times. They returned to their parishes and dignities at the restoration of Charles II., without having forgotten old pre-

judices, and without having learned new wisdom. They had a golden opportunity for strengthening the Church of England, and they blindly refused to use it. Not one jot would they concede to the Puritans. Not one inch would they stir to meet conscientious scruples. They framed the Act of Uniformity. They cast out of the Church of England two thousand of its best ministers in one day; in short, they laid the foundation of English dissent deep and wide with their own hands. Alas! for their folly! If the bitterest enemy of our Church had been told to contrive a plan for damaging it, he could hardly have inflicted a more deadly injury than it received from Archbishop Sheldon and his party. One hundred years ago there were men in the Church of England who did not understand their times. They were sunk in a deep sleep, and saw and heard nothing. They had no eyes for the dark ignorance and gross immorality which overflowed the land. They would not lift a finger to help clergymen who saw the danger and felt that extraordinary evils needed extraordinary remedies. On the contrary, they denounced them as irregular and disorderly, and cried aloud about canons and rubrics when the ark of God was in peril, and the very existence of English Christianity at stake. They thrust out of the Church of England such men as Whitfield and the Wesleys, when they would gladly have remained within it. They blindly compelled men to form the Methodist denomination, and then anathematized them for forming it. Alas! for their folly! To drive men out of our camp who were ready and willing to fight on our own side, was surely the most insane line of policy that could have been adopted. And now, in the year 1855, do we understand our times? This is a momentous question. Here, in the year 1855, do we see our dangers, and are we prepared to meet them? This is a mighty problem. Unhappily it is no new thing for the Church of England to commit blunders. Are we going to add one more to the blunders of old time, or have we learned wisdom? ARE WE BLIND, OR DO WE SEE?"[1]

It is to be feared that the vision of our Church is doomed to be purged in a very rough and summary way.

Let us consider what are the causes for which young men are placed in the clerical profession; and we trust that we shall not "set down aught in malice" in our picture.

"The Hon. Thomas Highflyer is the third son of Lord Newmarket. His lordship has considerably embarrassed his estates by his speculations on the turf, and St. Leger, the eldest son, will have enough to do to keep up the family dignity. The second son is

[1] "What is Wanted," by Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A.

diplomatically provided for; and there is the family living all ready for Thomas as soon as he can be 'japanned.' Tom is a good-tempered, careless fellow; thinks his brother Percy very lucky that he can spend his time so pleasantly at Paris or Vienna; and, failing an hussar-jacket, would be well content to be an *attaché* himself. But inexorable necessity steps in. His sisters' portions must be preserved, and there is no resource but the living. Dr. Interim, who is holding it for him, is getting infirm, and it would be very troublesome were he to die before Thomas is ready.

"So the Hon. Mr. Highflyer becomes rector of Great Droning, and not only loses his own '*mens conscia recti*,' but keeps some able and conscientious man out of a sphere in which he would be abundantly useful.

"Mr. Cosine is a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; he was the senior wrangler of the year; has made some interesting discoveries in magnetism, applying his great mathematical powers to their investigation; and if there be beyond the present known limits of the solar system some vast planet floating through the realms of space, he is undoubtedly the man to lay his telescope upon it. He never leaves his rooms, save for a furious 'constitutional' of two hours daily; has no time to get his hair cut; and entertains a notion that Bickersteth or Wilberforce, or somebody of that sort, is very likely to go over to Rome. During the first year of his fellowship, he read up his divinity, because, as it must come to that by-and-by, he thought he might as well be ordained at once; and, accordingly, the Rev. John Cosine is now in priest's orders. Last month he might have had the vicarage of Muckingham-cum-Drains, worth at least £700 per annum; but he is waiting for the rectory of Star-Cross, by no means so valuable, but where his friend and former pupil Lord Meridian has built an observatory, and where there is always Airey, or Challis, or Herschel, or some good man staying.

"When this event shall come to pass, Cosine will preach occasionally; but he will leave his parish and all its affairs to his curate or curates, and in his heart imagine that he has done all which it was his duty to do. He is a clergyman simply because he is a fellow of St. John's.

"Samuel Smith is a sizar of the same college; he is the son of a small farmer in Westmoreland, and obtained his education in the grammar-school of his native village. He was thought to give proofs of mathematical ability, and accordingly he remained a little longer at school than his brothers, and worked a little harder. Success crowned his efforts; he obtained an exhibition of £50 per annum; and this, with his sizarship, keeps him decently enough

during his undergraduate course (for it is a great mistake to think a larger sum absolutely necessary).

"Smith is a very common man; he has not a particle of the *mens divinior* of genius, but he is as strong as a Shetland pony, which he somewhat resembles in person, and he can work, as he phrases it, 'to the *n*th.' He is Cosine's abhorrence, for he regularly takes his difficulties for solution to the great mathematician, who has the misfortune to be one of the tutors on his side. By-and-by he will be a senior optime, and as that degree will neither secure him a fellowship nor attract to him pupils, there will be nothing left but for him to go back again to the North and take a curacy.

"Here we have three cases, cases which occur every day. These men all assumed the most solemn of earthly responsibilities from causes totally disconnected with the sacred office. One because there was a living in the family; one because he was a fellow of his college; and a third because there was nothing else left for him to do."[1]

Again, how graphically true are the following observations on that ill-placed longing for the distinctions of Caste for which so many of our young men enter the National Church! Oh! when shall the dignity of the Christian ambassador impart true grandeur to the motives of our youthful reverends?

"Nowhere are the various gradations of society more strongly marked than at college, and nowhere do men associate together with more constant reference to the positions which they are hereafter to occupy; and yet no sooner does our young B.A. obtain the distinction of Rev., than he immediately constitutes himself one of the 'higher classes.'

"He can make himself at home with the labourer and his family, for this is an act of graceful condescension as well as of Christian duty; he can talk about the equality of all before God, and wage an ecclesiological warfare against pews; but he shrinks from contact with those who are in sober reality his own class. Some five-and-twenty or five-and-thirty years ago, Theodore Hook amused the town with talking of Bloomsbury as an unexplored region; and we now and then find clergymen yet affecting a fashionable ignorance of the middle ranks of life."[2]

How have our bishops been chosen as a general rule?—for piety or for scholarship?—for devout and burning zeal for God, or for pliant subserviency to party? It is by no means uncharitable to assert, that, as a body of men, our clergy have a very slight hold on

[1] Church of England Quarterly, July, 1855. [2] Ibid.

the affections of the nation: the Establishment is not yet established in the hearts of the people. There can be no question that the Church of England was far more national, far more the poor man's church, in the days of Ridley and Latimer, of the seven bishops, and of Jewell, than at the present season of formality in some quarters, hierarchical Caste in others, and apostasy in the remainder. That there are those in our Church who preach the great evangelical truths proclaimed by these great men in common with the Apostles, Englishmen rejoice to bear witness; but, alas! their number is lamentably few in proportion to the majority,—they are the exception, not the rule. Truly the Church of England has been dying of a plethora of dignity till lately in her episcopal nobles. Thank God for the recent changes!

"Most clergymen enter their profession with an inadequate idea of its requirements; and unfortunately their first impressions on this point are apt to be weakened rather than strengthened and defined."[1]

Our episcopal, like our military authorities, have generally been chosen for their mediocrity of religious zeal and talents. Imagine this principle applied to the arts and sciences! What! would the world of taste hear of mediocrity in music—mediocrity in painting—mediocrity in statuary? We trow not. Neither does the Christian desire mediocrity in CHRISTIANITY. No man covets an impure atmosphere in preference to a pure air.

"How are mitres bestowed? One man is made a bishop because he is well versed in the Greek dramatists; another because he was tutor to a distinguished minister; another because he is a SAFE man; another because his brother or cousin can command a certain number of votes in the House of Commons; another because he has written well and spiritedly on behalf of a political party.

"The mitre is a splendid prize; it involves a lordly income as well as a lordly title, a place among the hereditary legislators of the country; vast patronage, and still vaster influence; a crowd of obsequious followers and officials; adulation and submission enough to turn even an Aristides into a tyrant; and the certainty of support in any act, however unjust,[2] however discreditable."[3]

Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and author of

[1] "Times," January 16, 1857.

[2] The address presented to the late bishop of Salisbury by his clergy, when he had been convicted, at the bar of public opinion, of conduct of the most unworthy character, with regard to the income of his see, may be taken as a case in point.

[3] Church of England Quarterly, *in loco.*

"Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times," who died in 1763, says,—"To speak freely, I know nothing that has brought so great a reproach on the Church of England as the avarice and ambition of our bishops. Chandler, bishop of Durham, Willis, bishop of Winchester, Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, Gibson and Sherlocke, bishops of London, all died shamefully rich; some of them worth more than £100,000. I must add to these my old antagonist, Gilbert, predecessor to Drummond, the present archbishop of York. Some of these prelates were esteemed great divines, and I know they were learned men; but they could not be called good Christians. The great wealth they heaped up, the fruits of their bishoprics, and which they left to enrich their families, was not their own; it was due to God, to the Church, and their poor brethren."

Nor was episcopal earthly-mindedness prevalent only among the dignitaries of the so-called "Reformed Church."

Complaints were made as early as the sixth century, of bishops who had appropriated to their own use endowments conferred on the Church, and who were guilty of various acts of injustice and oppression.

"Instances of unjust conduct abound in the annals of monkish historians, and sometimes acts of shameful perfidy are recorded, as if they were by no means immoral. In the history of Romsey Abbey, there is related a strange anecdote of a bishop who made a Danish nobleman drunk, that he might cheat him out of an estate, an exploit which the ecclesiastical historian records with much approbation."[1]

Alas! how are those changed from the apostolic times, who so loudly vaunt their apostolic succession! Where are the pure motives that swayed those primitive Christians?

> No church preferment had those men in view;
> Of wealth and mitred pomp they nothing knew,
> No tithes, no titles, power, nor glittering gold,
> No sinecures were found in Jesus' fold;
> No such delusive baits existed then,
> To warp the motives of the fishermen.
> Tithes would have been but dust, and gold mere dross,
> Compared with that for which they bore the cross.

And what has been the line of conduct pursued by the hierarchical Caste in the Establishment whenever it has seen fit to descend from the lofty regions of its ethereal dignity? Not content with throwing every obstacle in the way of zealous and able

[1] "Dark Ages." The Religious Tract Society.

men in their attempts to spread the cause of Christianity, they have absolutely come forward as the champions, not alone of formality, but virtually of impiety.

Every impure, interested, and factious motive has been by their acidulated pen attributed to these high-minded and noble individuals, who had no object in view but that of the salvation of immortal souls and the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Let us but observe the virulence of Bishop Lavington, a predecessor in that very see now occupied by the Bishop of Exeter,—a see that has obtained an unenviable celebrity as the stanch support of the Caste of hierarchism, instead of the vitalities of Christianity. The following is an extract from his article on the Wesleyans:—

"Let us now recapitulate a few ingredients for making a Methodist. He must set out on foot with a sanctified countenance and high pretensions to piety, which is to consist of unscriptural peculiarities, whimsical strictnesses, and bitter zeal against innocent and indifferent things. In order to catch fame still more effectually, he must be a deep dealer in the black art of calumny and uncharitableness; must seemingly despise money, and be often calling out for sufferings and persecutions.

"However wicked he hath been, let him instantaneously be called, converted, perfected, assured of salvation, and talk much of impulses, feelings, and ecstasies. But above all, let him boast of inspirations, divine missions, familiar and amorous communications with God; talking with Him face to face, and sitting down with Him at table. By degrees he becomes equal to prophets, apostles, or Christ himself, and is entitled to visions, revelations, prophecies, and miracles.

"And who can help admiring the deep artifice and management? What hath hitherto been imputed to fits and distemper, to cheat and imposture, to witchcraft, sorcery, magic, and some diabolical illusion,—all is engrafted into the pure religion of Methodism; all is God's work, and a manifestation of what He hath done for their souls.

"Thus then I judge:—if there be anything in Methodism exceeding the powers of nature, known and secret,—anything beyond the force of distemper, or of imagination artfully worked up,—anything above the reach of juggle and imposture (which I take not upon me to affirm or deny),—in that case I see no reason against concluding that it is the work of some evil spirit; a sort of magical operation, or other diabolical delusion.

"I would not be understood to accuse the Methodists directly of Popery; though I am persuaded they are doing the Papists'

work for them, and agree with them in some of their principles."[1] Our bishops must be men for work and not for show, or they will not be national. How can we wonder that while the powerful and efficacious proclamation of the everlasting Gospel has, and till very recently, been discouraged in high places, and a cold formality applauded or connived at, that dissent will thrive? Dissent do we say?—nay, rather, in this case, is not dissent orthodoxy, and is not orthodoxy dissent? Out of Christ there is no Christianity: if the National Church leave Him, it is not orthodox; and if dissent remain in Him, that is the true Church.

Wesley was a man too energetic to suit the stately dignity of the Establishment of the day. The proclamation of vital truth was an irregularity to be suppressed; and the preacher of the Mount was excommunicated by the moralist of the Porch.

The clerical editor of Bishop Lavington is animated with the same spirit as his diocesan. "That the seeds of sectarianism," writes he, "are sown even in our own universities, is a notorious fact. There are colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, that pay particular attention to the education of Gospel ministers. In Cambridge, Magdalen College is reported to pour forth Evangelical students more copiously than Edmund Hall in Oxford. It is highly necessary, therefore, that the heads of the universities watch over such societies, and that they check the slightest tendency in their youth to Evangelical irregularities."

Here then is a minister of Christ, bound himself to preach the everlasting Gospel, absolutely banning the vital truths of Evangelical ministration—truths which formed, and still form, the grand distinctive characteristics of false and true teaching. Who knows not that it was owing to the zeal and powerful preaching of St. Paul—his preaching of that very cross which the learned Greek considered "foolishness,"—that Christianity "won its widening way to earth's remotest bounds"? Wickliffe, Luther, Farel, Zwingle, Knox, Wesley, Whitfield,—these are the men whose evangelical principles and preachings have ever been the scoff of the formalist, the despot, the buffoon, the man of pleasure, and the proud hierarchist. This profound ignorance, gross bigotry, and prejudice have absolutely stood their ground up to the present time in our own country: and what is still worse, in the case of men supposed by their position to have superior opportunities of intelligence and superior means of forming a sound judgment on things of the last importance. Hence we find such narrow views of Christianity systematized into the Caste of the Church political as the following:—

[1] Bishop Lavington: "Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists considered."

"We are not, indeed, prepared to see the high places in the Church of England exclusively occupied by men whose theology would find a more congenial sphere in the simple Kirk, or in some still more primitive body of Protestants."[1]

Now here is the very thing that Christianity has always had to encounter—a fondness for a theological system, full and very elaborate. Man must make his communion of saints, his statutory salvation by council, canon law, synod, or convocation. Like all great and perfect creations, Christianity takes its high ground not from its elaboration, but from its simplicity. The more of human decision—the greater the aggregate of ecclesiastical decrees—the stronger the tethering to patristic post or pillar—the less is there of the inner life of veritable religion. If there be any one thing that can tend to the promotion of true piety and the realities of a spiritual worship of a Spiritual Being, it is that of the simplicity of the little child. A true church is but the aggregate of true believers; and this aggregate can never add one single iota to truth, as between the soul and its God. Symbolism is not Christianity. We know not of any body of Protestants more primitive than the fishermen of Galilee, and we know of none whose creed, ritual, place of worship, mode of worship, and, if it must be said, "theology," were more simple too; nobody, too, that we are aware of, was more spiritual. It is this very dissatisfaction with the simplicity of the Gospel, this desire to theologize salvation, that has been the main prop of bigotry in all climes. This principle carried out, would discover that the religion of the Moravians, Waldenses, Albigeois, Piedmontese, and Wickliffites, was too simple for the True Church; and it did discover this. There cannot be two Christianities. The grand truths of revelation were never taught as systems by those who were the most successful in reclaiming a lost race from the thraldom of eternal slavery. These great ambassadors promulgated a glorious message, as grand as it was simple; and God blessed the noble single-heartedness of their efforts. The sooner, then, the National Church shall discard this contempt for simplicity, and this fondness for elaborate systems of theology, the more rapid will be her progress in the affections of the people, and in filling her now too often empty pews with zealous Christians.

In these days we hear much of two "great parties who have always existed in the Church of England, with as much uniformity, and apparently under much the same circumstances, as the Whigs and Tories, the Liberals and Conservatives, of the political world."[2]

[1] "Times." [2] "Times," December 1, 1856.

So much the worse for Christianity. It was the bane of the very first converts. "I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, and I of Cephas." The question was then put, and we must put that question now: "Is Christ then divided?" In other words, what is Christianity, and who is following *that?* Is it to swell the dignity, power, grandeur, and supremacy of that small but usurping band of men, who call themselves "the CHURCH," or is it to exalt and glorify the HEAD of the Church—CHRIST? If there be indeed two parties in the Establishment, who hold these opposite views, sound sense as well as sound religion will, in virtue of Holy Writ, class the man-exalting party with Antichrist, and the Christ-exalting party with Christianity. In other words, it will not fail to see that spiritual despotism which reigned in the Papal ecclesiastical corporation of this country previous to the Reformation, transferred from a distant era, and still vivacious in the Establishment. This, then, is actually one of the "great parties." It is one purely political, and Christianity disowns its parentage.

> The god of this vain world,
> By pride from heaven was hurled;
> And now, on earth, would boldly seat himself
> Upon Messiah's throne,
> As deity alone;—
> Mammon his Primate; and his Premier, Pelf.

The sooner this "great party" descends to insignificance, and the sooner this Caste makes way for Christ, the happier will it be for the nation and its overplussed "theology."

It was this zeal for simplicity—this determination to know nothing else but "Christ Jesus and Him crucified,"—that awoke the dignified slumbers of this "great party"—great from its littleness—and infused a new vitality into the spiritual leaven of Christendom.

It is not too much to say, that but for the revival of piety during the time of Wesley and Whitfield in this land, our now happy country would in all probability, long ere this, have passed through convulsive struggles scarcely inferior to those which shook to their foundation France and other continental states at the era of the first French Revolution. It was Christianity, not legislation—vital religion, not "Church and State,"—that proved the sheet-anchor of the national ship in those stormy times. "Fear God, and honour the king," is a Christian's motto. But let us for a short time contemplate the very rapid growth of one of those goodly plants that were designed, by the gracious dispensation of the great Head of the Church, to grow up to noble stature among the trees of the garden of Western Chris-

tianity. The able historian of the "History of the Churches" thus relates the rise and progress of Wesleyanism :—

"Wesley's father, the rector of Epworth, spent much of his time in London, and was an active member of convocation, at a period when convocations were important. His wife perceived with sorrow that the parish suffered in his absence, and assembled his parishioners in her kitchen on Sunday evenings, and read a sermon and prayers with them. The rector wrote home in alarm to stop her proceedings. She defended her conduct in a letter, gentle, argumentative, and firm. 'And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a-visiting on Sunday night, and if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice (though in truth it would be so); therefore, why any should reflect on you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them, by reading and other persuasions, from their profanations of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. And yet,' she adds with great modesty, 'there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. Last Sunday I fain would have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, that I could not deny them. We had about two hundred; and yet many went away for want of room.'

"But the rector was afraid of being charged with holding a conventicle, and, greatly to his wife's sorrow, her domestic ministrations closed, with a solemn protest on her part that she was free from the blood of her husband's flock."[1] No wonder that young Wesley, thus taught what religion was, by the living power of such a mother's example, became the noble-minded missionary of degraded Christianity.

MOTHERS OF ENGLAND! your influence is paramount. It embraces a circle far wider than you may imagine. From the sanctuary of your hearth, shall go forth that suppliant Christianity, which, by the gracious behests of Omniscience, has been permitted to take shelter upon that sacred spot. "Bring this child up for ME," was the missive which yon infant suppliant brought with it, written in the golden letters of Revelation. Yours it is to train the tender refugee, and nurture him in his upward growth of Christian manhood, that he may ultimately go forth again to his native land, the freeman of eternity. Your mission is of the noblest! Know that you are virtually the real legislators of Eng-

[1] Marsden, *in loco*.

land. Yours it is to implant such principles of religious freedom, based on the everlasting WILL, that no paganized worship shall have charms for your offspring; nor, through the influence of false religion, shall your children exercise a tyranny over the laws, the liberties, or the faith of your beloved country. No spiritual despot shall hold dominion over your progeny; nor shall Caste divide the husband from the wife, or the wife from the husband; nor shall it tear the child from its mother to pine amid the horrors of blighted youth, and the stunted maturity of crushed affections.

Of Wesley and his undaunted Christian companions when at college, we are thus told :—"They read the works of Ball, Taylor, Thomas a Kempis, and endeavoured, as they afterwards thought in much ignorance, to exhibit a pattern of the Christian life in their own behaviour. They proceeded with humility and caution, consulting their father at every step, and obtaining the further sanction of the bishop of Oxford. But this conduct in an irreligious age was regarded by the whole university at first with suspicion, and then with anger. A storm of ridicule broke over them. They were called 'The Holy Club.' 'I hear,' writes their father at Epworth, 'that my son John has the honour of being styled the "Father of the Holy Club." If it be so, I am sure I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of "His Holiness."' This was a noble speech; nor did the Christian bearing of his son belie the parentage which had given the young confessor the power to become one of 'the sons of God.' His persecutions and escapes from the utmost peril were not unlike those of apostolic times. Of his ministrations, it is said, the moral sublimity of these scenes is beyond description. Sometimes, it is true, the people were indifferent. Wesley relates that he went in company with Whitfield to Blackheath, where twelve or fourteen thousand people were assembled. 'I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich who were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher.'

"He frequently began to speak amidst a shower of stones or more offensive missiles; but the composure of his manner and the music of his voice charmed the few who listened, till, by degrees, their deep attention infected the rest. The mob, as he stepped out of his coach on one occasion, gathered around him and closed him in; it was the opportunity he had long been looking for in that neighbourhood, and he immediately began to speak to those next to him of 'righteousness, and judgment to come. At

first not many heard, the noise around being exceedingly great. But the silence spread farther and farther, till I had a quiet and attentive congregation; and when I left them, they all showed much love, and dismissed me with many blessings.

"'Many more,' he relates, 'who came among us like lions, in a short time became as lambs, the tears trickling apace down their cheeks, who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. I wonder,' he adds, in a style of remark not a little characteristic, 'the devil has not wisdom to discern that he is destroying his own kingdom!' His courage and address frequently won the admiration of the most depraved; and those who went to mob the preacher flung off their coats to fight in his defence. Retiring home one Sunday night, after preaching on Kennington Common, he found an innumerable mob round the door: the scene which followed he thus described:—'They all opened their throats the moment they saw me. I desired my friends to go into the house, and then, walking into the midst of the people, proclaimed the "name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting Him of the evil." They stood staring at one another. I told them they could not flee from the great God, and therefore besought them that we might all join together in crying to Him for mercy. To this they readily agreed. I then commended them to His grace, and returned undisturbed to the little company within.' In a few minutes a brawling crowd were brought upon their knees in solemn worship. But in the country, the Methodists had, as he expresses it, 'hot service; the war against them being everywhere carried on with far more vigour than that against the Spaniards.' At Devizes, 'the whole army of Satan' assaulted the house in which C. Wesley was preaching. The mayor, for their encouragement, went out of the place; while the curate and two gentlemen, dissenters, having wrought them up to a proper pitch, the whole town became a scene of violence, and their lives were in the utmost danger. C. Wesley, expecting instant death, remembered the Roman senators sitting in the Forum when the Gauls broke in upon them, but thought it a fitter posture for Christians to be taken on their knees. The ruffians, unable to enter at the door, were already untiling the roof. The rest we tell in his own words:—

"'I said, "This is the crisis." In that moment, Jesus rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. We heard not a breath without, and wondered what had become of them. The silence lasted for three-quarters of an hour before any one came near us, and we continued in mutual exhortation and prayer, looking for deliverance. At length the constable was sent to offer terms of capitulation; which were, that we should be safely escorted out

of the town, if we would promise never to preach there again.' Charles Wesley had all the courage, if not the energy of his eldest brother. 'My answer was, "I shall promise no such thing; setting aside my office, I will not give up my birthright as an Englishman, of visiting what place I please in his majesty's dominions."' Of such visitors the magistrates were glad to be rid on any terms.

"Similar outrages occurred in Cornwall, in Yorkshire, and at Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, where the Methodists were given up several days to the license of a furious mob. 'A Christian country!' indignantly exclaims John Wesley in his journal, 'where his majesty's innocent and loyal subjects have been so treated for eight months, and are now by their wanton persecutors branded as rioters and incendiaries!'

"The bishops were, during the greater part of the last century, more enlightened than the clergy. Archbishop Potter granted the two brothers a long interview, heard their statements, commended their zeal, and cautioned them to adhere in their preaching to the great essentials of the Gospel: 'Other matters,' he said, 'must be left to time and the providence of God.' For this wise advice John Wesley expressed much gratitude in his later years. Bishop Gibson, of London, also treated them with candour, although he condemned their irregularity."[1] The charge of irregularity, however, rested not with the ostensible offenders.

The late primate Robinson, who, it is well known, attached to his manners a high degree of personal dignity, happened to meet Charles Wesley at the Hotwells, when, after making some good-natured observations on the variety of scenes they had passed through since they had left college, for they had been fellow-collegians, the following conversation took place between the archbishop and Mr. Wesley:—

Primate: I knew your brother; I never could credit all I have heard respecting him and you. But one thing in your conduct I never could account for, your employing laymen.

Wesley: My Lord, it is your fault.

Pr.: My fault, Mr. Wesley?

W.: Yes, my lord; yours and your brethren's.

Pr.: How so, sir?

W.: Why, hold your peace, and the "stones cry out."

Here they took several silent turns.

Pr.: Well, but I am told they are unlearned men.

W.: Some of them are in many respects unlearned; so, the dumb ass rebukes the prophet.

[1] Marsden, *in loco.*

His grace said no more. But the same spirit of spiritual despotism which is so rampant in the Caste of Church and State in every clime, has been the uncompromising opponent of education not less than of vital Christianity.

In Italy, Galileo and his telescope; in Europe, the priest and a sealed Bible; in India, the Brahmin and a sealed Veda;—all tell of moral and religious darkness enforced. The clerical editor of Bishop Lavington has his bitter regrets that the poor were being taught to read and to write. He considers it as a terrible sign of the times, a crime almost calculated to draw down Divine chastisement upon such a guilty land. Of the peasant thus taught he observes, "He reads and he reads, and he acquires a taste for reading. Adieu to content! Adieu to honest industry! Adieu to domestic comfort! Alas! at the present day (I tremble while I reflect on the circumstance), all are taught to read, all are taught to write, all are taught to reason, all are taught to philosophize?" Again, how toweringly does the spirit of Caste come forth from his stronghold, armed *cap-à-pie*, when the editor tells us that even in the glorious work of the Bible societies, "Churchmen associating with Dissenters, gives them a new importance both political and religious." Alas! for our Saviour's loss of "religious importance" when he dined with the publican Zaccheus or when he could endure the wretched Magdalene. Alas! for the loss of religious importance when "Jesus wept." Oh! when will our "important" religionists vacate Oxford for the kindred importance of Rome and its important "Prince of the Church"? The fact is, the sooner our National Church becomes "Low Caste" the better, the happier, the safer, both for her and the country. With our "Common Prayer," let us have the Christianity of the commons, and not the superstition of Oxford monks.

What a severe satire does the following appear, intended as eulogy upon Oxford, if we keep in view the fact of the secession to Rome of some hundreds of her trained ministers!—

"O Oxford! from whose fostering care we trace
The ripening progress of the rising race,
Whose pious labours rear our generous youth
In the bright paths of science and of truth,
It is from *you* our blest religion draws
A vast support to aid her glorious cause.
The pupil trained by you, in riper years,
Her friend, her guardian, and her boast appears;
Whilst, then, his actions with your rules agree,
To praise the parish priest is praising thee!"[1]

[1] "Sacerdos Parochialis" ("Parish Priest"), translated by the Rev. Dawson Warren.

"The confidence of success," writes our editor, "with which the lissenters petition government upon every emergency, becomes laily and hourly more striking and alarming." What an uphill ight have these oppressed Christians had for many a long year; nd how nobly have they gained one battle after another!

On the 1st of December, 1817, a meeting was held at the Guildhall, Bath, for the purpose of forming a Church Missionary Association. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Archdeacon of Bath, and the rectors of Bath, Walcot, and Bathwick, all declined o take any part in favour of the society. The Archdeacon of Bath protested against it as follows:—"That this society tends to he subversion of ecclesiastical order, and to promote divisions mong the clergy of the Church of England, supported as it is in onformity with the views of a new section in the Church, a ection distinguished by the name of 'Serious Christians,' and Evangelical ministers.'"

He complains too, that the Bishop of Gloucester preaches in Bath, "where he has no business to preach."

This is the true system of stickling for canonical order which nflicted such terrible losses upon our poor soldiers during the ecent war; the principle was exactly the same.—"Order! order! anonical and military. Let there be no deviation—no, not a air's-breadth,—though spiritual and physical starvation be the esult of the system!"

He complains, just as the "canonical clergy" and the "Princes of the Church" complained of Wickliffe, that "the people always prefer a Gospel preacher to the regular clergyman." He thinks, owever, that "the eccentricities of the former are sure to recommend him to their favour, though weighed in the scales of competition against dignity of deportment." What a melancholy exhibition of the fine gentleman is here, in lieu of the humble Christian! If the Bible tells us the truth, we have but a sorry exhibition of St. Paul's personal dignity.

"I have already remarked," continues this hierarchist, "on the extempore prayers of avowed sectarists; and extemporaneous preaching seems one of the most obvious distinctions between the Evangelical and the canonical clergy." Every Christian of the commons of England devoutly wishes the former may be increased tenfold. Sunday-schools especially attacked the reverend dignity. "Since the year 1779, Sunday-schools have proved more and more the means of detaching the parishioners from their proper ministers. Even in cases where the ministers have not objected to the Sunday-schools, laymen and laywomen have so interfered with our clerical duties as to reduce the clergyman, who is surely appointed to

conduct, upon a footing with themselves." This was the dignified footing occupied by the so-called laity for the first two centuries of Christianity, and which it is yet destined to reconquer and hold until the end of time. But let us hear another lamentation over the excess of piety.

"In several places in Cornwall, prayer-meetings were held not long since at the houses of some of the clergy; the more serious, I suppose—the gospellers. In the evening of the Sunday, devout families, I have heard, used to meet at the parsonage-house, and the curate's wife"—better again!—"would read a lecture preparatory to prayer." We have not yet forgotten that a Welsh bishop but lately refused—indignantly refused—two full services on a Sunday, as being too plethoric a system of religion for Wales.

Of Evangelical Christians, our editor observes, that "they are a sort of link between the Church and sectarists. They may be described as amphibious animals, that exist both by land and water." "Our own Gospel preachers are really greater enemies to the Church than the most malign opposers of her."

Mrs. Hannah More thus comes in for her share of canonical castigation:—"I mean not to detract from her writings, but I deprecate the mischievous effects of her enthusiasm;"—in plain language, her Christianity. And again:—

"I was extremely sorry to meet with a great deal of this cant in the 'Cælebs' of Hannah More. As this work is unquestionably calculated to do good, the enthusiastic tendency of many passages is still more to be lamented."

"One of the most glaring instances of lay interference that have occurred since the institution of the Sunday-schools, is that of Mrs. Hannah More. That Mrs. Hannah's attachment to the Church of England is of a very questionable kind, may be inferred from the attention she has paid to unauthorized preachers; from her frequenting, indeed, other places of worship than the Established Church." Of course, "Out of our Church no salvation!"

Of a clergyman of piety, at whose house Christian ministers were wont to meet, he thus writes:—"The clergyman at whose house this autocratic synod was held, was but recently ordained; a young man, quite a stranger in the country, who had obtained the living by purchase when vacant. His knowledge is profound: hell, he says, is peopled with half Christians. He holds private assemblies by notice, at which his wife and an inmate exhort. On Sunday he leaves out certain material parts of the service, such as the Absolution."

A pretty strong proof this, of a tendency towards a right state of things, and yet destined to eventuate in the National Church!

Our Reformed Church is now getting too Low Caste for our fine ladies and gentlemen. Their second edition of "THE MEDIÆVAL BARONS" must be bound, forsooth, in a little more gold and purple, have a scarlet wrapper, with the crusading impress of the "Sword and the Cross," and an enamelled chromograph of "Cobham irradiated by the burning-glass of the Church," with the motto, "AMEMUS MATREM." These fine people are leaving our shabby set; and, thank God, our shabby set are leaving them!

Fortunate is it that our Church has had a spire to "point the way to heaven;" for most assuredly the spire was the only preacher who pointed in that direction in many a parish for many a long year! "Old men among us remember when the rector would be the foremost in the hunting-field, and the most facetious over the bottle; the best hand at whist, and the most thorough judge of a horse: when the theatre and the race-course, the opera and the crowded 'rout' or 'drum,' were recognized places of clerical amusement.

"Cowper was not caricaturing the manners of his own time when he described certain of the clergy as—

> "'Things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
> And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
> Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote,
> Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
> And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.'

"What a volume might be made of the scandalous anecdotes of that day! How little of true religion was there amongst pastors or people! The clergyman who in the times of our fathers followed the hounds, danced half the night, was renowned as a daring rider, a crack shot, or a first hand at whist, did but follow the customs of the age. No opprobrium followed. He was not the less welcome at the episcopal levee, nor the less popular among his parishioners; all that he did, they did also; and the absurd and most mischievous sophism had not yet been invented, that conduct that was wrong in a priest could be right in a layman. The age was an age of careless jollity; moral corruption everywhere prevailed." [1]

We have only to look at the controversial writings of the past two generations, to perceive how wonderful is the tone of moderation that has arisen. This has actually been the work of Christian evangelization, which the press has followed, but never led.

The fierce opposition and bigotry that Wesley had encountered was still active up to A.D. 1817, and still later. Let us hear the

[1] Church of England Quarterly, July, 1854, p. 3.

testimony of a thorough Englishman, a man of iron constitution, and possessed of great Christian zeal and eloquence, who nobly expended a large property in the generous office :—

"The day and hour appointed for preaching had been published, and I was met a few miles from the town by some friends, who with much concern spoke to me in the following manner :—'Sir, we are come to inform you that you must not think of preaching at S——; Mr. F., the town-clerk, declares that if you dare to stand up in that place, he will fine you twenty pounds, and every person that hears you five shillings; and that he will bring his clerk to take down the names of all present, and will have all before the magistrates. This has been made public throughout the whole neighbourhood; so we thought it our duty to come and meet you, that you might turn your attention to the preaching somewhere else.'

"The answer I made them was as follows :—'The active gentleman has delivered his message, you have delivered yours, and I shall go in the name of the Lord and deliver mine; and I trust that He will deliver me, and that I shall deliver my own soul.' After this I proceeded, and arriving at the spot made my carriage the pulpit. My son was the only one who at first stood by me, but shortly after the friends who had invited me to S—— came up; multitudes of others soon assembled, standing at a little distance, and presently appeared the great man with his scribes, amply provided with pen, ink, and paper. Stepping forward with a pompous, supercilious air, he thus began, addressing himself first to me :—'Sir, you are breaking the laws of your country.'

"*Answer :* This is not a place to controvert that point; all you have to do, sir, is to take down my address, and you will not find me backward to answer any charge you may bring against me when before a proper tribunal.

"He then, with a very authoritative tone, demanded the name of one standing near the front of the carriage, and then, still louder, inquired of a second, who answered him thus: 'You know my name, sir, and I have known you and everything respecting you from a boy; don't make so much fuss in your office, and such a to-do about nothing.' The people, finding that we were not intimidated, drew nearer, and came up courageously, regardless of fines or displeasure. The preacher then observed, 'Come, friends, while these gentlemen go on with their honourable work, let us proceed with ours.'

"'Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise,' &c.

In less than two minutes after this, the gentleman with his at-

tendants withdrew, leaving us in peaceable possession. I now expected to be summoned before the magistrates, and, receiving a letter with S—— post-mark on the Wednesday next, I had no doubt but it was to call me up. However, it afforded me no small satisfaction to learn from this epistle, that the father of the gentleman in office, having been an attentive observer of our whole service, sent for his son afterwards and observed to him—'I was very sorry to see you interrupt those quiet people, and I most heartily wish you had stayed the whole of the meeting, as I did. I am persuaded the people are loyal and inoffensive, and what the gentleman preached was truly scriptural, and perfectly agreeable to the homilies and Prayer-book of the Church of England; and I do think that, instead of proceeding against them, you should rather make some apology for your conduct.'"

On another occasion he met with a reception far more fierce. This was organized by the vicar of the place and his churchwardens, in synodical vestry assembled, demonstrating thoroughly the entirely political tendency of the 'Church and State' wherever it is rampant.[1] The vicar himself headed the ecclesiastical malcontents, by supplying them copiously with strong beer from the neighbouring public-house. These were the glorious days of clerical High Caste. The whole occurrence he appears soon after to have thrown into the following verses:—

"Assembling crowds with eager steps combine,
To hear the joyful sound of grace divine;
To hymn the Saviour's praise, His power to sing—
Lord of each lord, and King of every king.
The favour'd village in that manor lies,
Where ancient Bruce's column climbs the skies.
There, by the green sward, as you pass along,
An aged tree, till now unfamed by song,
Such as Zaccheus worshipp'd in of old,[2]
Bestow'd its ample shade to screen the fold;
Its pious arms, a youthful tribe upraise,
To hear the truth, and sing their Maker's praise.[3]

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[1] "These worldly alliances exercised a prejudicial influence over the two forms of Protestantism in England. Whenever a system of religion subjects itself to a political system, it forfeits its exalted aims, its liberty, and its vitality; its real shape is lost, and it becomes embarrassed and enslaved. Vital Christianity did not expand in the Establishment as might have been expected from a church which had its Latimers and Ridleys; and the worship of the State was attached, on the contrary, to forms and ceremonies which assimilated it in some degree with royalty."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

[2] "A sycamore tree."—LUKE, xix. 4.

[3] A great number of boys ascended the tree, and sat on the huge spreading branches.

Oh! I have seen cathedrals less sublime,
And many an orchestra, full many a time.
God's heralds now appear—the poor exclaim,
'Bless'd are they who come in Jesus' name!'
But list, O heavens, and all the earth give ear!
Angels and men, with deep amazement hear,
While my indignant muse depicts a scene,
Perform'd by demons in the dress of men.
The authors of the piece, the audience know,
Received much aid from Beelzebub and Co.,
Who, after matins, with the synod sat,[1]
'Debating to and fro what to be at;'
For Rumour said, 'Behold, they come to town,
By whom the world is turnèd upside down!'
'Our craft will be exposed,' the chairman said;
'Our temple's glory in the dust be laid;
Our wealth, our power, and our magnificence,
Will be despised, unless we drive them hence.
Wardens! pronounce your thoughts, what must be done;
We must not, will not, let these men alone,
Or, down they'll pull *our* Church, stone after stone.
Not Church alone, but Church, and King, and State,
Will follow soon the Jewish temple's fate.
Our triple grandeur, levell'd with the ground
Shall be, and not one vestige found.
Gamaliel says, "From all such men refrain."
Gamaliel, for that speech, should have been slain.
For while that speech of his on record stands,
Zeal's mouth is gagg'd, and manacled her hands.
But for his counsel, she a thousand times
Had taken holy vengeance on the crimes
Of such erratic aliens, who subvert
Revered authorities, and do assert
That they, forsooth, are authorized to preach
In all the world, and every soul to teach!
Presumptuous cant! But who can stay the tide
Of error, while Gamaliel is to guide?
They say he was a "Doctor,"—that might be;
But not a doctor of divinity—
Unless he smuggled o'er a Scotch degree!
And "had in reputation," too. Pshaw, pshaw!
And so is[2] Doctor Solomon, ha! ha!
Away, then, with Gamalielism,
Big with false doctrine, heresy, and schism.
And, in less ancient history if we look,
We read of Popes in every page, who took
The besom of destruction; sweeping off
From the endanger'd body all such scroff.

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[1] A vestry-meeting was held.

[2] At this period, the sale of "Solomon's Balm of Gilead" was as extensive as that of the late "Morison's Pills."

Tortures and flames our Mary, too, supplied
For those in England who the faith denied;
But now, alas! those rights are set aside.
Our racks, our whips, our thumb-screws, now no more,
Are banish'd Britain to some holier shore;
The fires of Smithfield all extinguish'd now,
And nought is left to make the stubborn bow.
Therefore consult, and on that plot revolve
Which most in mischief may our foes involve.'
The vestry then they left, but all were found,
Punctual to time, on the appointed ground.
When praise was ended, as the prayer began,
A bellowing fury, something like a man,
By matchless mimic of an ass's bray,
Open'd the prologue of the infernal play
Projected in the morning of the day.
The next in fame, the huntsman of the pack,
That *gentleman* behind the tree in black,
Then tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
And roused the sportsman's full-mouth'd 'Harkaway!'—
A charming anthem for the Sabbath-day!
Are these the acts of which collegians boast?
Are such the inspirèd of the Holy Ghost?
Blush, Learning, blush! thrice blush, 'Divinity!'
God's foolishness makes wiser men than ye—
Makes fools more wise than some who write 'D.D.'
How sapience reddens when her priests are known
By graduation only, band or gown!
The hierarch may ape that power of heaven,
Which never was, nor will to man be given,
To nominate ambassadors from God,
And send them forth with arrogated nod.
But the GREAT BISHOP, God's anointed ONE,
Will place His mitre on the head of none.
No palms but His the sacred oil contain,
No other unction penetrates the brain
Or consecrates the heart. Hail, Power Divine!
No ordination craves my soul but THINE.

But not alone by shouts did they excite;
Strong drink was given to fit their men for fight.
A hirèd few thus sanctuarized begin
To persecute 'this way' with impious din.
In drunken clamours worship now was drown'd;[1]
The parson wink'd, the wardens grinn'd around.
Vain was remonstrance, reason none would hear,
Some crazed by bigotry, and some by beer;
Resenting all that Scripture had to say,
'Away!' they cry, 'with all such fools away!
We want you not. Our parson 's wise and good;
If he can't tell what's right, we pray who should?

[1] Lord Sidmouth's Act was passed soon after.

As we with him, he is with us, content—
And who are you to come and cry repent?
Such doctrine does our parish a disgrace.
Depart, insulting rascals, from our place!
Repent, indeed! why, what have we then done?
Ye men of spirit, help, help every one.
Do God a service, each man cast a stone;
For 'twill be thought, from what these babblers tell,
We're worse than Jew, or Turk, or infidel!
We can no longer bear such vile reproach—
Ye navigators,[1] overturn their coach!'
This was their predetermined morning's plan
(I had it from a friend, a vestryman).
The hireling staggerers, as a sidelong wave,
Obedient to their charge, against us drave;
But He whose everlasting arm of yore
Succour'd His servants, now their burdens bore.[2]
E'en those half-drunken dupes, beguiled to sin,
Now nearly sober, to desert begin;
And, disregarding former compacts, rise,
And threaten midnight to their leaders' eyes.
One bulky hero, with his massy fist,
Whose prowess none dare offer to resist,
Begg'd us to let him pulverize our foes:
Our prayers, however, saved them from his blows.
But where's the classic demagogue, where's he?
Skulk'd, reconnoitering there, behind the tree,
With grief he view'd his men desert and fly;
But soon he subsidized his old ally,
Brave Bacchus, who from neighbouring cellar drew
His dread artillery, and our hopes o'erthrew.
Plainly to speak, a public-house stood near,
From which were borne large cans of heady beer,
To drive effectually the small remains
Of reason from those poor trepann'd men's brains.
This stratagem eclipsed Apollyon's art—
A grand manœuvre worthy Bonaparte.
Temptation, smiling, sat upon the froth,
All sanctified by virtue of the cloth;
And now again, glass after glass they fill:
'Come, come, and welcome, come whoever will.
Ho, every one! ye thirsty, all draw nigh;
Without or price or money, come and buy.
Wide open all your mouths!—oh taste and see
Your friend's unparallel'd philanthropy.
Come, loyal souls, here's to the "CHURCH AND KING!"
With three times three make all the parish ring!
Huzza, my boys! another bumper take,
And drive the other down for Charlotte's sake.

[1] The early name for our present "navvies," originally employed in excavating the canals of the country.

[2] The minister's little boy, about ten years of age, stood up and gave out a hymn at this threatening aspect of affairs. This appears to have had the marvellous effect described in this passage.

Bravo, my bucks! again, again, again!
Our constitution, sirs! amen, amen!
The cans all out?—go, fill them then again.'
Thus, like the herd of old by demons driven,
To flood more fatal these poor swine were given.
Choked by the poison'd element, they sunk:—
THINK OF THE RECKONING, YOU WHO MADE THEM DRUNK!"

This energetic evangelist had been, when a young man, a keen sportsman and a first-rate shot; and there were but few places in those counties in which he was preaching, of which he had not an intimate knowledge,—a fact which, on one occasion, stood him in good stead. He thus writes:—"When the service began, a constable with a warrant from a neighbouring magistrate requested that some of us would go with him to the squire. Two of our respectable friends accompanied him, while Mr. E. and myself were left to conduct the worship. Shortly after another constable came with a second warrant, to take up the preacher. Mr. E. was just quoting his text—'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' 'You must go with me, sir,' said the man, stepping up to him; however, the preacher continued. The constable then took him by the coat, exclaiming still louder, 'You must go with me, sir;' but Mr. E. was determined upon delivering his message. To prevent further confusion, I went up and begged to look at his authority, which he very civilly showed me, Mr. E. still proceeding. I asked him 'In and for what county was this warrant issued?'—'Hampshire, sir.'—'Do you know the division of the counties?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Tell me, then, in what county is the preacher now standing?' The man paused and smiled, and, looking somewhat foolish, observed, 'He is upon the *right side of the hedge*, sir;' for he was actually standing in Berkshire, while his congregation was in Hampshire, the line of demarcation which separates the counties being between them. I do not know that my knowledge of geography was ever more serviceable to me or to my friends than on this occasion. The gentle constable stood and heard the whole of the discourse, and seemed as much interested in it as any of the company."

On other occasions, we find him encountering the same settled hostility from the guardians of the law as of the Gospel. In fact, at this era the State and the Church pulled furiously together against what Puseyite dignitaries still call "schismatics." On the passing of Lord Sidmouth's act in favour of dissenters, we find this noble-minded Englishman resolutely reading a lesson of law to a magistrate who had refused to administer the oath as required by the act. After much difficulty, an interview took place, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"*Justice*: Well, sir, what is this so highly important business of yours, which my servant was not worthy to be trusted with?

Mr. S.: Sir, having met with much ill-usage last Sabbath, when preaching in the neighbourhood, I wish to avail myself of the protection which the legislature of my country has provided for preachers not in the Establishment; for which purpose, sir, I think it is necessary for me to subscribe to the oaths of allegiance, and therefore I would thank you to administer the same.

Justice: I wish, sir, you had saved yourself and me the unnecessary trouble of this intrusion: if you had told my servant your business, I should have sent word that the quarter-sessions is the place for you to apply.

Mr. S.: I beg pardon, sir; I believe the recent act respecting religious toleration makes it the duty of every magistrate to administer the oaths.

Justice: Do you think, sir, I do not know the duties of my station?

Mr. S.: I did not speak, sir, with an intention to convey any such idea; but I thought, sir, you might not have seen that new act.

Justice: Who are you, sir, that you should come to me for this purpose? You say your name is S——?

Mr. S.: Yes, sir.

Justice: What, S——, the tramping Methodist?—Upon this, I made a pause of about two periods, and summoning all the expression of my soul into my countenance, with my eye fixed upon him, I made him the most significant bow with which perhaps he was ever honoured, replying at the same time, 'Yes, sir, S——, the—tramping—Methodist!'

Justice: What, sir? Do you mean to insult me in my own house? There's the door, sir.

Mr. S.: Sorry am I, sir, that you should subject yourself to anything like insult, by such an example of insult; you have greatly committed yourself, sir. I thought, sir, you were a gentleman.

Justice: I shall order my servant to show you the door, sir, if you take these liberties.

Mr. S.: You, sir, as a magistrate, dare not dismiss me without rendering me that protection which I require; and I am persuaded, sir, to speak plainly, that you never have read the new act, or you would not refuse me that justice which the act so positively and plainly points out to be your duty to perform. I have the act, sir, in my pocket, and will read you the clause relating to the point in question, if you will permit me.—I then read it with a

firm and audible voice, though perhaps in rather too dictatorial a tone; for I must confess that his conduct had robbed me of all show of deference. The magistrate then acknowledged that he had not seen the act; that it appeared to him that my application was perfectly in order; but he begged I would leave the act with him till Monday. This I cheerfully did.

"Before I left the magistrate he became very civil, conversed with me freely, and asked me at what hours I intended to preach the next day. I told him our first service began at nine o'clock, that we might not interfere with church-hours, which was our practice in general. He asked me how it was I had never availed myself of 'a license' till now. I informed him that I had never needed it before; and that I had never known, during all my itinerancy in the kingdom, men so void of the fear of God, nor magistrates connive at such outrageous proceedings. He then gave me a written document for protection in case of disturbance, and told me to call on him at such an hour on Monday."

These are the undaunted men, who, like Luther, Farel, Wickliffe, Wesley, Whitfield, and others of the same Christian hardihood, have, year by year, broken down the proud barriers of religious Caste, giving at the same time fresh scope for the best energies of civil liberty, and laying broad and deep the foundations of national independence, freer discussion, and a freer press. These were the pioneers of liberty of conscience, who came forth

> To fight the battle of the King Most High
> Against the antichristian trinity,—
> Self, earth, and hell. These did they trample down;
> In conquering these, obtain'd their richest crown.
> Go on, great men! both fools and madmen be,
> And share with Christ and Paul their obloquy!

At other times welcome but unexpected suavities were the lot of these labourers in the Gospel vineyard. One of them thus writes:—"The spot selected for the unfurling of our banners was peculiarly eligible; our pavilion stood on an eminence in the plain, encircled by several villages situated in the valleys below—not a tree, bush, nor boundary, to intercept the view; the eye beheld an unbroken horizon of hills, most of which were nameless to us, who were unacquainted with that part of the country; the extent and loveliness of the prospect, however, was at first concealed from us by the morning clouds and mists which hung about these eminences. About eight o'clock the vapours were dispelled by a light breeze and the powerful rays of the sun, and with them fled our fears, for till now we had apprehensions of an unpleasant day, though the skylarks, more weather-wise, could we have interpreted

their songs, had long before told us our fears were groundless; it was now, however, that these delightful little warblers ascended in full choir, whose rival strains drew after them our gratitude to Heaven."

Take again an instance of that grim formalism, which, under the dull moralities of the Porch, has, and, alas! is still, in too many parishes, consigning the national flock to the most deadly slumbers, without a faithful guardian to rouse them from the icy chill. "A respectable man, one who had lived to the age of sixty years, a man of unblemished character, and who had always regularly kept his church, was visited in his last hours by a Christian who knew that it was possible for a man to have the form without possessing the power of godliness, and, in the course of conversing with him, asked him, among other things, if he 'thought he was prepared to die?' He answered, 'he hoped he was, and thanked God he had nothing to repent of; that he had kept his church, that he had never injured any one in his life, and that he had never spent his money in drunkenness, &c.' The visitor, seeing he was not building his hope of heaven on the right and only foundation, thought to lead his mind from his own fancied good works to a sense of his sinful character, and to the only name given whereby we can be saved, and therefore asked him for what purpose he thought Christ Jesus came into the world, calculating most certainly that he would say, 'To save sinners;' but, to his utter astonishment and confusion, the reply was (after pausing awhile), 'Why, I suppose He came to see what kind of creatures we are here.' Had this man been delirious, had he been in his second childhood, had he been in a heathen country, charity might have hoped something for him, and for his teachers. Does not such awful ignorance as this put us in mind of what God says—'My people perish for lack of knowledge'?" What joy has it ever been to the true ambassador of Christ

To pour a flood of glorious Gospel light
O'er the dark regions of infernal night,
Where Mammon in religious garb was known,
Or Moloch reign'd on Superstition's throne!

Let us now parallel this with the experience of a missionary in London. He inquired of the sick man, "Do you know who Jesus Christ was?" "Well, no," said he; "I should say that's werry hard to tell."—"Do you know whether He was St. John's brother?" "No, that I don't."—"Can you tell me who the Trinity are?" "No, sir."—"Are you a sinner?" "Oh, certainly, sir, we are all sinners." (A pause.)—"Have you never done wrong?" "Why no, I don't consider as ever I have."—"Did you never commit sin?"

"Why, no, I don't know as ever I did."—"But do you think that you are a sinner?" "Oh, certainly, sir, we're all sinners."—"What is a sinner?" "Well, I'm blessed if I know rightly: I never had no head-piece."[1]

Now Christianity is that power which compels a man to surpass himself. It thoroughly renovates principle and practice, and brings fallen humanity directly under the scrutinizing glance of the Omniscient. Here the Christian is conscious that no deceit will avail: a total change of character is the result. Sin clothes a man with rags. Christianity surrounds him with the decencies and comforts of life.

How graphically do the following homely rhymes express this:—

"*Then*, how unlike the man whom *now* you see!
Those who best knew him, ask—'Can this be he?'
His skin was filthy, and his beard was shorn
Once in a fortnight, on a Sunday morn;
His hat was slouch'd, his tatters daub'd with dirt,
And seldom wash'd the rag he called his shirt—
Never, but when its owner was undress'd.
His poor wife clean'd it while he took his rest:
She work'd all night, to patch, and rinse its stains,
And he has cursed and kick'd her for her pains.
One frock was all his suit: no change had he,
Till his change came and made him what you see.
Till then, those children all in rags were clad,
The mother pale, emaciated, sad:
Their hungry clamours drove her almost mad.
Now they are taught to read God's sacred Word,
And sanctify the Sabbath of the Lord;
Freed from their rags, their filth, and outward sin,
The little Ethiops have changed their skin.
Such are the fruits which follow TRUTH; and thus
The Gospel is confirm'd by 'God with us.'"

These—these are triumphs such as never have been gained by human agency. No refinement, no intellectual training, no Crystal Palaces, no Sunday museums, can do more than slur over the surface of the human heart.

Christianity cuts to the very quick. It does not indulge in the prettiness of fancy-pruning, but it absolutely lops away the old, and supplies a new root.

So that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature:"—

"The savage husband and contentious wife,
Who shook their neighbourhood with storms of strife;
Parents and children destitute of love,
Beneath brute beasts by many a deep remove,

[1] Church of England Quarterly, *in loco*.

And myriads more, too numerous to name,
Who laugh at sin, and glory in their shame,
Are still converted from their mad career,
When drawn the Gospel's glorious truths to hear."

And, alas! what a subject of regret is it that our Church cannot shake off the lethargic sing-song of men who were never intended for "ambassadors"!

"Once a clergyman always a clergyman, is the maxim of our ecclesiastical polity: and we have had instances, even in our own day, in which a clergyman, led to look on some of the doctrines and practices of the Church as erroneous, and yet believing himself bound to preach the Gospel, quitted the communion in which he had been brought up, and obtained a license as a Dissenting minister; but it was held that he could not divest himself of the clerical character, and one actually suffered imprisonment for not obeying the commands of his former diocesan.

"We well remember a melancholy but interesting case, which will exhibit as strongly as possible the necessity of some such enactment as that which we advocate. The son of a wealthy banker imbibed a taste for a military life; his wishes were complied with, and he donned, to his unspeakable satisfaction, her Majesty's scarlet. His duties were confined to those of peace, and, perhaps for want of more useful occupation, he fell into habits of extravagance and dissipation. The first of these failings was of comparatively little consequence, but by the latter he undermined his constitution and ruined his character. His friends, desirous of reclaiming him, induced him to marry, and his choice fell on a young lady belonging to a family whose very name has become historical in the evangelical annals of this country. For a time the desired effect was produced; but, alas! evil habits are not easily renounced, and ere long his excesses were renewed, in spite of ties which rendered them doubly criminal. Domestic peace was destroyed, and friends were called in to mediate between the estranged parties.

"Unhappily, it occurred to the wife, that if her erring husband would become a minister of the Church, the sense of his deep and solemn responsibilities would act as a check to fiery and hitherto uncontrolled passions. Her friends unfortunately took the same view, and in an evil hour he removed to Cambridge, and the quondam officer 'studied for the Church.' His college career was far from blameless; but he obtained his degree, and, in due time, ordination. But, alas! the dissipated captain became the still more dissipated clergyman; and great and many were the scandals which he brought on his new profession. He was not without feeling, however, in the midst of his excesses; and while the tears of his

wife and the remonstrances of his friends ceased to have any effect upon him, he still felt the pricks of conscience on account of his sacred position. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'that I could lay aside this hateful livery! No one feels my unfitness for the sacred office more keenly than I do.' But once a clergyman always a clergyman; there was no escape either for the culprit or the Church; and, after doing more harm by his profligacy than twenty of his clerical neighbours had done good by their respectability, he died at last, miserably pursued to the latest moment of his life by remorse for his faults, not as such, but simply because they had been committed by one vowed to the Divine service.

"Is this a solitary instance? Unhappily there is reason to believe that it is but one of a class; and if it be somewhat more terrific than the generality, it will be but all the more proper for our purpose.

"A barrister may be disbarred, a member of parliament may accept the Chiltern Hundreds, a solicitor may be struck off the rolls, and thereby the parliamentary or legal character is altogether laid aside. The man is no longer a barrister, a solicitor, or a member of parliament. A dissenting minister may cease preaching, call himself esquire, and, when his ministerial office has determined, there is no reason why he should not be a member of parliament, a wine-merchant, a surveyor, a physician, if it so please him. The clergyman alone is bound—his orders are indelible. Now, an unwilling minister is one who does harm instead of good; and, for the sake of the Church as well as for his own, he should be suffered to depart in peace. The theory that the Holy Spirit is really bestowed, *ex opere operato*, by the laying on of episcopal hands, lies at the bottom of the difficulty; and yet in the Church of Rome a priest may be secularized. Many a most mischievous rector would make a splendid captain of dragoons, and many a miserable curate would find a congenial shelter behind a counter. But in order to such a result two things are necessary; first, that they should be relieved from their orders; and next, that the law should recognize them in their lay character. At present the clergyman cannot carry on business, because he is neither entitled to its advantages nor held to its obligation. Whatever he takes a part in is *ipso facto* vitiated, and Joseph Adey reaped a large harvest of sovereigns, under pretence of communicating information 'to thy advantage,' by pointing out the various modifications of this fact.

"None of the important movements in the National Church of late years have begun with its official rulers. The Evangelical revival under Whitfield and Wesley, instead of being encouraged and guided, was frowned on and maligned, and a large proportion

of its energy diverted beyond the pale of the Church. The revival of missionary zeal at the commencement of this century found little or no countenance in high places. Archdeacons stormed and fumed against the Church Missionary Society long before the bishops lent their tardy patronage. The Tractarian movement, which has stirred the Church so powerfully in an opposite direction, began, and was continued, by simple presbyters, and episcopal countenance and disfavour have been pretty evenly balanced. The efforts to overtake the masses by the Pastoral Aid Society, the ragged and industrial schools, the Irish Church missions, the open-air preaching, all the mightiest influences within the bosom of the Church, have owed their rise to the zeal of private clergymen and laymen; and when official patronage has been gained, it has been sometimes after fruitless opposition, and usually after a season of cautious delay. Our bishops, almost inevitably from the mode of their appointment, are the drag on the fly-wheel of the Church, and not its motive power.

"Just so far as the bishops and clergy have rested idly upon their inherited rights and dignity, those rights and that dignity have slipped away from beneath. A new population have grown up, who own no traditional reverence to the watchwords of their grandfathers. Dissent has enlarged its dimensions and multiplied its adherents, till those who worship without, approach nearly, if they do not equal, the number who worship within the National pale."[1]

Perhaps few things have done more to increase dissent from the Establishment than the appointment of learned inefficiencies to the episcopal bench. Till very recently, literature has been all in all as the qualification for this important office. Piety, zeal, faithfulness, and power, as the great models of what the ambassador of Christ should be,—all these desiderata, and many more, have been almost constantly made subservient to political influence, for legislation, family connections, or learned littlenesses that are not of the slightest avail in the grand scheme of evangelizing the various benighted dioceses of our neglected Church.

Hence the universal rejoicing of the main body of the middle classes of this our native country, on the recent appointment of men to the episcopal bench who suited the real, and not the imaginary requirements of the Establishment.

Hence, while we find the select few astounded at these appointments, we cannot but remark the main body of the people hailing these promotions of godly men, as the fulfilment of the great want of the day. How lamentable is it, then, to hear a certain section

[1] Church of England Quarterly, July, 1856.

in the Church congratulating such a Christian overseer of his flock on "the comfort of beginning his episcopal career by knowing that he can turn for assistance in elegant scholarship" to a certain archdeacon "who took a double first-class at Oxford"—to another "for pastoral theology"—to another "for ecclesiastical law."[1] The people of England care nothing at all for these niceties; for they know right well that elegant scholarship and ecclesiastical law were not the qualifications of the first, the greatest, and most successful bishops of the Christian era. Nor are they the requirements which the National Church truly desiderates at present. England has had a long succession of these men; with what results let the numerous dissenting places of worship say. Learning, elegant scholarship, and an abundance of theology in the members of the episcopal bench, have, for many long years past, proved but fallacious reeds, to pierce to the heart the National Church of England. Nay, more; in many, too many instances, our Church has been turned into a Chinese joss-house; and these patristics have been the Chinese odorous war-pot, that has driven men out of the temple. So that in the manufactory of these he who has been the busiest FILL-POT, has proved the worst enemy to Christianity.

While the State and the High-Caste hierarchists have been resting the Establishment upon these slender props of "elegant scholarship" and "patristic theology," the main body of the people, totally emancipated from the fetters of mediæval spiritual tyranny, and rejoicing in their own dignified position as Christian freemen, have left these intellectual pettinesses, to become the attentive congregations of men who are competent to teach them the grand truths of eternity. Here, in the years 1856 and 1857, the National Church has but just found out the vital importance of the office of the Christian ambassador. It has actually, at last, condescended to do that very thing for which Wesley and Whitfield were scouted in the days of High-Caste Churchmanship. It begins to find out that out-of-door preaching is not, after all, so very uncanonical a thing. It recognizes the importance of home missions to the degraded and the neglected people of our vast metropolis.

What but the inveterate spirit of CASTE prevented this discovery long ago?

What but the arrogant and absurd dogma of "apostolic succession"—a dogma held by the Church of Rome—has silenced the voices of men pre-eminently qualified to rouse, instruct, and enlighten the ignorance and moral darkness of our people? Such

[1] "Morning Post," December 8, 1856.

men, possessed of burning zeal and sound judgment, have shown, in the recognition of their devoted piety by the Great Head of the Church, that they were the truly commissioned messengers of the everlasting Gospel. Their labours were eminently blessed; they were evidenced by the moral and spiritual regeneration of thousands.

> Thus went the Apostles, and thus Wesley went,
> And thus go all who are by Jesus sent;
> While Christ's immortal mandate is, "Go, preach,"—
> Go everywhere, and every creature teach.
> That high commission makes our pulpit sure,
> The world our parish, and all souls our cure.

The early annals of Methodism in Ireland record the names of some very remarkable evangelists who laboured among the Roman Catholics. "Thomas Walsh, a convert from Rome, was one of the most successful preachers to his fellow-countrymen. His success may be attributed in a great measure to his command of the Irish language. It was long ago said in Ireland, 'If you plead for your life, plead in Irish.' And Walsh both pleaded in Irish, and as if for his life. He would sometimes cry out with tears, 'Hear me; and if the doctrine I preach be not according to the Word of God, stone me on the spot.' Another secret of Walsh's success was, that he was mighty in the Scriptures. Wesley, no mean judge in these matters, said, 'Such a master of Biblical knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again. He was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place.' Bartley, the well-known Pilgrim of Lough Dergh, but, above all, Gideon Ouseley, who laboured as an itinerant preacher and evangelist for forty-seven years, and died so late as 1839, deserve mention in this place. Gideon Ouseley was the son of a Galway gentleman, and elder brother of Sir Ralph Ouseley. He may not inaptly, in some respects, be termed the Rowland Hill of Ireland. Like Hill, he was converted under the preaching of the Wesleyans, and spent his long life as an itinerant preacher to the Roman Catholics. He not only preached in streets and churchyards, fairs and markets, but was accustomed to attend the wake-houses; here he would mingle with the people, and while the priest read prayers in Latin, he would translate every part that was good into Irish, and then address the whole assembly, in the presence of the priest, and preach salvation through Christ. Mr. Ouseley one day rode

up to a house where the priest was celebrating mass; the large assembly were on their knees; he knelt with them, and rendering into Irish every word that would bear a scriptural construction, he audibly repeated it, adding, 'Listen to that!' Service being ended, Mr. Ouseley and the congregation rose to their feet. He then delivered an exhortation on the necessity of reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ. When he had concluded, they cried out to the priest, 'Father, who is that?' 'I don't know,' replied the priest; 'he is not a man at all; he is an angel—no man could do what he has done.' Mr. Ouseley mounted his horse and rode away."[1] Nor, amid the apathetic slumbers of the apostolic succession, were true evangelists wanting to bear their undaunted testimony to the truth in the Principality.

The Rev. Thomas Charles, a young clergyman, having taken his degree at Oxford, married, and settled at Lanymowddy, near Bala, in North Wales, began to enter on the duties of the curacy there with all that zeal which a young spirit impressed with the importance of the pastoral office naturally feels. "He was speedily struck with amazement and consternation to find that, instead of his ardent and active services for the good of the people being cordially responded to by the neighbouring clergy and the gentry, they were made causes of wrath and complaint against him. He was, in short, quickly dismissed from his curacy, and found it impossible to obtain any other employment in the Church. He intimated his willingness to serve gratis, but his services were not wanted on any terms. In order to procure that engagement elsewhere that the clergy of Wales would not give him, he forwarded his credentials to the well-known Rev. Robert Newton, of London. These by some chance were lost; and the doors of the Church being thus, at least for a time, shut against him, he betook himself to the education of the children of the poor. The more he looked about him on all sides, the more he became struck with the scene of ignorance and neglect which all Wales presented. The old were sitting in the darkness of centuries of neglect; the young were growing up in the same. No pains had been taken to instruct them from the pulpit in their mother tongue; few or none of the clergy could even speak it. No care had been taken to teach the young even to read the New Testament; nay, New Testaments they had none. To use the words of an authority to which we shall quickly turn again, 'During the reign of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, several Welshmen were inducted; but not one since the accession of the house of Brunswick! The

[1] Church of England Quarterly, *in loco.*

consequence was, that the prelates brought into their respective dioceses nephews and cousins to the ninth degree of consanguinity; the next consequence was a change of service on the borders from Welsh into English; and a third and important consequence was the desertion of the Church.'

"In the early part of the last century, the Rev. Griffith Jones, the rector of Landowree, in Caermarthenshire, had started from the slumber which surrounded him, and commenced a zealous ministry amongst the people, to the no small scandal of his sluggish brethren. He went out into the fields and churchyards through the country to preach to the people, thousands of whom flocked to him, so that he soon acquired the name of the Welsh Apostle. His zeal was not contagious amongst the people, but amongst the younger clergy.

"The Rev. Howell Harris, curate of Llys-y-frân, in Pembrokeshire; the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, of Cardiganshire; Mr. Howell Harris, of Breconshire, a gentleman educated for the Church, but who refused to take orders on account of what he had witnessed in the Church;—these joined Mr. Jones in his zealous preachings and instruction of the poor, but soon found the pulpits and houses of the clergy closed against them, and were compelled to join with Whitfield on his appearance in Wales.

"Though repelled by the ministers appointed by the Sstate, the people received them with open arms.

"They preached through the country, in houses, barns, and fields, on commons or on mountains, and the Author of Christianity proved to them that His religion was as effectually to be propagated there as when He taught it in such places Himself. Mr. Charles now found himself compelled to join this body, if he did not mean to forego his usefulness in the world. He found himself received in a very different manner to what he had been by the plethoric Sybarites of the state sleeping Establishment.

"The people flew to him, and though every church in the country was closed, the country itself was all open to him. Preachers also sprang up in numbers. He travelled through the entire principality, forming associations, encouraging the erection of chapels, and preaching everywhere. If any evidence was wanting to prove whether the Established Church had neglected the people, or the people their instructions, that was soon afforded; for wherever the people were addressed in their own tongue and with earnestness, they immediately responded to it. But Mr. Charles did not content himself with preaching and organizing societies; he saw the whole population of children existing in profound ignorance, and he planned a system of itinerant charity-schools. He raised

subscriptions amongst the wealthy of England, and sent out a number of schoolmasters to teach the children of the poor to read the New Testament. This task they generally accomplished, in the case of children of a proper age, in about nine months, when they again moved on, each to a fresh location.

"The grand difficulty," says our authority, "which arose in this process was the want of Welsh Testaments. There were no such things in the hands of the people, though they had had the presence —benefit it cannot be said—of a wealthy hierarchy for two centuries. Mr. Charles, therefore, made a strong appeal once more to the piety and benevolence of the English public, representing, to its surprise, the utter want of the Scriptures in Wales; and by this appeal he became the originator of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY! He set up night and Sunday schools for those who could not attend his day schools. The Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools, in London, made him their agent for North Wales, and, thus assisted, he spread about Testaments and spelling-books in abundance. In 1803, such was the great demand for school-books, that he set up a printing-press at Bala. 'Whatever,' said he in one of his letters, 'we attempted of this nature succeeded wonderfully, till the whole country was filled with schools of one sort or another, and all were taught at once. The blessed effects were corresponding.' 'Not only,' says Mr. Timpson, in his 'British Ecclesiastical History,' 'was Mr. Charles the chief leader of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales for many years, but his various, and judicious, and persevering labours were, under the blessing of God, the means of a general reformation of the country.'" The same noble spirit actuated also other men, in the West of England, in the great work of evangelization. Of one truly apostolic minister we thus read:—

"Commiserating the condition of poor chimney-sweeps, who are frequently destitute of a change of raiment, and seldom are seen at any place of worship, Mr. G. appointed a meeting for these excommunicated characters, and thus writes in his journal:—'February 24th—Preached to nine people, six of whom were chimney-sweepers. I trust it will not be in vain; they heard me with great attention:—

"'Oh! may this poor neglected race
Taste Jesus' love and dying grace!'

"Mr. G. made the sweeps' own house a chapel, for no neighbour would make his house a chapel for sweeps. No place of worship can be conceived so nearly resembling the fancied portal of the infernal world as did this gloomy temple, where two-thirds of the

congregation appeared in the very same attire as that in which they had crept from their sooty tunnels on the morning of the same day. And who knows but now, in the glorious realms of blessedness, the happy spirit of this faithful servant of Christ, beholding some glittering band near the throne of God, may inquire—

> "Who are these array'd in white,
> Brighter than the noon-day sun?"

Of what the earnest affection of the poor Christian is capable, was evidenced by St. Paul, who says: "I bear you witness, if it were possible ye would have plucked out your eyes and have given them to us."

The same spirit of devotion towards the true evangelist is recorded by a man of God in the case of two pious but poor Christians. Our authority thus writes:—

"My host and hostess were very affectionate; both of them enjoyed the love of God; and when dinner was ready, the good woman placed it on the table; it consisted of a noble platter of nice mealy potatoes, crowned with about two ounces of bacon; the whole of the meat she put upon my plate. The children were looking on. It was too much for me," said the man of God, "and quite spoiled my dinner; not a bit could I touch, having at that moment 'bread which the world knew not of.' These dear people gave me as it were all their living; but had it been to save me from starving, I could not have tasted a morsel with such feelings as I then had. After a while, to appease their uneasiness more than my own cravings, I took a potato with salt. Oh! that their barrel and cruise may never fail!" Meanwhile, what sort of Christianity is that which, in France, "where all religions are equal before the law," seals up the utterance of the faithful minister of Christ, nominally because he is not a native of that country, but actually because he does not follow the dogmas of the State Church.

In February, 1850, the Rev. M. Lennè, a Swiss, but domiciled in France, was tried for having celebrated Protestant worship in the department of the Haute-Vienne. "The point was, that he was a foreigner, and had no right to celebrate any sort of religious worship. What should we say in England to a law that made it criminally punishable for an American minister, Dr. Channing for instance, to preach in England? M. Lennè was condemned by the first tribunal, and, on appealing to a second, the first sentence was confirmed.

"With a very praiseworthy resolution, he appealed to the Court of Cassation, the ultimate court of appeal, and there the decisions below were reversed, and final judgment given in his favour; and the important principle was decided, strange to say for the first

time in liberal France, that a stranger may celebrate worshipequally with a native-born Frenchman."[1]

And here we cannot help reverting to that period of French evangelization, so deeply interesting to the Christian and the statesman, which presents a noble contrast to the repressive exclusiveness of the present state of things in France.

We have already seen how, about the year 1521-2, Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, one of the converts of Lefevre and Farel, placed a copy of the Bible in the hands of the king's sister, Marguérite de Valois, queen of Navarre.

"Heresy," says the Jesuit Fleury, "was seen to enter triumphantly into the palace of the most Christian king, and it may be said that there it exercised complete sway. The queen permitted ministers to preach in the royal apartments, which were thronged; while a poor Jacobin, who preached the Lent sermons at Fontainebleau, had no audience. The whole court seemed Calvinist, and meat was served at all the tables during Lent; no one talked of hearing mass; and the young prince, who was taken to church for the sake of saving appearances, went almost alone."[2] But this happy state of things was soon overclouded by the deep gloom of fierce persecution.

Farel, the most energetic of the French Protestant party, was obliged to fly for his life, and to take refuge in Switzerland; and many were the exiles that escaped simultaneously to those strongholds of liberty.

"But these Frenchmen," says D'Aubigné, "were not merely men of prayer: never has the evangelical army contained combatants more ready to sacrifice their lives in the day of battle. They felt the importance of scattering the Holy Scriptures and pious books in their country, still overshadowed with the gloom of superstition. The French wished to establish several presses at Basle, that should be worked day and night, so as to inundate France with the Word of God. At Meaux, at Metz, and at other places, were men rich and powerful enough to support this enterprise. No one could address Frenchmen with so much authority as Farel himself. The presses of Basle were constantly employed in printing French works; they were forwarded to Farel, and by him introduced into France with unceasing activity. One of the first writings sent by this Religious Tract Society, was Luther's 'Explanation of the Lord's Prayer.'

"Lefevre had already published at Meaux, but in detached portions, the book of the New Testament in French. Thus was the

[1] Hope's "Bible in Brittany." [2] Marsden, p. 385.

Word of God offered to France in opposition to the traditions of the Church, which Rome still continues to present to her. Farel and his friends consigned the books to certain pedlars, or colporteurs, simple and pious men, who, laden with their precious burden, passed from town to town, from village to village, and from house to house, in Franche-Comté, Lorraine, Burgundy, and the adjoining provinces, knocking at every door. They procured the books at a low rate, that they might be more eager to sell them. Thus, as early as 1524, there existed in Basle A BIBLE SOCIETY, A TRACT SOCIETY, AND AN ASSOCIATION OF COLPORTEURS, for the benefit of France. It is a mistake to conceive that these efforts date only from our age: they go back, in essentials, not only to the times of the Reformation, but still further to the primitive ages of the Church."

Let us now contemplate that apostle of evangelization, Farel, the Luther of Switzerland. Like St. Paul, he was once the most bigoted of partisans of his own sect—the true Church.

In the following account, for which we are indebted to the vigorous and graphic pen of the great historian of the Reformation, we cannot fail to see God's hand in raising up one so pre-eminently fitted for the work of evangelizing the "land of mountain and of flood:"—

"In these Alpine regions," writes D'Aubigné, "then disturbed by Romish fanaticism, three leagues from the ancient town of Gap, in the direction of Grenoble, not far from the flowery turf that clothes the table-land of Bayard's mountain, at the foot of the Aiguille, and near the pass of Glaize, stood, and still stands, a group of houses, half-hidden by the surrounding trees, and which bears the name of Farel, or, in the dialect of the country, Fareau.

"On an extensive terrace raised above the neighbouring cottages might be seen a house of that class which is denominated *gentilhommière*, a manor-house. It was surrounded by an orchard which led to the village. Here, in these days of trouble, dwelt a noble family of established piety, known as Farel. In 1489, the very year in which the Papacy was employing its severest measures in Dauphiny, was born in this modest mansion a son who received the name of William. His parents were among the most devoted servants of the Papacy. 'My father and mother believed everything,' he tells us of himself, 'and accordingly they brought up their children in all the observances of Romish devotion.' God had bestowed rare qualities on William Farel, such as were fitted to give him great ascendancy over his fellows. William threw himself with his whole soul into the superstitious habits of his credulous family. Four leagues to the south of Gap, near Tallard,

on a hill that rises above the impetuous stream of the Durance, was a place in great repute, named Sainte-Croix—the Holy Cross.

"William was only seven or eight years old, when his father and mother resolved to take him thither on a pilgrimage. 'The cross in that place,' they told him, 'is made of the very wood on which Christ was crucified.' The family began their journey, and at length reached the highly venerated cross, before which they all fell prostrate. After gazing for a time on the sacred wood and the copper of the cross, the latter being made (as the priest told them) of the basin in which Christ washed His apostles' feet, the pilgrims turned their eyes towards a small crucifix attached to the cross. 'When the devils send us hail and thunder,' continued the priest, 'this crucifix moves about so violently that it seems to get loose from the cross, as if desirous of running at the devil, and it continues throwing out sparks of fire against the storm; and if it were not for this, nothing would be left upon earth.'

"The pious pilgrims were deeply moved by the account of these wonderful prodigies. 'No one,' continued the priest, 'sees or knows aught of these things except myself and this man.' The pilgrims turned their heads, and saw a strange-looking person standing near them. 'It was frightful to look at him,' said Farel; 'white scales covered the pupils of his eyes, whether they were there in reality, or Satan only made them appear so.' This extraordinary man, whom the credulous denominated 'the priest's wizard,' on being appealed to by the latter, immediately replied that the prodigy was true.

"A new episode completed the picture, by mingling a suspicion of criminal disorders with these superstitions. 'There came up a young woman, intent upon other devotion than that of the cross, carrying her infant wrapped in a cloth.

"'Then the priest went up, took hold of the woman and child, and led them into the chapel. I may safely assert that never did dancer take a woman and lead her out more lovingly than these two did. But such was our blindness, that neither their looks nor their gestures, even when they had behaved in an unseemly manner before us, appeared otherwise than good and holy. It was clear that the woman and my gallant of a priest understood the miracle thoroughly, and made it a cover to their intercourse. Such is a faithful picture of religion and morals in France at the commencement of the Reformation. Farel thirsted for life, for knowledge, and for light; he aspired to be something great; he asked permission to study.' This was a great blow to his father, who thought that a young noble ought to know nothing beyond his sword and his rosary. He persevered in his entreaties, and the old gentleman

gave way at last. Farel immediately applied to study with surprising ardour. Eager in the pursuit of knowledge, having learned all that could be acquired in his province, he turned his eyes elsewhere. The renown of the university of Paris had long filled the Christian world; and having obtained the permission of his parents, he set out for the capital of France.

"Of all the Reformers, Farel and Luther are perhaps those whose early spiritual developments are best known to us, and who had to pass through the greatest struggles.

"Quick and ardent, men of conflict and strife, they underwent the severest trials before attaining peace.

"Farel is the pioneer of the Reformation in France and Switzerland; he rushed into the wood, and hewed down the aged giants of the forest with his axe.

"In 1512, at a time when Luther had made no impression on the world, and was going to Rome on some trifling monkish business, at an epoch when Zwingle had not yet begun to apply himself earnestly to sacred learning, and was crossing the Alps with the confederates to fight for the Pope, Paris and France were listening to the teaching of those vital truths from which the Reformation was ordained to issue. The Reformation was not, therefore, in France, a foreign importation. It was born on French soil, it generated in Paris, it put forth its first shoots in the university itself, that second authority in Romish Christendom."

Soon after his exile from France, we find Farel at Aigle, in Switzerland, and acting with great prudence, considering his zealous temperament. Here he represented himself to be a schoolmaster, and waited until a door should be opened to him to appear as a Reformer. He gradually set about instructing the parents as well as children. "He at first attacked the doctrine of purgatory, and next the invocation of saints.

"'As for the Pope, he is nothing,' said he, 'or almost nothing, in these parts; and as for the priests, provided they annoy the people with all that nonsense, which Erasmus knows so well how to turn into ridicule, that is enough for them.'

"At length he believed the looked-for moment had arrived. Accordingly, one day, the prudent schoolmaster disappears.

"'I am William Farel,' says he, 'minister of the Word of God.' The terror of the priests and magistrates was great, when they saw in the midst of them that very man whose name had already become so formidable.

"Few countries could have presented greater difficulties for the daring Reformer. The princess of Longueville, residing in France, in the suite of Francis I.,—a woman of courtly habits, vain, extra-

vagant, always in debt, and thinking of Neufchatel only as a farm that should bring her in a large revenue,—was devoted to the Pope and Popery. Twelve canons, with several priests and chaplains, formed a powerful clergy, at whose head was the provost Oliver of Hochberg, natural brother to the princess.

"The people of Neufchatel had a great respect for ancient rights, and it was easy to take advantage of this state of feeling, considering the general ignorance, to maintain the delusions of Popery. The canons improved the opportunity. For the instructions of the Gospel they substituted pomp and shows. The church, situated on a steep rock, was filled with altars, chapels, and images of saints; and religion, descending from this sanctuary, ran up and down in the streets, and was travestied in dramas and mysteries, mingled with indulgences, miracles, and debauchery. The soldiers of Neufchatel, however, who had made the campaign of 1529 with the Bernese army, brought back to their homes the liveliest enthusiasm for the evangelical cause. It was at this period that a frail boat, quitting the southern bank of the lake, on the side opposite Morat, and carrying a Frenchman of mean appearance, steered towards the Neufchatel shore. Farel, for it was he, had learned that the village of Serrière, situated at the gates of Neufchatel, depended, as to spiritualities, on the evangelical city of Bienne, and that Emer Beynon, the priest of the place, 'had some liking for the Gospel.' The plan of his campaign was immediately formed. He appeared before parson Emer, who received him with joy. But what could be done? for Farel had been interdicted from preaching in any church whatever in the earldom. The poor priest thought to reconcile everything by permitting Farel to mount on a stone in the cemetery, and thus preach to the people, turning his back upon the church.

"A great disturbance arose in Neufchatel. On one side the government, the canons, and the priests cried 'Heresy!' but, on the other, some inhabitants of Neufchatel, to whom God had given a knowledge of the truth, flocked to Serrière.

"In a short time, these last could not contain themselves: 'Come,' said they to Farel, 'and preach to us in the town.' This was at the beginning of December.

"They entered by the gate of the castle, and leaving the church on the hill to the left, they passed in front of the canons' houses, and descended to the narrow street inhabited by the citizens. On reaching the market cross, Farel ascended a platform, and addressed the crowd, which gathered together from all the neighbourhood—weavers, vine-dressers, husbandmen; a worthy race, possessing more feeling than imagination. The preacher's exterior was

grave, his discourse energetic, his voice like thunder; his eyes, his features, his gestures, all showed him a man of intrepidity. The citizens, accustomed to run about the streets after the mountebanks, were touched by his powerful language. 'Farel preached a sermon of such efficacy,' says a manuscript, 'that he gained over much people.' Some monks, however, with shaven crowns, glided among his hearers, seeking to excite them against the heretical minister. 'Let us beat out his brains,' said some. 'Duck him! duck him!' cried others, advancing to throw Farel into a fountain, which may still be seen near the spot where he preached. But the Reformer stood firm." This first preaching was succeeded by others. To this Gospel missionary, every place was a church; every stone, every bench, every platform, was a pulpit.

> The temple, synagogue, the house, the street,
> The market-place, and where disciples meet,
> Cities, and hamlets, highways, field, and flood,
> Plains, deserts, mountains, where their Master stood,
> A pulpit for these veterans supplied,
> To plead the cause of Him for man who died!

Already the cutting winds and snows of December should have kept the Neufchatelons around their firesides. The canons made a vigorous defence, and in every quarter the "shorn crowns" were in agitation, supplicating, menacing, shouting, and threatening; but all was useless. "No sooner did this man of small stature rise up in any place, with his pale yet sunburnt complexion, with red and uncombed beard, yet sparkling eye and expressive mouth, than the monks' labour was lost. The people collected around him, for it was the love of God that fell from his lips. All eyes were fixed upon him; with open mouths and attentive ears, they hung upon his words. And scarcely did he begin to speak, when—'oh! wonderful work of God!' he himself exclaims—'this multitude believed as if it had but one soul.' The Word of God carried the town, as it were, at the first assault, and, throwing down the devices Rome had taken ages to compose, established itself in triumph on the ruins of human traditions. But, during this time, what were the adherents of the Pope doing at Neufchatel? The canons, members of the general audiences, of which they formed the first estate, treated both priests and laymen with intolerable haughtiness. Laying the burden of their office upon poor curates, they publicly kept dissolute women, clothed them sumptuously, endowed their children by public acts, haunted the streets by night, or went into a foreign country to enjoy in secret the produce of their avarice and of their intrigue. At length the monks and canons, so long at war, embrace and unite against

the Reformer. 'We must save religion,' said they, meaning their tithes, banquets, scandals, and privileges. Not one of them could oppose a doctrine to the doctrine preached by Farel; to insult him was their sole weapon. At Corcelles, however, they went still farther. As the minister was proclaiming the Gospel near the priory, the monks fell upon him; in the midst of them was the prior, Rodolph de Benoit, storming, exciting, and striving to augment the tempest. He even had a dagger in his hand, according to one writer. Farel escaped with difficulty. This was not enough. Popery, as it has always done, had recourse to the civil power. The canons, the abbot, and the prior solicited the governor, George de Rive. Farel stood firm. 'The glory of Jesus Christ,' said he, 'and the lively affection His sheep bear to His Word, constrain me to endure sufferings greater than tongue can describe.' Ere long he was compelled to yield. Farel again crossed the lake. A few days after this, Farel, accompanied by a Bernese messenger, scaled that magnificent amphitheatre of mountains above Vevay, whence the eye plunges into the waters of the Leman; and soon he crossed the estates of Count John of Gruyères, who was in the habit of saying, 'We must burn this French Luther!' Scarcely had Farel reached the heights of St. Martin de Vaud when he saw the vicar of the place, with two priests, running to meet him. 'Heretic! devil!' cried they. But the knight, through fear of Berne, remained behind his walls, and Farel passed on. The indefatigable Reformer now went forward to new conquests. A chain of rocks separates the Juran valley of Erguel, already evangelized by Farel, from the country of the ancient Rauraci, and a passage cut through the rock serves as a communication between the two districts. It was the end of April when Farel, passing through the Pierre-Pertuis, descended to the village of Tavannes, and entered the church just as the priest was saying mass. Farel went into the pulpit; the astounded priest stopped; the minister filled his hearers with emotion, and seemed to them an angel come down from heaven. Immediately the images and the altars fell, and 'the poor priest, who was chanting the mass, could not finish it.' To put down Popery had required less time than the priest had spent at the altar.

"One day when the people of Neufchatel were around him, 'Why,' cried they, 'should not the Word of God be proclaimed in a church?' They then hurried Farel along with them, opened the doors of the hospital chapel, set the minister in the pulpit, and a numerous crowd stood silent before him. 'In like manner as Jesus Christ, appearing in a state of poverty and humility, was born in a stable at Bethlehem,' said the Reformer, 'so this hospital,

this abode of the sick and the poor, is to-day become His birthplace in the town of Neufchatel.'

"Then, feeling ill at ease in the presence of the painted and carved images that decorated the chapel, he laid his hands on these objects of idolatry, removed them, and broke them in pieces.

"At the distance of a league from Neufchatel, beyond the mountain, extends the Val de Ruez, and near its entrance, in a precipitous situation, where roars an impetuous torrent surrounded by steep crags, stands the town of Valangin. An old castle, built on a rock, raises its vast walls in the air, overlooking the humble dwellings of the townspeople.

"In this castle dwelt Guillemette de Vergy, dowager-countess of Valangin, strongly attached to the Romish religion, and full of respect for the memory of her husband.

"A hundred priests had chanted high mass at the count's burial, when many penitent young women had been married, and large alms distributed; the curate of Locle had been sent to Jerusalem, and Guillemette herself had made a pilgrimage for the repose of the soul of her departed lord.

"Sometimes, however, the countess of Gruyères and other ladies would come and visit the widow of Vergy, who assembled in the castle a number of young lords. The fife and the tambourine re-echoed under its vaulted roofs; chattering groups collected in the immense embrasures of its Gothic windows, and merry dances followed hard upon a long silence of gloomy devotion. There was but one sentiment that never left Guillemette—this was her hatred against the Reformation, in which she was warmly seconded by her intendant the Sieur of Bellegarde.

"Guillemette and the priests had indeed reason to tremble. The 15th of August was, in fact, a great Romish festival—our Lady of August, or the Assumption, which all the faithful of the Val de Ruez were preparing to keep. This was the very day Farel selected.

"Animated by the fire and courage of Elijah, he set out for Valangin, and a young man, his fellow-countryman, and, as it would appear, a distant relation, Antony Boyve, an ardent Christian, accompanied him. The two missionaries climbed the mountain, plunged into the pine-forest, and then, descending again into the valley, traversed Valangin, and arrived at a village. Already, on all sides, the people were thronging to the church; Farel and his companion entered also with a small number of the inhabitants who had heard him at Neufchatel.

"The Reformer immediately ascended the pulpit, and the priest prepared to celebrate mass. The combat began. While Farel

was preaching Jesus Christ and His promises, the priest and the choir were chanting the missal. The solemn moment approached —the ineffable transubstantiation was about to take place—the priest pronounced the sacred words over the elements. At this instant the people hesitated no longer; ancient habits, an irresistible influence, drew them towards the altar, the preacher is deserted, the kneeling crowd has recovered its old worship. Rome is triumphant. Suddenly a young man springs from the throng, traverses the choir, rushes to the altar, snatches the host from the hands of the priest, and cries as he turns towards the people, 'This is not the God whom you should worship. He is above, in heaven, in the majesty of the Father, and not, as you believe, in the hands of the priest.' This man was Antony Boyve.

"Such a daring act at first produced the desired effect. The mass was interrupted, the chanting ceased, and the crowd, as if struck by a supernatural intervention, remained silent and motionless. Farel, who was still in the pulpit, immediately took advantage of this calm, and proclaimed that Christ 'whom the heaven must receive until the time of the restoration of all things.' Upon this, the priests and the choristers rushed to the towers, ran up into the belfry, and sounded the tocsin. These means succeeded; a crowd was collected; and if Farel had not retired, his death and Boyve's would have been inevitable.

"Leaving Chaumont and its dark forests to the left, these two heralds of the Gospel took a narrow path that wound beneath the castle. They were stealing cautiously along, when suddenly a shower of stones assailed them; at the same time, a score of individuals, priests, men, and women, armed with clubs, fell furiously upon them. 'The priests had not the gout either in their feet or arms,' says a chronicler; 'the ministers were so beaten that they nearly lost their lives.'

"Madame de Vergy, who descried them from the terrace, far from moderating the anger of the priests, cried out, 'Drown them! drown them! throw them into the Seyon—these Lutheran dogs who have despised the host!' In fact, the priests were beginning to drag the two heretics towards the bridge. Never was Farel nearer death.

"Farel and Boyve, thrust into the dungeons of the castle, could, like Paul and Silas, 'sing praises to God.'

"Messire de Bellegarde, ever ready to persecute the Gospel, was preparing for them a cruel end, when some townsmen of Neufchatel arrived to claim them.

"Madame de Valangin dared not refuse. At Neufchatel, the Bernese supported the evangelical citizens. The governor, whose

revenues were exhausted, sent deputies to the princess, 'begging her to cross the mountains, to appease the people, who were in terrible trouble in consequence of the Lutheran religion.' Meantime the ferment increased. The townspeople prayed the canons to give up the mass; they refused; whereupon the citizens presented their reasons in writing, and begged them to discuss the question with Farel.

"Still the same refusal! 'But, for goodness' sake, speak either for or against!' It was all of no use. On Sunday, the 23rd of October, Farel, who had returned to Neufchatel, was preaching at the hospital. He knew that the magistracy had deliberated on the expediency of consecrating the cathedral itself to the evangelical worship. 'What, then?' said he, 'will you not pay as much honour to the Gospel as the other party does to the mass?' At these words all his hearers arose. 'To the church!' cried they, 'to the church!' Impetuous men are desirous of putting their hands to the work, to accomplish what the prudence of the burgesses had proposed. They leave the hospital, and take Farel with them. They climb the steep streets of the castle; in vain would the canons and their frightened followers stop the crowd; they force a passage. Convinced that they are advancing for God's glory, nothing can check them. Insults and shouts assail them from every side. They open the gates of the church of Our Lady; they enter, and here a fresh struggle begins. The canons and their friends, assembled around the pulpit, attempt to stop Farel; but all is useless. The townspeople advance against the sacerdotal coterie; they form a close battalion, in the centre of which they place the Reformer. They succeed in making their way through the opposing crowd, and at last place the minister in the pulpit, without any harm befalling him. Immediately all is calm within the church and without; even the adversaries are silent, and Farel delivers one of the most effective sermons he had hitherto preached.

"Their eyes are opened; their emotion increases; their hearts are melted; the most obstinate appear converted. From every part of the old church, these cries resound, 'We will follow the evangelical religion, both we and our children; and in it we will live and die.'

"Suddenly, a whirlwind as it were sweeps over the multitude, and stirs it up like a vast sea. Farel's hearers desire to imitate the pious King Josiah. 'If we take away these idols from before our eyes, will it not be aiding us,' said they, 'taking them from our own hearts?' Then began a scene which filled the Romanists with horror.

"To the south, beneath the terrace on which this tumultuous scene was passing, lay the wide and tranquil waters of the lake, with its fertile and picturesque shores, and in the distance the continuous summits of the higher Alps, with their dazzling snows, their immense glaciers, and gigantic peaks stretching far away before the enraptured eye.

"On this platform the people of Neufchatel were in commotion. The governor, whose castle adjoined the church, was compelled to remain an idle spectator of the excesses he could not prevent.

"'These daring fellows,' says he, 'seize mattocks, hatchets, and hammers, and thus march against the images of the saints.' They advance; they strike the statues and the altars; they dash them to pieces. The figures carved in the fourteenth century by the 'imagers' of Count Lewis are not spared; and scarcely do the images of the counts themselves, which were mistaken for idols, escape destruction. The townspeople collect all these fragments of an idolatrous worship; they carry them out of the church, and throw them from the top of the rock. The paintings meet with no better treatment. 'It is the devil,' thought they with the early Christians, 'who taught the world this art of statues, images, and all sorts of likenesses.' They tear out the eyes in the pictures of the saints and cut off their noses. The crucifix itself is thrown down; for this wooden figure usurps the homage that Jesus Christ claims in the heart. One image, the most venerated of all, still remains: it is our Lady of Mercy, which Mary of Savoy had presented to the collegiate church; but our Lady herself is not spared. A hand more daring than the rest strikes it, as in the fourth century the colossal statue of Serapis was struck.

"'They have even bored out the eyes of our Lady of Mercy, which the departed lady your mother had caused to be made,' wrote the governor to the duchess of Longueville.

"The provost Oliver of Hochberg, the canons senior of Neufchatel, and Pontus of Soleilant, when they saw the two parties coming to blows, ordered all the supporters of the evangelical doctrine to appear before the governor. This was like trying to chain the winds. 'Tell the governor,' replied the townspeople haughtily, 'that in the concerns of God and our souls, he has no command over us.' George de Rive then discovered that his authority failed against a power superior to his own. He must yield, and save at least some remains. He hastened therefore to remove the images that still remained, and to shut them up in secret chambers. The citizens of Neufchatel allowed him to execute this measure. 'Save your gods,' thought they; 'preserve them under strong bars, lest perchance a robber should deprive you of the

objects of your adoration.' By degrees the tumult died away, the popular torrent returned within its channel, and a short time after, in commemoration of this great day, these words were inscribed on a pillar of the church :—

L'AN 1530, LE 23 OCTOBRE,

FUT OTÉE ET ABATTUE L'IDOLATRIE DE CEANT

PAR LES BOURGEOIS.

"The governor and his trusty friends, however, had not yet lost all hope. 'It is only a minority,' said they at the castle, 'which has taken part in the destruction of the images; the majority of the nation still obeys the ancient doctrine.' The friends of the Reformation demanded the presence of Bernese commissioners. De Rive, therefore, called Berne to his aid. The two parties met face to face, with 'great hatred and division,' says the Bernese report. The arbitrators consulted together. 'You should understand,' said the governor, 'that the majority of this town, men and women, adhere firmly to the ancient faith. The others are hot-headed young soldiers, vain of their persons, and puffed up with the new doctrine.' 'Well,' replied the Bernese deputies, 'to prevent all mischief, let us settle this difference by the plurality of suffrages, in accordance with the treaty of peace made at Brengarten between the cantons.' This was what the reformed desired. 'The vote! the vote!' cried they. But the lord of Prangins and the priests, who had desired it when they were alone, shrank back in the presence of Berne. 'We ask for time,' said they. If the reformed allowed themselves to be cheated by these dilatory measures, all was over. When once the Bernese had quitted Neufchatel, the governor and the clergy would easily have the upper hand. They therefore remained firm. 'No! no!' said they; 'now!—no delay! not a day! not an hour!'

"But the governor, in the face of a proceeding that would decide the legal fall of Popery, trembled, and obstinately opposed the cries of the people. The magistrates were already indignant, the burghers murmured, and the most violent looked at their swords. 'They were resolved to compel us sword in hand,' wrote the governor to the princess. A fresh storm was gathering over Neufchatel. Yet a few more minutes' resistance, and it would burst forth upon the church, the town, and the castle, destroying not only statues, images, and altars, but 'there would have remained dead men,' said the lord of Rive. He gave way in trouble and affright.

"At the news of this concession, the partisans of Rome saw all their danger. They conferred, they concerted their measures, and in an instant their resolution was taken: they were resolved to fight. 'My lord,' said they, turning to M. de Rive, and touching the hilt of their swords, 'all of us who adhere to the holy sacrament are resolved to die martyrs for our holy faith.'

"This demonstration did not escape the observation of the young soldiers who had returned from the Genevese war. One minute more, and the swords would have been drawn, and the platform changed into a battle-field. Monseigneur de Prangins, more wily than orthodox, shuddered at the thought. 'I cannot suffer it,' said he to the most violent of his party; 'such an enterprise would forfeit my mistress's state and lordship. I consent,' said he to the Bernese, 'to take the votes, with reserve, nevertheless, of the rights, sovereignty, and lordship of madame.' 'And we,' replied the townspeople, 'with the reserve of our liberties and privileges.' The Romanists, seeing the political power they had invoked now failing them, felt that all was lost. They will save their honour, at least, in this great shipwreck; they will subscribe their names, that posterity may know who had remained faithful to Rome. These proud supporters of the hierarchy advanced towards the governor; tears coursed down their rough cheeks, betraying thus their stifled anger. They wrote their signatures as witnesses at the foot of the solemn testament that Popery was now drawing up in Neufchatel in the presence of the Bernese deputies. They then asked, with tears in their eyes, 'that the names of the good and of the perverse should be written in perpetual memory,' and declared that they were still good and faithful burghers of madame, and would do her service unto death.

"Everything was then prepared for taking the votes. The church of Our Lady was opened, and the two parties advanced between the shattered altars, torn pictures, mutilated statues, and all those ruins of Popery, which clearly foretold to its partisans the last and irrevocable defeat it was about to undergo. The three lords of Berne took their station beside the governor, as arbitrators of the proceedings and presidents of the assembly; and the voting began.

"George de Rive, notwithstanding the despondency of his friends, was not altogether without hope. All the partisans of the ancient worship in Neufchatel had been forewarned; and but a few days previously, the reformed themselves, by refusing a poll, had acknowledged the numerical superiority of their adversaries. But the friends of the Gospel in Neufchatel had a courage and a hope that seemed to repose on a firmer basis. Were they not the victorious

party, and could they be vanquished in the midst of their triumph?

"The two parties, however, moved forwards, confounded with one another, and each gave his vote in silence. They counted each other: the result appeared uncertain; fear froze each party by turns. At length the majority seemed to declare itself; they took out the votes; the result was proclaimed. A majority of eighteen votes gave the victory to the Reformation, and the last blow to the Papacy.

"Farel did not appear in all this business; one might have said that the Reformer was not at Neufchatel. The citizens appealed only to the Word of God; and the governor himself, in his long report, does not once mention him.

"Farel recommenced a career of labours, fatigues, and struggles, which the actions of the Apostles and missionaries alone can equal. Towards the middle of the year 1530, he crossed the mountain in the depth of winter, entered the church of Valangin, went into the pulpit, and began to preach at the very moment that Guillemette de Vergy was coming to mass. She endeavoured to shut the Reformer's mouth, but in vain; and the aged and noble dowager retired precipitately, saying, 'I do not think this is according to the old Gospels; if there are any new ones that encourage it, I am quite amazed.' The people of Valangin embraced the Gospel.

"Farel, after evangelizing the shores of the lake to the south of Neufchatel, had gone to the north and preached at St. Blaise. The populace, stirred up by the priests and the lieutenant, had fallen upon him, and Farel escaped from their hands severely beaten, spitting blood, and scarcely to be recognized.

"At the report of this violence, the reformed Neufchatelons felt their blood boil.

"If the lieutenant, the priest, and his flock, have bruised the body of Christ's servant, which is truly the altar of the living God, why should they spare dead idols? Immediately they rush to St. Blaise, throw down the images, and do the same at the abbey of Fontaine Andre, a sanctuary of the ancient worship.

"The images still existed at Valangin, but their last hour was about to strike.

"A Frenchman, Anthony Marcourt, had been nominated pastor of Neufchatel. Treading in Farel's footsteps, he repaired with a few of the citizens to Valangin, on the 14th of June, a great holiday in that town. Scarcely had they arrived when a numerous crowd pressed round the minister, listening to his words. The canons, who were on the watch in their houses, and Madame de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde, from their towers, sought how they

might make a diversion against this heretical preaching. They could not employ force because of Berne. They had recourse to a brutal expedient worthy of the darkest days of Popery, and which, by insulting the minister, might divert, as they imagined, the attention of the people, and change it into shouts of laughter. A canon, assisted by the countess's coachman, went to the stables, and took thence two animals,[1] which they led to the spot where Marcourt was preaching.

"We will throw a veil over this scene; it is one of those disgraceful subjects that the pen of history refuses to transcribe. But never did punishment follow closer upon crime. The conscience of the hearers was aroused at the sight of this infamous spectacle. The torrent that such a proceeding was intended to check, rushed out of its channel. The indignant people, undertaking the defence of that religion which their opponents had wished to insult, entered the church like an avenging wave; the ancient windows were broken; the shields of the lords were demolished; the relics scattered about; the books torn; the images thrown down; and the altar overturned. But this was not enough; the popular wave, after sweeping over the church, flowed back again, and dashed against the canons' houses. Their inhabitants fled in consternation to the forests, and everything was destroyed in their dwellings.

"Guillemette de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde, agitated and trembling behind their battlements, repented, but too late, of their monstrous expedient.

"They were the only individuals who had not yet felt the popular vengeance. Their restless eyes watched the motions of the indignant townspeople. The work is complete—the last house is sacked! The burghers consult together. Oh! horror! they turn towards the castle—they ascend the hill—they draw near. Is then the abode of the noble counts of Arberg to be laid waste? But no! 'We are come,' said the delegates, standing near the gate of the castle, 'we are come to demand justice for the outrage committed against religion and its minister.' They are permitted to enter, and the trembling countess orders the poor wretches to be punished who had acted solely by her orders.

"Thus was the Reformation established at Valangin, as it had been at Neufchatel; the two capitals of these mountains were gained to the Gospel."[2]

Such are the men who are the GREAT CONQUERORS of the world.

[1] De equo admissario loquitur, qui equam init.
[2] D'Aubigné, *in loco*.

Their burning zeal and unquenchable love to the souls of men have impelled them to traverse deserts, to cross pathless seas, to encounter the perils of savage tribes, and to penetrate to the most distant regions of the earth. The second century of Christ sufficed to demonstrate all this.

Eusebius has distinctly mentioned, that when a learned doctor of Alexandria, at the close of the second century, was impelled by missionary zeal as far east as India, he found the seeds of Christianity already scattered and already bearing fruit. "The same diffusion of the Gospel at this early period is attested by the Arian writer Philostorgius. He informs us of a missionary with the surname Indicus (ὁ Ἰνδός), who, on visiting his native land and other parts of the Hindoo peninsula, was not surprised to meet with fellow-Christians, whose peculiar rites attested their antiquity, as well as their comparative isolation from Christendom at large. The date of this testimony is about the year 350; and two centuries later, every doubt as to the permanent presence of Christianity is dissipated by accurate reports of a Christian writer whose extensive travels gained for him the title "Indicopleustes."[1]

St. Thomas's Mount, at Madras, commemorates the mission of that Apostle to the ancient city of Mahavalipor, now submerged, from the encroachments of the sea. Early Christianity spread from Syria, by the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, throughout India, till its professors were persecuted by the Brahmins, and driven for refuge to South Malabar, where a remnant of them still exists.

"It is known that they were at one time held in the highest estimation; that Christians were employed and trusted in all offices of state and places demanding confidence.

"Buddhism was, at the Christian era, the established religion of Mysore, in South India, the seat of the subsequent power of the Brahmins at Seringapatam, or the Holy City of Rama, afterwards the seat of Brahminical government.

"The re-establishment of Brahminical power, and the subjection, expulsion, and persecution of the Buddhists, are memorable events in Indian history, and will be found connected with the causes of the decline of the Syrian Christians.

"It is well known, as recorded in the English chronicles and the Indian annals, that Alfred sent a bishop to the Malabar Christians. There must therefore have been a fraternity between the Christians of the East and the West, and means of communication, probably through Syria, the Euphrates, and the Red Sea, bordering on which

[1] "Christ and other Masters;" by the Rev. H. Hardwicke: Part ii. "Religions of India."

were the Abyssinian churches. Colonel Chesney visited on the Euphrates a little centre of Protestant Christians in the mountains of Richa and Edleb; and these cities of refuge would have assisted Christians in passing through."[1]

Such is the spirit of the true AMBASSADOR, zealous for the advancement of the sovereignty of the KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS.

As to the instrumentality employed, there exists a wonderful harmony even in climes so opposite as the East and the West. Let us for a moment contemplate the ambassadorial characteristics and their operation in Papal Ireland and Brahminical India. The identity of agency employed and its success are as marvellous as the identities of superstition of which we have already given such copious examples. Let us hear an excellent authority:—

"To one seeking for information as to the true state of things, we should say, Look to the Church Missionary work in Tinnivelly; the results in the one missionary field are as encouraging as in the other. In both there is a staff of missionaries who itinerate, preach controversial sermons—whether under a banyan-tree or in a wooden pulpit it matters not,—and superintend a staff of catechists, or Scripture-readers. In both the printing-press is extensively made use of. The very hand-bills found so useful in Ireland are now employed in India; Mr. Mitchell having imported the idea from Armagh to Kurachi. In both the preaching of the Gospel is protected by the strong arm of British law; yet the converts, and occasionally the missionaries, in both encounter a good deal of petty persecution. In both the disproportion between believers and unbelievers is still very great; and lastly, in both the converts are gathered out into settlements of their own. Achill Island, for instance, is the Raduchapuram of Ireland; Krishnagur, the Connemara of India. We would pause on this last fact, which gives a clearer insight into the real state of things than any other. Colonies for the protection of converts were not founded in Germany, Scotland, or England, during the Reformation; but they are required in Ireland: therefore the Reformation there is not the precedent to what is going on now. Again, colonies, or Christian settlements for the protection of converts, are planted in India as in Ireland; therefore the work which is slowly progressive in the one is the same in the other also. In India the masses are preached to, and individuals are singled out 'whomsoever the Lord shall call;' they are first inquirers, then converts, then members of a little Christian community, and, finally, cut off from

[1] From a MS. kindly lent by an Indian officer of high standing.

the rest of their fellow-countrymen, and drawn together into Christian settlements. Such, therefore, or similar to it, is the work in Ireland. In Down, in Dingle, and in Achill, there are Protestant settlements, as like to these Christian villages in India as two things can be. The parallel between POPERY and PAGANISM is in nothing closer than this, that both set the mark of the beast upon the right hand and the forehead of all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, that no man might buy or sell save he has the mark."[1]

Such faithful ministrations were usual in the time of James II. They were common in London and in the two universities. The effects were severely felt by the Romanists, for the people, being now permitted to read the Scriptures, discovered that the peculiarities of Popery were not to be found in the sacred volume, but that they rested only on the traditions of men. The following excellent observations are worthy of deep attention:—

"In all our remarks on the present ineffective state of the Church of England in this metropolis, we have ever insisted on the paramount necessity of a style of preaching that should address itself to the heart and understanding of the people. Without such a style, and without a consequent persuasion that the preacher believes and feels what he says, learning, orthodoxy, scriptural and ritual lore, morality, philosophy, and good taste, will produce not conviction, but sleep, and will drive away those who desire a more real faith and a more wakeful worship."[2] And again:—"When a man's soul is in his work, especially such a work as the salvation of souls, he will rather require to be drawn into needful recreation and rest than to be kept at his post and compelled to keep time. But such are heaven-sent, not the gift of universities and schools. Most clergymen enter their profession with an inadequate idea of its requirements; and, unfortunately, their first impressions on this point are more apt to be weakened than strengthened and defined." These are noble sentiments and worthy of the premier of the British press.

"Tell me," writes another, "if this is not a season when this high and mighty Church of England—which, in its upper ranks at least, 'liveth in luxury,' and is perhaps 'dead while she liveth,'—might not afford to waive certain differences with the dissenting body, and say, 'My brethren, the harvest is ready, but the labourers are few: join us in the great battle which, as soldiers of Christ, we are all bound to fight against sin and crime.'"[3]

[1] Church of England Quarterly Review, April, 1855, p. 366.
[2] "Times." [3] Letter to the "Times."

Remark again the tendency of a second letter :—"Walking as I frequently do in the sublime nave of Westminster, I, for one, should not feel that it was more chilly and more useless from knowing that it was occasionally occupied by an earnest preacher, and by thousands of attentive and profiting people. The spectacle, week by week, beneath the majestic dome of St. Paul's and the time-honoured vaulting of Westminster Abbey, of an earnest and able preacher, and crowds of hearers, calling themselves by many names, and yet all Christians, is too inviting to be unrealized, at least in imagination. If the Church of England is the church of the people, and not of a section, will it not think on these things?"[1]

Well and nobly written are the following remarks, showing how Caste should be abolished in the Establishment, in order that the National Church may attain that conformity with Christianity which may once more invest the Establishment with the primitive influence of the great CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION :—

"A fuller and more friendly intercourse, in private and in public, with foreign Protestant Churches, with the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, and with English orthodox dissenters, is the plain and imperative duty of English churchmen."[2]

Finally: all the great regenerating movements among the masses have been effected through the instrumentality of the Christian AMBASSADOR. St. Paul, and Apollos, and the early missionaries of Christianity; Wickliffe, Cobham, Luther, Farel, Wesley, Whitfield, in later times,—all these, and many others of the same stamp, have been the true instrumental sources whence light, and life, and conviction, have gone forth to irradiate and rouse to action the dulness of formalism and the torpor of ritualists. By this agency, whole communities have been elevated morally and physically, while all other powers have been impotent to exalt, to purify, or to ennoble.

Let us never forget, that, however closely man is brought into communion with the Deity by prayer, the approving sentence, "Behold he prayeth," can only be pronounced over him that repenteth. The great Baptist's mission of "Repent ye," preceded the communion of saints.

The present is essentially the era of the Christian ambassador, and all things, alike in the East and the West, demonstrate the rapid fulfilment of the sublime apocalyptic vision of the holy seer, who discerned the "ANGEL flying in the midst of heaven, having THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."[3]

[1] "Times," March 17, 1857. [2] Church of England Quarterly Review.
[3] Revel. xiv. 6.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT PURITAN; OR, THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

"The present age should profit by the salutary lessons bequeathed it by the past. We require a better Christianity; one more free, more evangelical, more extensive, more spiritual, more enlightened, more moral, and more emancipated from every political bias. May God grant it to us!"

D'AUBIGNÉ'S VINDICATION OF THE PROTECTOR.

THE historian and the man of sense will hold cheap the bigot who prates lightly of PURITANS. They made a Papistical hierarchy quail before them; and, if it must be so, the same spirit yet lives to put down the theatrico-hierarchical Caste that has wormed its way into the Establishment. No course could be more detrimental, none more deadly, more utterly ruinous to the National Church, than that system of double-faced hypocrisy, connived at by certain members of the episcopal bench, by which whole masses of the people have been driven into the arms of Dissent. The people of England, as Christians, can recognize (as we have already observed) no such thing as "the two great parties who have always existed in the Church."[1] They demand not Caste, but Christianity, and they cannot recognize this where the rights of the Christian congregation are superciliously ignored, and the principles, doctrines, and practices of the old Popish Church of England are still in full force. These they wish clean cleared away.

As Christians, they wish preaching, not pagan mumbling; praying, not a sing-song lullaby in a Protestant Church; and if that Church is to continue national, it must represent the national mind. It is on this principle that the acquittal of the seven bishops as stanch Protestants in the days of James II., and the appointment in our own Papalizing days of bishops as stanch as their predecessors, rest upon the same footing. These men, like

[1] "The two parties we have referred to have always existed in the Church of England with as much uniformity, and apparently under much the same conditions, as the Whigs and Tories, the Liberals and Conservatives of the political world. Politicians very often modify their creed, or at least their practice, from the moment they step into office; in fact, the necessities of government will not allow everything to be retained, or everything to be given up. Much the same—from an equal necessity—takes place in the Church, and toleration is expected even in bishops."—TIMES.

their ancestors, are hailed throughout the length and breadth of the land, alike by sound-hearted churchmen and generous dissenters; for both instances are PROTESTS: they struck then, as they now strike, a vigorous blow at the paganized superstitions within and without the Church of England. They do more to Christianize the people of our land, more to give them stability and true dignity of character, than the appointment of a whole bench of bishops, however learned in patristic lore, the canon law, or the lives of the saints. England thirsts for the blessings of religion; but it is not the religion of man, but the religion of God. The purer, the more Christ-like, is the standard of the National Church;—the less she raises her priest, and the more she exalts her Christ;—the more the ANGEL OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL prevails over the ACTOR OF THE SANCTUARY,—the wider will her influence extend; the deeper will she strike her roots; yea, the more deeply will they strike into the soil of the nation's heart: the tree will be vigorous and shoot forth mighty branches bearing goodly fruit, and under it the nations of the earth will find a welcome shade. On the other hand, the more she yields to hieratic claims and to debasing superstitions;—the more she is a dealer with the lace-mercer, the jeweller, the chandler, the brazier, the milliner;—the more she degrades herself to be the laundress of ecclesiastical childhood,—the more deeply will she be detested as the treacherous handmaid, instead of the NURSING MOTHER; the wider will be the secessions from her tainted body, and the stronger will be the national disgust. Are Englishmen so wanting in perception as not to be able to distinguish the painted stone orange, with its chilly coldness and its rigid incompressibility, from the real, juicy, generous, and full-flavoured fruit of nature?

Let it never be forgotten by Englishmen, and by English statesmen, that all the grand eras of Britain's glory have been in connection with her CHRISTIANITY; apart from this, she has become the drivelling slave of foreign despots, or the corporate proprietary of an Italian pagan Caste.

"Then," says Macaulay, "came those days never to be recalled without a blush; the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The king cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults and more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute.

The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the *anathema maranatha* of every fawning dean. In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James—Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations.[1]

"When the Dutch cannon startled an effeminate tyrant in his own palace;—when the conquests which had been won by the armies of Cromwell were sold to pamper the harlots of Charles;—when Englishmen were sent to fight, under foreign banners, against the independence of Europe and the Protestant religion, many honest hearts swelled in secret at the thought of one who had never suffered his country to be ill used by any but himself. It must, indeed, have been difficult for any Englishman to see the salaried viceroy of France, at the most important crisis of his fate, sauntering through his harem, yawning and talking nonsense over a despatch, or beslubbering his brother and his courtiers in a fit of maudlin affection, without a respectful and tender remembrance of him before whose genius the young pride of Louis and the veteran craft of Mazarin had stood rebuked; who had humbled Spain on the land, and Holland on the sea; and whose imperial voice had arrested the sails of the Libyan pirates and the persecuting fires of Rome."[2]

"Had Cromwell's spirit animated the English government in our days," says D'Aubigné, "the iniquity of Otaheite would never have been committed; and we should not have seen the priest-party in France inveighing, on the one hand, against the three northern powers for annihilating the independence of Cracow, and, on the other, making war upon a people who have never known a master, and who, as regards moral power and political and religious life, are certainly far superior to the Cracovian citizens. The energy with which this little nation has held in check, for several years, the people who consider themselves the first in the world, is a pretty clear proof that it deserves to be independent.

"The priest-party of France, by protesting against the occupation of Cracow, and by provoking the assault on Otaheite, has had the unenviable honour of furnishing the civilized world with the most notorious example in modern times, of that blindness which 'strains at a gnat and swallows a camel.'"

[1] Macaulay's Essays, i. 47, 48. [2] Ibid. 182, 187.

In Otaheite we have already contemplated that persecuting spirit of the hieratic Caste of Rome; to that spirit HISTORY bears its truthful and irrevocable witness in every clime, for successive centuries. That Caste is a sleepless monster, and ceases to devour only so long as it is confined in the cage of civilization. The half-domesticated tiger in the menagerie must not be confounded with the tiger of the Indian jungle.

"It is the Protector's glory," says D'Aubigné, "that he discerned in Rome the chief enemy to the liberty, prosperity, and piety of nations. This, in our days, is called prejudice and superstition. Severe lessons will teach the nations, to their cost, which of the two is right—their modern leaders, or the great man of the seventeenth century.

"With his own name, Oliver spread afar the name of England, which he was the first to engrave on the distant landmarks of the nations. It is he who opened to his people that path of glory and of power which their ships now traverse in every sea. The life of Britain, which had lost all vigour under the Stuarts, was aroused, electrified as it were, by the same principle which animated its chief; and once more was seen the accomplishment of the ancient promise, 'The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.'"

And what was the grand practical—political result, if the term be preferred—of that puritanical spirit which our High-Caste Press, with its deformed mediæval Jester and his Fimbriated Sagacity, delight to degrade? With all the errors of this era of vigorous Christianity, let us hear an impartial testimony to its national results:—

"The zeal with which the Puritans demolished maypoles, denounced bull-baiting, and sought out bear-gardens, afforded, no doubt, infinite mirth to the reader of Hudibras twenty years afterwards; but an English village in the Commonwealth was as much superior to an English village in the reign of Charles II., as civilized life to savage life. The swearer, the petty thief, the habitual liar, were dragged to the stocks, and soundly whipped, or held up to detestation. Grosser sins met with a more terrible retribution; fornication was felony, and adultery was punishable with death. But the nation was not enervated. The license and folly which plead for exemption on the ground that the national spirit must at all cost be sustained, received its abundant, and, if history had been faithful to her trust, its final answer. England is the nation of brave men; but THE RENOWN OF ENGLAND WAS NEVER CARRIED TO A HIGHER PITCH THAN BY THE HEROES OF THE COMMONWEALTH—BY CROMWELL ON THE LAND, AND BLAKE UPON THE SEA.

"Bishop Burnet relates that he saw three of Cromwell's regiments at Aberdeen, about the time of the battle of Dunbar. Their demeanour extorted, even in that Presbyterian land, respect and admiration. There was a dignity and composure in their looks, a self-restraint, a gravity, and piety in their conduct, such as had never hitherto been seen in soldiers. They prayed frequently in public, and they often preached; and these were the bravest of the brave." Nor, on the other hand, do we find the great Puritan less resolute, as far as in him lay, to inaugurate that system of free trade that is now the glory and the benefit of England. But he did more than this; he would have had free Christianity and free commerce go hand in hand—the food of heaven and the food of earth were to be emancipated from the guardianship of bigotry. Thus it was that, "when Spain solicited an alliance, Oliver required two main conditions,—namely, that the trade to the West Indies and South America should be thrown open to his flag; and the suppression of the Inquisition, so that every man might read his Bible, and worship God as he pleased. When the Spanish ambassador heard these two strange requests, he exclaimed in alarm, 'It is like asking for my master's two eyes!' One of these eyes has lost Spain, and she herself has lost the other."

And what was that spirit which gave a whole community the nerve, the energy, and the resolution to beat down the hateful tyranny of the Star-Chamber, and to meet the terrors of a desperate war waged for liberty, but the very puritanism of the great principles which linked man to man, and all to God. It was that Puritan's book, the BIBLE. That charter of freedom was well worth preserving, and the enfranchised dearly prized the boon. This it was that gave to witnesses at the stake their victory, through centuries of torture; and this now gave the victory to the national standard of LIBERTY. Here puritanism in England achieved her greatest triumphs. The principles she proclaimed elsewhere were here enforced, and all her practices were eagerly embraced. "All the Puritans of later days," says Marsden, "refer with pride to puritanical London in the civil war, and their boast is not un reasonable. No European metropolis has ever displayed a highe character for purity of morals, for calmness in the midst of dange for disinterested patriotism (even if it were misled), for a universa respect for religion, united with conscientiousness and zeal in th discharge of all its duties.

"An almost perfect unanimity prevailed, and enthusiasm ran high. The offerings of the wives and daughters of the citizens to the parliamentary chest resembled those of the Hebrew women to the tabernacle. Wedding-rings and jewels were literally poured out

in bushels. Money and plate were furnished in the same profusion. To the royalists, it seemed as if a strange kind of frenzy had smitten the citizens. They all appeared at once to despise their wealth, and to impoverish their families, and to neglect themselves, for the sake of the public cause. Yet the pursuits of trade went on, commerce was not interrupted, and even literature was undisturbed. The consciousness of power in the more invigorating consciousness of right, imparted an air of tranquillity, strangely at variance with the perils which threatened the city from day to day."

The true statesman discerns in the great conflict fought by this enthusiastic band, no vulgar quarrel between royalty and plebeianism. It was intensely a war for religious freedom. Let us of the present day take warning by it.

"The fearful commotions and sanguinary conflicts," writes D'Aubigné, "which shook the British isles in the middle of the seventeenth century, were in the main a direct struggle against Popery. They were like the shakings and shuddering of the earth, in a country threatened with conflagration by subterranean fires. If a traveller in self-defence slays a highway robber, the responsibility of bloodshed does not rest on him. In ordinary times his hand would have been pure from its stain. War is war, and calls, alas! for blood. In the days of Louis XIV. and of the Stuarts, it was a real battle that Popery was fighting against the British islands.

"In our days, Rome is striving to re-enter England by means of certain teachers; then, it was through her kings. It was the misfortune and the crime of the Stuarts to have rallied around Rome, and to have desired to range their subjects under the same banner. Charles I. was the victim of this attempt; for Popery ever destroys both the princes and the people who espouse it. Of this truth the Stuarts and the Bourbons are memorable examples.

"If England should desire in the present day, as her princes desired in the seventeenth century, to restore Popery;—if the number of those unfaithful ministers who abjure the Gospel for the Pope, should multiply in her bosom;—if that superstitious madness should spread to their congregations;—if the heads of the Church should continue to slumber, and, instead of rescuing their flocks, allow them to proceed towards the wolf that is waiting to devour them;—IF THE GOVERNMENT, NOT SATISFIED WITH GRANTING LIBERTY TO POPERY, SHOULD ENCOURAGE IT STILL FARTHER BY ENDOWING ITS SEMINARIES, PAYING ITS PRIESTS, BUILDING ITS CHURCHES, AND RESTORING THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN THE POWER OF THE ROMAN BISHOP,—THEN WOULD ENGLAND PROBABLY

BE CONVULSED BY A CRISIS, DIFFERENT, IT MIGHT BE, FROM THAT WHICH STARTLED THE REIGN OF CHARLES, BUT NOT THE LESS FORMIDABLE. AGAIN THE EARTH WOULD QUAKE; AGAIN WOULD IT OPEN TO POUR FORTH DEVOURING FLAMES. On this account, the study of that remarkable era in which the first contest took place was never more necessary than in the present day.

"Elizabeth had exalted England; but subsequently to the year 1603, and especially after 1625, the Stuarts, and principally Charles the First, had weakened it by inclining anew towards Roman Catholicism. Not only did they desert their stations as the chiefs of European Protestantism; not only did they cease to withstand fanatic Spain; but a Romish princess, Henrietta of France, was placed upon the throne. That, however, was of little moment; another power than theirs prevented this mighty country from being placed by its monarchs under the yoke of the Italian pontiff. The people no longer walked with their princes. The cause of the Reformation was dear to them; and they were ready to abandon their kings rather than the Gospel. This unhappy family, by wishing to exalt a traditional power in the Church, destroyed their own. While the monarchical authority was increasing everywhere on the Continent, it gradually declined in England; and a new force, the Commons, the middle classes, daily acquired greater strength, liberty, and courage.

"The ancient charters of England contained extensive guarantees in favour of the national independence. But these institutions had long been, as it were, dead and neglected; yet they still existed, and the skeleton, so long motionless, was about to be reanimated with a new life. If England had been a nation devoted merely to secular policy, these charters might for ever have remained little better than old parchments; but a new motive power—evangelical faith and the interest of Protestantism—was about to revivify these great institutions, and, by saving England from the abyss towards which the Stuarts were rapidly hurrying her, raise her ere long to the highest degree of influence and glory.

"This evangelical spirit possessed great strength among the English people; godly families, lovers of the Bible and of liberty, peopled its cities and its fields."

Such was the state of England at the eventful era of the illustrious Cromwell, with a sketch of whose life and political and religious principles we here present our readers, from the delightful biography [1] of the great historian of the "Reformation," and to which these pages are so much indebted:—

[1] "The Protector:" a Vindication; by Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

"Along the banks of the Ouse, near Huntingdon, lay a wide extent of fertile pasture-lands, bathed by the sluggish waters of that river, and broken here and there by little wood-covered heights. Towards the south, as you approach from Cambridge, stood an aged oak. Over those meadows a little boy frequently disported, and perhaps climbed the stately oak-tree in quest of birds' nests. His parents, who were descended from an old and popular Saxon family, which does not appear to have mingled with the Norman race, lived in a house at the northern extremity of Huntingdon. The old mansion exists no longer; a solid yellow brick building occupies its place.

"On the 25th of April, 1599, while Shakspeare was yet alive, and in the latter years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when England already began to feel a presentiment of the greatness to which she would be called by her resistance to Rome, the wife of Robert Cromwell bore to him a child, who was to do more than any of his contemporaries in accelerating this glorious destiny. He was named Oliver, and was christened on the 29th of the same month. This is the little boy of whom we have already spoken. This family possessed certain lands round Huntingdon, producing a revenue of about £300 a year, equivalent perhaps to £1,000 of our present money.

"Oliver was four years old, when the shouts of a magnificent hunting-party re-echoed along the banks of the Ouse. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 23rd of April, 1603, a royal train—hounds, horses, and cavaliers—approached the green lawns and winding avenues of elder and willow trees that led to the manor-house. King James, son of the unhappy Mary Stuart, was coming from the north to take possession of the English crown. The royal visit to Hinchbrook House must have been a great treat for little Oliver. He was an active and resolute boy; but his quarrel and battle with young Prince Charles, then duke of York, is probably a fable. The king arrived on Wednesday, and set off again on Friday, Sir Oliver giving him costly presents at his departure.

"Amid such scenes as these young Oliver grew up to manhood, in the bosom of an austere family, and at a time when the North seemed preparing for a struggle against the South,—Great Britain and Scandinavia, against Rome and Spain.

"The intrigues of the Jesuits; the tendency of the Anglican party, which was ere long to muster under the banner of Laud; the power of the Word of God—these were the engrossing subjects of thought and conversation in the midst of which the child increased in strength in this rural solitude.

"In 1616, Oliver, at the age of seventeen, quitted the banks of the Ouse and the home of his boyhood, for the University of Cambridge, about fifteen miles from Huntingdon. On this important occasion it is most likely that he was accompanied by his father. He was entered at Sydney Sussex College on the festival of the Annunciation. Cromwell, it is true, never had any pretensions to learning; but he was far from being so deficient in this respect as has been represented. He possessed a familiar acquaintance with the historians of Greece and Rome; and on one occasion in particular he conversed in Latin with a foreign ambassador. In June, 1617, when only eighteen years old, he lost his father. In the same year died his grandfather Steward, at Ely; and his mother saw herself at once fatherless and a widow, left with six daughters and an only son. Oliver returned no more to Cambridge, but took his father's place at Huntingdon. A few months later, he proceeded to London to gain some knowledge of law.

"The stories that he led a dissolute life in the capital or elsewhere are exaggerated, or rather without any basis in truth. They are principally founded, so far as we can see, on that portion of his letter to Mrs. St. John, in which he calls himself 'the chief of sinners.' This merely shows how ignorant his accusers are of true religion. Every Christian, even the most moral man, is ready to declare himself, with St. Paul, 'the chief of sinners.' Oliver's greatest enemies have not been able to reproach him with any notorious vice. Welwood acknowledges that he was not addicted to profane swearing, gluttony, drunkenness, gaming, avarice, or the love of women. In later times he distributed in one year £40,000 from his own purse to charitable uses.

"Among the families that he visited in London was Sir James Bourchier's. This gentleman had a daughter, Elizabeth, to whom, on the 22nd of August, 1620, though only twenty-one years of age, Oliver was married at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. He immediately returned with his wife to Huntingdon, and settled down in the mansion of his fathers.

"The next ten years were passed in seclusion—years in which a man is formed for life. Cromwell busied himself in farming, and in industrial and social duties, living as his father before him had done. But he was also occupied with other matters.

"Oliver became a Christian in earnest. He had been called by God to the knowledge of Jesus Christ; his mind had been enlightened and his heart renewed by the Divine Word.

"Cromwell now zealously attended the Puritan ministry, and chose his friends from among the gentry and nobility of his neighbourhood who held the same opinions. He became intimate

with Hampden and Pym, with the Lords Brooke, Say, and Montague. Almost all the serious thought of England was then Puritan. In the midst of them was Oliver, modest, devout, conscientious, and earnestly intent 'to make his calling and election sure.'

"Events were now becoming more serious every day, and thick clouds were already gathering over the people and the throne.

"The accession of Charles I. had been hailed with pleasure. His morals were virtuous; and what might not the nation hope from a prince only twenty-five years old? But when the king gave England a Papist queen in the person of Henrietta of France, the affection that had been entertained towards him immediately cooled. Nor was it without a cause. In the marriage contract, drawn up under the eyes of the Pope, there were several clauses favourable to the Romish faith. Henrietta arrived in London, fortified by the instructions of Mother Magdalen of St. Joseph, a Carmelite nun, and under the direction of Father Berulli, accompanied by twelve priests of the Congregation of the Oratory. These having been sent back to France, were soon replaced by twelve Capuchin friars. Henrietta, a worthy pupil of her native court, wished at first to make everything bend to her religion and her humour; and her followers desired to celebrate their worship in all its splendour. The queen had even a liking for intrigue; and it was soon found that the blood which flowed in her veins was that of the Medici. It was more particularly after the death of Buckingham, 23rd August, 1628, that she wished to take advantage of her husband's affection to enable her to domineer over the country, and that the most zealous Roman Catholics, admitted into the queen's cabinet, sought there the power they required for the accomplishment of their designs. The storm was gathering, and the horizon of England became more gloomy every day.

"At the time when Popery was thus reappearing at the court of England, the Gospel flourished in the house of Oliver, who was occupied with his flocks and fields, with his children and the interests of his neighbours, and, above all, in putting into practice the commandments of God. Salvation was come to his house, and his light shone before men.

"On the 29th of January, 1628, writs were issued for a new Parliament, in which, on the 17th of March, Cromwell took his seat as member for Huntingdon. His father also, in earlier years, had been returned for the same town. After a prorogation of three months, the legislature assembled again on the 20th of January, 1629. On the 11th of February, the House of Com-

mons resolved itself into a grand Committee of Religion, in which one of the new members, Oliver, then thirty years of age, rose to speak for the first time. All eyes were turned upon him, and the House listened to him with attention. He wore a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by a bad country tailor; his linen was not of the purest white; his ruffles were old-fashioned; his hat was without a band; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance was swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; but his delivery was warm and animated; his frame, although exceeding the middle height, strong and well proportioned; he had a manly air, a stern look, a bright and sparkling eye.[1]

"Certain ecclesiastics were then gaining notoriety by their zeal in forwarding, within the pale of the Church, the power of the king and the doctrines of Rome. Cromwell complained that the bishops permitted and even recommended the preaching of 'flat Popery.' 'If these are the steps to church preferment,' exclaimed he, 'what are we to expect?'—*What are we to expect?* asked Oliver; and this was, in truth, the great question of the age. THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF POPERY WAS THE OBJECT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND CROMWELL'S FIRST PUBLIC WORDS WERE AGAINST IT. He then set up the landmark which determined and marked out the course he had resolved to follow until his death. Even Hume, generally so hostile to him, is struck by seeing his first words correspond so exactly to his character. Cromwell, indeed, was from the beginning to the end of his life quite consistent; he was faithful to the one idea, which he proclaimed upon the housetops. And it is this man, so decided, so open, who has been termed a hypocrite! History was never guilty of a greater error.

"The agitation of England continued to increase. Charles was endeavouring to dispense with a parliament, and to govern his kingdom by drawing more or less near to France and Spain. His ministers drove him into violent measures, and with a view to augment their strength, they soon formed an alliance with an unsound prelatism. Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, and primate of all England, to whom Rome had offered a cardinal's hat, restored many of the practices and ceremonies of Popery. THE COMMUNION-TABLE WAS REPLACED BY AN ALTAR, RAISED ON SEVERAL STEPS, AT THE EAST END OF THE CHURCH; THE CRUCIFIX, PICTURES, AND TAPERS WERE RESTORED; AND THE OFFICIATING CLERGY, IN GAUDY DRESSES, MADE GENUFLEXIONS BEFORE THE ALTAR, AFTER THE ROMISH CUSTOM.

"The middle classes took the alarm. Associations were formed

[1] Memoirs of Sir Philip Warwick, 247. London, 1701.

r the propagation of the Gospel; funds were raised to send reachers into various places, where it would be their duty not ily to proclaim Jesus Christ, but to combat the Popish superitions under which it was now attempted to reduce the nation.

"Prynne, a very remarkable man, was a barrister of Lincoln's an. The first crime that he committed, and for which he lost his urs, was his having published a work, entitled 'Histriomastix,—ie Player's Scourge,' directed against all stage-plays, masques, inces, and masquerades.

"The king and queen were fond of masques and dances, and lenrietta of France often won loud applause in the court theaicals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. lis second crime was a work against the hierarchy of the Church.

"As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the umps, on this occasion, were literally sawn off.

"Dr. Bastwick also was condemned to suffer by this arbitrary ourt. As he ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer utilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was oout to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frighted, she made answer: 'Farewell, my dearest, be of good comfort: am nothing dismayed.' The surrounding crowd manifested their mpathy by loud acclamations.

"Cromwell was now forty-two years old, and the father of six ildren—Oliver, Richard, and Henry; Bridget, Elizabeth, and ary. He was living quietly, like many other good citizens and yal subjects, who, as well as he, had never once thought of the ofession of arms. But new times called for new measures. Every y these men, who felt the truest affection for their country, were sturbed in their homes at London, or in their more tranquil rural treats, by reports of the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, the king's connivance at it, of his insincerity and falsehood, of s projects, of the punishments already inflicted on many of their ethren, of the acknowledged Popery of the queen, of the semiomanism of the king, of the persecutions in Scotland, the daily nishment of the best Christians in the kingdom, and by other ns and events no less alarming.

"When everything seemed to announce that the Protestants of igland would ere long be either trampled down by Popery or assacred by the sword, these serious men arose, and called upon e king, through the Commons, not to deceive the expectations of s subjects. But when they found that prince, deaf to their ayers, raising troops to overawe the parliament, and already storious in several encounters, they resolved, in a spirit of votedness, to save, with God's assistance, their country and

their faith, by quitting their families and exposing their lives in arms.

"Oliver now exchanged his parliamentary career for another that had become more necessary. The Huntingdonshire yeoman, who had given the Commons some proofs of his eloquence, was about to astonish the army still more by his courage and genius. The fervent orator was now to show himself a skilful general, and to become one of the greatest statesmen of modern times.

"On the 7th of February, Cromwell contributed £300—a large sum for his small fortune—towards the salvation of Protestantism and of England. He then joined the parliamentary army with his two sons, respectively twenty and sixteen years of age, and shortly after raised two companies of volunteers at Cambridge. The departure of his sons Oliver and Richard must have caused great sorrow in the peaceful abode of the Huntingdon farmer. With difficulty could these young men tear themselves from the embraces of their mother and of their sisters. But the hour was come when their country called for the greatest sacrifices. All must now be prepared either to stretch their necks to the sword, or to bow them beneath the yoke of the Pope. Cromwell's domestic society was a pleasing one; he had a wife whom he loved most tenderly; his good mother was still living; he had passed the age of ambition; yet he became a soldier. 'You have had my money; I hope in God I desire to venture my skin. So do mine,' said he, with noble simplicity, on a later occasion. For the space of seventeen years, from this day until that of his death, all his thoughts, however well or ill conceived, were for Protestantism, and for the liberty of his fellow-citizens. It is from this moral point of view that we must study Cromwell. Can we look upon the departure of the Huntingdon volunteer as an insignificant event? There was a great work to be accomplished; no less than the settlement of England upon its double foundations of Protestantism and liberty, for on these depended her future liberties.

"On the 23rd of October, 1642, the battle of Edgehill was fought, the indecisive result of which filled London with alarm. It was perhaps on this occasion that Cromwell lost his eldest son: we shall see hereafter what were the father's feelings under this bereavement.

"The winter passed away quietly; in spring the war broke out again, with still doubtful success. The legitimate resistance of the parliament could only be justified and maintained by prompt and decisive victories. Cromwell immediately saw the main cause of weakness in the parliamentary army, and found a remedy for it. He knew that to conquer a strong moral force, there is required

another, and one still more powerful. Accordingly he began at the beginning. 'How can we be otherwise than beaten?' said he to Hampden. 'Your troops are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and theirs are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who will have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten.' With this design he went through the eastern counties, calling upon the young freeholders, with whose piety he was acquainted, to take up arms in the cause of God. Fourteen squadrons of zealous Protestants were soon raised. It was this new element that decided the destinies of the war and of England. From that hour the course of events was changed.

"On the 18th of June, a skirmish of cavalry took place some few miles from Oxford. One of the parliamentarian chiefs, who was usually in the foremost rank, was seen slowly quitting the field before the end of the action; his head hung down, his hand was leaning on his horse's neck. 'He is certainly wounded,' said one of the bystanders. It was Hampden, Oliver's cousin. He died on the 24th of the same month, and the sorrowing people named him the father of his country. There was no officer in the army who braved danger with greater intrepidity than Cromwell. In the very heat of the action he preserved an admirable presence of mind. He led his soldiers up to within a few paces of the enemy, and never allowed them to fire until their shots were sure to take effect. 'His actions,' says Chateaubriand, 'had all the rapidity and the effect of lightning.' At the same time, he maintained the strictest discipline in the army. The troops under his command thought themselves sure of victory, and, in fact, he never lost a battle. 'There was a certain invincibility in his genius, like the new ideas of which he was the champion.'

"Such was Oliver in the midst of battle. His troops, not less than their general, have been the object of bitter attack on the part of worldly-minded writers. This we can understand: proofs are now before us which explain their conduct. Take, for instance, the manner in which the orators of Exeter Hall are treated in parliament, although, even in the opinion of their adversaries, they are some of the most worthy men in England. If soldiers lead a disorderly and irreligious life, provided they are brave, there are writers who can never be sufficiently loud in their praise; but soldiers professing Christianity merit, according to their views, nothing but blame and ridicule.

"On the 14th of June, the decisive battle of Naseby, so fatal to

the royalists, took place. The king fought desperately, but lost his private cabinet of papers and letters, which was sent to London, where it was carefully examined by the Parliament. In it they found the clearest proofs that, notwithstanding his frequent denials, he was perpetually soliciting the aid of foreign princes, and that he had protested against the name of Parliament which he had given to the two houses. These documents, which were published under the title of 'The King's Cabinet Opened,' entirely ruined Charles in the minds of his people. There is a justice in heaven which permits neither kings nor the humblest of their subjects to live by falsehood and to make a mockery of oaths. By his deception and perjury Charles had forfeited the respect of many who were desirous to maintain the dignity of the throne; and from this period no hope remained.

"Oliver made a most temperate use of the power which the course of events had placed in his hands. One of his cousins, John Cromwell, had heard him say at Hampton Court: 'I think the king the most injured prince in the world, but this'—touching his sword—'shall right him.' He shrank from a revolution: he sought to prevent it, and to re-establish his sovereign in the enjoyment of a legitimate authority. Everything shows that he was sincere in this desire. 'May God be pleased to look upon me,' said he, 'according to the sincerity of my heart towards the king.' He did not as yet despair of Charles, and he desired to save this prince not less from the excesses of his own despotism than from those of the Levellers. This even the prejudiced historian of the *Four Stuarts* seems to acknowledge.[1] Oliver and Ireton had frequent interviews with the king and his agents, and the propositions they made were, in the actual state of affairs, very equitable. Parliament had required that the regal authority should be limited for twenty years; Cromwell asked for ten only, and declared that the king's conscience ought to be left free as regarded episcopacy. Sir John Berkeley, one of Charles's attendants, entreated him to accept these terms; and hence, for some time, strong hopes were entertained of a pacification. Cromwell's wife and daughters were presented to the king at Hampton Court, where the latter received them with great honours. Even the general himself and Ireton were seen walking with him in the Park, and were known to be often closeted with him.

"It was this monarch's destiny to be the contriver of his own ruin. The graciousness displayed at Hampton Court was mere treachery. Misled and perhaps excited by messages from France,

[1] Chateaubriand: Les Quatre Stuards, p. 149.

conveyed to him by Mr. Ashburnham, the king rejected the most favourable offers. 'I can turn the scale which way I please,' said he to his agents; 'and that party must sink which I abandon.' 'Sire,' replied Berkeley, 'a crown so near lost was never recovered on 'easier terms.' Charles, in fact, did turn the scale,—but to his own destruction.

"Negotiations were not yet terminated; the king even appeared desirous of resuming them, and spoke of giving Cromwell the order of the Garter and the command of the army, when information was sent to this great leader, that in the course of the same day a letter addressed to the queen would be despatched for France, carefully sewed up in the flaps of a saddle, which a man, not in the secret, would carry on his head, about ten o'clock at night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn, whence it would be forwarded to France by way of Dover.

"Cromwell and Ireton at once determined to seize this opportunity of learning the king's thoughts; for a feeling of uneasiness had constantly pursued them amidst all his promises and favours. They left Windsor, disguised as private soldiers, and on reaching the tavern, placed a trooper they had brought with them on watch at the door, sat down, and called for some beer. At ten o'clock, the messenger appeared; they seized the saddle, under the pretext that they had orders to search everything, carried it into the inn, ripped up the lining, found the letter, closed up the saddle again, and returned it to the terrified messenger, saying that it was all right, that he was an honest fellow, and might continue his journey without fear.

"The impatient generals then withdrew to a private room, and opened the letter. 'My time is come at last,' wrote the king. 'I am now the man whose favour they court. I incline rather to treat with the Scotch than with the English army. For the rest, I alone understand my position. Be quite easy as to the concessions I may grant; when the time comes, I shall know very well how to treat these rogues, and instead of a silken garter, I will fit them with a hempen halter.' Ireton and Cromwell looked at each other. This was the truth then as regarded Charles, and what the nation might expect of him. With perfidious hand, he had rent the compact which united him to England. He no longer possessed any moral value in the eyes of his people. All confidence and respect were lost, and yet he was still a king. The two chiefs left the Blue Boar with the deepest emotion, and rode hastily back to Windsor. Not long after, Cromwell waited upon Mr. Ashburnham, one of the king's attendants, and declared that he was now satisfied that his majesty could not be trusted.

"From this time the separation between Charles and the future Protector—between the king and England—was complete. The letter inclosed in the saddle was a divorce between his people and the unhappy monarch, who, by refusing a garter, conferred a crown.

"His majesty's position was now worse than ever, and he was the artificer of his own ruin.

"It had been Oliver's wish to save the king, and re-establish him on a constitutional and honourable throne. He, like many others, had been subjugated by his sovereign's amiability. He is said to have declared that the interview between Charles and his children, when they were first allowed to visit him, was 'the tenderest sight that his eyes ever beheld;' and to have wept plentifully when he spoke of it, 'which he might well have done without hypocrisy, for in private life he was a man of kind feelings and of a generous nature.'

"Cromwell desired to save his king, and that, too, at the very moment the latter designed to hang him. Alas! it was the unfortunate Stuart who was caught in the snare he was laying for others. *He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.* Such is the language of God's Word.

"Charles I. was superior to his son: he was virtuous and sober, and would have desired to adopt (what is impossible) a certain middle course between Protestantism and Popery, rather than Popery itself. But there was no sincerity in him: and he was from long habit too docile to the fatal suggestions of the Bourbons. It is evident that if he had been victorious in the contest, the liberty and religion of England would have been destroyed. His continual falsehoods had disgusted the greater number of his partisans. 'Incurable in his duplicity, because he held himself bound to no engagement with rebellious subjects, Charles meditated their ruin while he was imploring their aid.'[1]

"His treasons have subsequently been brought to light. After the Restoration, the earl of Glamorgan, the king's secret agent in Ireland, wrote a letter to be laid before Charles II., in which he discloses the perfidious designs of Charles I. In this letter, published by the Roman Catholic historian Lingard,[2] Glamorgan says: 'One army of ten thousand men was to have come out of Ireland, through North Wales; another, of a like number at least, under my command-in-chief, have expected my return in

[1] Guizot, Révol. d'Angleterre, ii. p. 180.
[2] History of England, x. note C. London, 1839.

South Wales, which Sir Henry Gage was to have commanded as lieutenant-general; and a third should have consisted of a matter of 6,000 men,—2,000 of which were to have been Liegois, commanded by Sir Francis Edmonds; 2,000 Lorrainers, to have been commanded by Colonel Browne; and 2,000 of such French, English, Scots, and Irish, as could be drawn out of Flanders and Holland. The maintenance of this army of foreigners was to have come from the Pope, and such Catholic princes as he should have drawn into it, having engaged to afford and procure £30,000 a month; out of which the foreign army was first to be provided for, and the remainder to be divided among the other armies. And for this purpose had I power to treat with the Pope and Catholic princes, with particular advantages promised to Catholics for the quiet enjoying their religion, without the penalties which the statutes in force had power to inflict upon them. And my instructions for this purpose, and my powers to treat and conclude thereupon, were signed by the king under his pocket-signet, with blanks for me to put in the names of Pope or princes, to the end the king might have a starting-hole to deny the having given me such commissions, if excepted against by his own subjects; leaving me as it were at stake, who, for his majesty's sake, was willing to undergo it, trusting to his word alone.'

"Such were the intrigues of Charles I.

"After the king's death a circumstance occurred which we cannot pass by unnoticed before concluding this chapter. It was one of those acts which, says a recent writer most hostile to Cromwell, 'were committed by him against a good nature, not in the indulgence of a depraved one.' We may, however, question if it was 'against his good nature.' Charles was dead. In Oliver's opinion, the life of this prince had been justly cut short; but we have seen how long the future Protector shrank from before this terrible extremity, and how he wept when the royal father embraced his children. Cromwell desired to view the monarch's decapitated body. His greatest adversaries testify that he was not cruel, and if he had really committed a crime, would he have sought so mournful a spectacle? But there was a solemn lesson in his sovereign's lifeless corpse. He opened the coffin himself, and sadly gazed upon the cold inanimate body, without cruelty or anger, or exultation, but with reverential fear as he thought of the judgments of God. To Cromwell, who had so often met it face to face, and had so often braved it on the battle-field, death had nothing strange; it had long been familiar to him. The only feeling to which he gave utterance was the thought that death had surprised Charles in a healthy state, and that his body, alas! had been well made for

length of life. We cannot doubt that Oliver's soul was filled with that solemn feeling which is usually experienced in the presence of a dead body. And who was it that lay before him? A descendant of kings,—a mighty prince,—a ruler of three kingdoms,—who had presumed to check the new impulses that were urging his people onwards to liberty and truth, and who with one hand had torn the time-honoured charters of the nation, while he stretched the other towards the despotic Pope of Rome. As he looked at this king, now dead, what sensations must have crowded into his saddened heart! *Thy pomp is brought down to the grave; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation.*

"The Irish Roman Catholics had broken out into rebellion, and massacred an incredible number of Protestants, varying, according to different accounts, from 50,000 to 200,000 victims. This was the Hibernian Saint Bartholomew. At that time the Roman Catholics of Ireland had no cause of complaint; Charles I. had taken care of them. They had their archbishops, bishops, and vicars-general; and, above all, a great number of Jesuits. It was in such a state of things that, shrouding themselves in the deepest secrecy, like the West Indian negroes meditating a plot for the massacre of the white men, the Irish conceived the design, not only of erasing from their country every trace of the English nation and of Protestantism, but also of crossing over into England, of becoming its masters, with the aid of Spain and of the Pope, and of abolishing the Reformed religion in that island. The massacre was frightful; and we must recall it to our minds, that we may be able to appreciate with justice the war which re-established peace and order.

"'On all sides,' writes a great historian, 'the Protestants of Ireland were attacked unawares, ejected from their houses, hunted down, slaughtered, exposed to all the perils, all the tortures that religious and patriotic hatred could invent. A half-savage people, passionately attached to its barbarism, eager to avenge in a day ages of outrage and misery, with a proud joy committed excesses which struck their ancient masters with horror and dismay.'[1]

"In fact, the Catholics burnt the houses of the Protestants, turned them out naked in the midst of winter, and drove them, like herds of swine, before them. If, ashamed of their nudity, and desirous of seeking shelter from the rigour of a remarkably severe

[1] Guizot, Révol. d'Angleterre, i. 202.

season, these unhappy wretches took refuge in a barn, and concealed themselves under the straw, the rebels instantly set fire to it and burned them alive. At other times they were led without clothing to be drowned in rivers; and if, on the road, they did not move quick enough, they were urged forward at the point of the pike. When they reached the river or the sea, they were precipitated into it in bands of several hundreds, which is doubtless an exaggeration. If these poor wretches rose to the surface of the water, men were stationed along the brink to plunge them in again with the butts of their muskets, or to fire at and kill them. Husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives; wives and virgins were abused in the sight of their nearest relations; and infants of seven or eight years were hung before the eyes of their parents. Nay, the Irish even went so far as to teach their own children to strip and kill the children of the English, and dash out their brains against the stones. Numbers of Protestants were buried alive, as many as seventy in one trench. An Irish priest, named MacOdeghan, captured forty or fifty Protestants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion on a promise of quarter. After their abjuration, he asked them if they believed that Christ was bodily present in the host, and that the Pope was the head of the Church; and on their replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Now, then, you are in a very good faith;' and, for fear they should relapse into heresy, cut all their throats.[1]

"Cromwell departed for Ireland at the head of 12,000 men. Before they embarked, the troops observed a day of fasting and prayer: three ministers solemnly invoked the blessing of God on the expedition; and three officers, the Colonels Gough and Harrison, with the lord-lieutenant himself, expounded certain pertinent passages of Scripture. The army was under the strictest discipline: not an oath was to be heard throughout the whole camp, the soldiers spending their leisure hours in reading their Bibles, in singing psalms, and in religious conferences.

"Oliver now began, as a general, to consider the plan he ought to follow for the restoration of order. Should he employ a few weeks, with the sacrifice of 5,000 men, or several years, with the loss of perhaps 20,000? This was an important question. If he took prompt and formidable measures, such as were calculated to spread terror on every side, he would immediately check the disease. If, on the contrary, he proceeded with a light and hesitating hand, he would prolong it indefinitely. To Cromwell the most energetic way appeared the most humane. He acted as men

[1] Sir J. Temple, Irish Rebellion, p. 109. London, 1646.

do in a great conflagration, where the adjoining houses are pulled down to save the more remote, or as in an hospital, where a diseased limb is cut off to preserve the others. Having weighed everything, he decided for the hand of iron. That hand is never pleasing; but yet there are cases in which it is salutary.

"On the approach of the general of the English republic, all the parties that ravaged Ireland had united. Catholics of different shades, episcopalian and presbyterian royalists, had rallied round Ormond's standard. So that, at the moment when Cromwell set foot in that island, there remained only two towns, Dublin and Londonderry, that held for the Commonwealth, both of which were beleaguered by the enemy's troops.

"The success of the republican army was prodigious. 'Oliver descended on Ireland,' says Carlyle, 'like the hammer of Thor; smote it, at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.'

"We shall not follow Cromwell through all his military exploits; but we must extract one at least of those terrible pages which cannot be read without emotion and pain, but which, as we have observed, present to us this great man following the most skilful course to arrive at a prompt and universal pacification.

"As soon as Ormond was informed of Cromwell's arrival, he withdrew his army from the neighbourhood of Dublin, and resolved to put Drogheda in a state of defence. He threw into this strong town all the flower of his army, and gave the command to Sir Arthur Ashton, an officer of great reputation.

"On the day following the lord-lieutenant's appearance before this city, he ordered a general assault, which being renewed the next morning, he entered it by two different breaches. We give the conclusion of his report to Parliament, dated Dublin, 17th September, 1649:[1]—

"'Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-mount, a place very strong and difficult of access; being exceedingly high, having a good draft (ditch), and strongly palisadoed. The governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men, getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed St. Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong

[1] Newspapers, in Parl. Hist. xix. 201. Carlyle, ii. 61.

round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say, in the midst of the flames, "God damn me! God confound me! I burn, I burn!"

"'The next day the other two towers were summoned—in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared, as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

"'I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.'

"It is consolatory to read these words, which reveal to us the motives of the general's severity. The two lessons of Drogheda and Wexford had produced their effect. The arms fell from the rebels' hands in every quarter of Ireland, before the formidable name of Cromwell. By the middle of May the whole country was reduced, with the exception of one or two places which Ireton subsequently captured. Ormond escaped to France. Thus, by inflicting these two terrible blows at Drogheda and Wexford, the victor taught the murderers the necessity of submission, prevented a greater effusion of blood, and restored peace in Ireland.

"We need not wonder at these results, if we call to mind Milton's description of Cromwell's soldiers:—'He raised an army as numerous and well-equipped as was ever before done within so short a period; lessoned to the most perfect obedience, high in the affections of its fellow-citizens, and not more formidable to its enemies in the field than admirable for its behaviour to them out of it; having so forborne all injury to their persons or properties, in comparison with the violence, intemperance, profaneness, and debauchery of their own royalists, as to make them exult in the change, and hail in them a host, not of fiends, but of friends (*non hostes sed hospites*): a protection to the good, a terror to the bad, and an encouragement to every species of piety and

virtue.' The model of this armament was new, and has never been recovered.

"Cromwell returned to London in the month of May, and was received by the Parliament and people, 'as a soldier who had gained more laurels, and done more wonders in nine months, than any age or history could parallel.'[1]

"The Scots had begun the great movement whose object was at once to resist the tyranny of the Stuarts and the tyranny of Rome, and which was destined to result in incalculable consequences for Europe. But now they retraced their steps, and put themselves in opposition to the Commonwealth of England. They wanted a leader.

"If Charles Stuart had thought of ascending his native throne only, Cromwell and the English would have remained quiet; but he aimed at the recovery of the three kingdoms, and the Scotch were disposed to assist him. Oliver immediately saw the magnitude of the danger which threatened the religion, liberty, and morals of England, and did not hesitate.

"On the 26th of June, 1650, he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Commonwealth, and set out immediately.

"Cromwell's feelings, as he marched against Scotland, were different from those which had led him to Ireland. To him the people were brethren—brethren who had gone astray when they invited over the licentious Charles II. That country was afterwards to feel, by twenty-eight years of horrible persecution (from 1660 to 1688), that the Protector was not deceived. Oliver determined to do all in his power to restore Scotland to herself."

Here Cromwell had to encounter a wary and prudent general in Lesley. The Protector's army was in the most imminent peril. Providentially for the great Puritan, Lesley, against his better judgment, was compelled to advance from his strong position and give battle to the English forces. "The Scotch Committee were weary of lying in the fields, and thought that Lesley did not make haste enough to destroy these sectaries. The Scotch general was compelled to yield. Before sunrise on the Monday, Lesley sent down his horse from the hill-top to occupy the other side of the brook; about four in the afternoon his train came down, and was all the night employed descending the hill. After the prayer they had made together, Cromwell, Lambert, and Monk took a walk in the Earl of Roxburghe's garden that lay under the hill, whence, by the aid of their telescopes, they distinguished a great movement in the

[1] Neale, History of the Puritans, ii. 554. London, 1837.

Scottish camp, and the army descending towards the river. Cromwell said to the major-general, who was standing by him: 'God is delivering them into our hands; they are coming down.' Lambert immediately replied that he was about to make the same remark. 'So it pleased the Lord,' writes Cromwell, 'to set this apprehension upon both our hearts at the same instant.' They called for Colonel Monk, and showed him what was taking place, and he likewise agreed with them. When they returned to the quarters at night, they set the case before the other officers, who all cheerfully concurred. The plan of battle was forthwith resolved upon for the following day before dawn.

"The night was wet and stormy. Many prayers were raised to God in the English tents, and every one prepared himself for the conflict. About four o'clock the first order came out to mount and march. As Major Hodgson was riding along in the dark, he heard a cornet praying. It was a company of Christian men worshipping under the void heaven before battle. The major, giving his charge to a brother officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship along with them. The cornet prayed with such unction that he imparted strength to every one who heard him.

"And now the battle began, the English word being *The Lord of Hosts*, and that of the Scots, *The Covenant*. Before the foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very sharp struggle at the sword's point between the Scotch and the English horse. The first English foot, after they had discharged their duty, being overpowered by the enemy, received a slight check, but soon recovered. Cromwell's own regiment came up very seasonably, and by push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there. In the mean time the cavalry with great courage and spirit beat back all opposition, charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse and foot, 'who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords,' wrote Cromwell. Some of the Scotch horsemen fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot; and their whole army being thrown into confusion, it became a total rout. Above three thousand were killed on the spot. When the charge succeeded, Oliver was heard to exclaim: 'They run! I profess they run!' Just then the first beams of the sun burst over the ocean. Looking to its bright orb, Oliver said in David's words:—

"'Let God arise, and scatterèd
Let all His enemies be;
And let all those that do Him hate
Before His presence flee.'

Thus, on the field of battle was raised a hymn of thanksgiving to

the Lord of Hosts. The chase was immediately resumed; the English having the execution of the Scots for nearly eight miles. They took 10,000 prisoners. This was one of Cromwell's most important victories: it placed Scotland at his feet."

And has the present age nothing to learn from the true causes which introduced that terrible catastrophe, the ruin of the Stuart dynasty? The same spirit is now rampant in our native country, and, unless put down, will lead to perils incalculable.

"When Charles I. sought a French wife," says the historian of the Reformation, "he sought also a new policy. Henrietta brought to the court of England the manners, amusements, and spirit of France. Nor was that all: she desired also to give it a king after the French model. That was the main point. The monarch was to become a sort of deity placed on a lofty pedestal, and the people, crowding around its base, were to fall down, admire, and worship. Charles earnestly applied to the task, and some of his first exploits were, as we have seen, to silence the representatives of the people, to levy taxes forbidden by the Commons, and to govern without a parliament. He would, indeed, have allowed a few petitions—very humble petitions; but that was all. There must be no opposition. There must be in England, as in France, but one will. *Magna Charta* was banished to the State-paper office, and the barons found a master. Absolutism had ascended the English throne.

"Thus it was a real revolution which Charles I. undertook to effect; and the English people, by opposing it, opposed a revolt against the oldest institutions of the country. The Cavaliers were the revolutionists, the Roundheads the conservatives. The establishment of the democratical system was a necessary reaction against the invasion of the absolute system. The founder of the English republic was not Cromwell, but in reality Charles the First.

"Not only liberty, but nationality also was at stake. The Cavaliers were Versailles courtiers with British faces and an English tongue. The Roundheads were good, honest old Englishmen. Charles's efforts to establish Richelieu's system in England were a French invasion, which, if it had succeeded, would have been far more disastrous than that of William the Conqueror. The arms of the English were more successful in the seventeenth century than Harold's had been. There was not then a battle of Hastings, but there was, alas! a battle of Whitehall; and in this struggle also a king perished. The king of Hastings contended with his people against the foreigner; the king of Whitehall fought with the foreigner against his own people. The result of the one was

the subjugation of England; of the other, its deliverance. The contest which ruined the Stuarts was the defeat of modern despotism, of the French spirit, and of the Papal supremacy. The onset of absolutism awoke English liberty, which lay sleeping, and which would have slept longer still, and all Europe with it. But this violent blow aroused her: she rose, she stood erect, as she is to this day, and will remain so, *Deo juvante*, until the end of time.

"The Protector's ruling passion was religious liberty, and its establishment was his work. Among all the men of past ages, and even of the times present, there is not one who has done so much as he in this cause. It has almost triumphed in every Protestant nation; its great victory is yet to come among those which profess the Romish creed: and, under God, it is to Cromwell in particular that men's consciences are beholden.

"It frequently happens that those who advocate liberty when they are in opposition, no sooner attain power than they employ it to oppress the freedom of others. It was not thus that Oliver acted.

"The Protector realized in his life that wide catholicity which he expressed in his public speeches. He was a Protestant Christian, but did not join himself to any party. Although an Independent by principle, he thought that all the reformed churches were part of the Catholic Church, and he looked with equal favour upon Independents, Presbyterians, and Baptists: his chaplains belonged to these several denominations.

"He had, indeed, other passions not less noble than that of religious liberty. The greatness, prosperity, and glory of England was a no less potent necessity in him, and he worthily acted up to it. He said one day in council: 'I hope to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman has been.' And in effect he so augmented the general resources and maritime power of the nation, that he procured for it a more extensive European celebrity and influence than it had ever possessed under any of its kings.

"The army was subjected to an admirable moral discipline, which, with the piety that animated most of the officers and soldiers, concurred in keeping up a purity of manners till then unknown, especially in the garrison and in the camp.

"The same morality prevailed at the Protector's court. Everything was becoming and honourable; everything in strong contrast with the levity and debauchery that surrounded the unfortunate son of Charles I. in a foreign country, and of which the Catholic court of France ere long presented so deplorable an example.

"'Cromwell's court was free from vice,' says Doctor Harris. 'All there had an air of sobriety and decency; nothing of riot or debauch was seen or heard of.'

"The moral purity which distinguished the epoch of the Protectorate is a fact of great importance. We are here, in truth, called upon to apply the rule given in the Word of God: *Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.* When unbelievers and libertines pronounce for the reign of Charles II.,—a reign characterized by great public licentiousness,—and against the Commonwealth, so remarkable for its Christian virtues, we can easily understand them. But when moral and religious people do the same, we are at a loss to account for their motives.

"The superior morality which characterized England in the time of Cromwell showed itself abroad by incontestable proofs.

"The English nation, which, under the first two Stuarts, foreigners had begun to regard as pusillanimous, suddenly displayed the most striking valour both by land and sea. Freedom and piety, equally dear both to the soldiers and sailors, gave them fresh energy, and urged them on to fight everywhere, as if in defence of the most sacred rights. 'His maintaining the honour of the nation in all foreign countries,' says Burnet, 'gratified the vanity which is very natural to Englishmen. He was so very careful of it, that though he was not a crowned head, yet his ambassadors had all the respects paid them which our kings' ambassadors ever had'[1]

"We shall not recount all the high deeds of arms by which England gave token to the world of the renewal of her power. We are not writing a history of Great Britain. The victories gained over Holland by the English fleets under the command of Blake and Monk; the gallant Van Tromp, shot to the heart with a musket bullet, and his shattered fleet escaping in disorder to the Texel; Cromwell in person reading to parliament the account of these victories, and proposing a national recompense to the successful admirals; the United Provinces acknowledging the supremacy of the British flag, making to the English a tardy reparation for old injuries, and even excluding the house of Orange from the stadtholdership, because of its alliance with the Stuarts; Spain the first to come forward and do homage to the Protector, and even urging him openly to seize upon the crown of England,—a flattery to which his only reply was a disdainful silence; Portugal, France, the elector of Brandenburg, at that time almost unknown in Europe, all the other states, and even Christina of Sweden, then

[1] Burnet's Own Times, i. 113.

on her way to Rome, laying at the feet of Britain and of her chief the tribute of their respect and admiration; the fleets of Spain beaten again and again; the viceroy of Mexico, surrounded with his treasures, expiring on the deck of his burning ship; millions of ingots of gold carried to London as a monument of triumph; other ships and other galleons bringing fresh treasures from the New World, burned and sunk a second time in the Bay of Teneriffe; Gibraltar attracting the eagle eye of the Protector—'the town and castle of Gibraltar, if possessed and made tenable by us, would be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard;' —these are some of the facts which show how the Protector exalted and maintained in the sight of the foreigner the might and the glory of England.

"The admiration was general. 'Cromwell,' says an historian, 'appeared like a blazing star, raised up by Providence to exalt this nation to a distinguished pitch of glory, and to strike terror into the rest of Europe.'

"France and Spain contended for his alliance; he did not hesitate, and united with France. The treaty was signed on the 23rd of October, 1655. Such were the respect and fear then inspired by England, that in this treaty he assumed among his other titles that of Protector of the kingdom of France; and his name preceded Louis the Fourteenth's, who was allowed tos tyle himself merely king of the French.

"Cromwell was the great obstacle which in the seventeenth century, that epoch of the victories of Rome, opposed in the world the encroachments of Popery. It was his sincere belief that in this power he saw the influence of the *Prince of this world*, and he thought it his duty to obey the apostolic precept: *Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.* (James iv. 7.)

"While the Protector made war upon Spain, he was in reality fighting against Rome. This he did in England most essentially by the development of the evangelical spirit. But he disdained not to cause her other alarms, and took advantage of every opportunity to make her sensible of his power. Admiral Blake was sent with a fleet into the Mediterranean to obtain satisfaction from the bey of Tunis for the losses of the British merchants from Turkish pirates. He sailed right into the harbour, and though the shore was planted with heavy guns, he burned nine of the Turkish vessels, and brought the tyrant to reason. But he did not confine himself to this mission: he spread the terror of the English name over all Italy, even to Rome itself. The alarmed citizens, every moment fearfully expecting the arrival of Blake and his twenty-four ships, hastily put Civita Vecchia in a state of defence. At the same time

processions were made in the pontifical city; and the host was exposed for forty hours to avert the judgments of Heaven, and preserve the patrimony of St. Peter.

"Not long before, there had been great rejoicings in Rome, at the extirpation of Protestantism in Calabria and the Valteline. Cromwell meditated retaliation. 'Their expected triumph,' writes Mr. Pell to Secretary Thurlow, on the 9th of June, 1655, 'would be turned into sad processions, if, instead of rooting out their old Italian inland churches, they should see an English colony planted in one of their sea-towns, which seems not impossible to be effected, if England would but attempt it.' It was not at Malta, as in the nineteenth century, but under the very walls of the Pope, so to speak, that Cromwell then thought of making a settlement.

"With his own name Oliver spread afar the name of England, which he was the first to engrave on the distant landmarks of the nations. It is he who opened to his people that path of glory and of power which their ships now traverse in every sea. The life of Britain, which had lost all vigour under the Stuarts, was aroused, electrified as it were, by the same principle as that which animated its chief; and once more was seen the accomplishment of the ancient promise: THE LORD THY GOD WILL SET THEE ON HIGH ABOVE ALL NATIONS OF THE EARTH."

We have now to contemplate the close of this high and dignified career of the great Christian chief of Europe. Here we find the same steadfast and ennobling principles attending the final scene of the Protector's existence which carried him triumphantly through so many perils and anxieties.

The dying chamber of the Christian is the vestibule of the temple of Victory.

"As his wife and children stood weeping round his bed, he said to them: 'Children, live like Christians. Abide in Him, that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming. If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doth righteously is born of Him. Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous. Love not this world! I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world! I leave you the covenant to feed upon!'

"What a legacy! he knew its value—a value far above that of the Protectorship of England. What the dying Christian begged for his children was that inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, of which St. Peter speaks, which fadeth not away, reserved for us in heaven."

And what is the testimony borne by an able historian and great

writer to that Puritanism which the High-Caste Press of our day, with its deformed ally and his shirtless frilled Sagacity, have systematically endeavoured to depreciate and vilify?

"The professors of Puritanism," says Macaulay, "were the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their eyes were constantly fixed. Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one, all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other, proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, groans, and tears; but when he took his seat in the council or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and whining hymns, might laugh at them. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other."

But impartial history calmly demands whether this sagacious, resolute, and stern body of men never invaded the boundaries of political and religious freedom?—whether it rested solely in that Christian charity which "believeth all things and hopeth all things"? Here, history bears its testimony to the fact, that the persecuting and exclusive spirit of Caste had even penetrated this vigorous offshoot of the Reformation. In what then did its exclusive spirit differ from that of the Papacy and the Brahminical system? Let the same impartial history note that it was not, like these, of an infallible, fixed, and necessitarian nature. It still retained within itself a great curative principle, moral and spiritual, for its regulating power was in the revealed will of God; and sooner or later this must have prevailed. And so it has been seen in our own days amongst true Christians of all denominations. But whereas

this exclusive spirit in the Puritans was the exception, in the Papal and Brahminical systems it was the rule. On this all their holiest dogmas were founded. How closely this spirit of exclusiveness, even in such a body as the Puritans, could approach to that of the royal despot, is remarkably visible after their political triumph.

"About this time," says D'Aubigné, "'The Directory' became the established form of public worship, instead of the 'Common Prayer,' the use of which was prohibited under severe penalty. As the hierarchy of bishops was abolished, the presbyterian government in every congregation, subordinate to classical, provincial, and national assemblies and elders, chosen according to certain regulations, became the ecclesiastical order of the country, to the exclusion of other religious distinctions. Thus the Presbyterian party in the Commons restored, in effect, the Act of Uniformity, but to their own advantage. This was substituting one tyranny for another; and it must have appeared a very strange proceeding on the part of those who, under the episcopalian rule, had cried out so much for liberty. As soon as Christians forget that the one essential is the spiritual Church, the mystical body of Christ, and superstitiously attach themselves to external forms, they fall into sectarianism and fanaticism."

"The conduct of the High Commissioners at this period," says Marsden, "is not unlike that of Henry VIII. while the Reformation was in progress. Undetermined themselves, they forbade the right of choice to others. Their reformation hitherto had gone no further than the dislike of prelacy; they had agitated much, they had established nothing in its place; but as their differences increased, they showed a still increasing aversion to the ancient service. Their prejudices gathered strength, and in the month of August they forbade the use of the 'Common Prayer-book' altogether, not only in any church, chapel, or public place of worship, but in any private place or family, within the kingdom of England, under a penalty of five pounds for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third offence one whole year's imprisonment without bail or mainprize. At the same time the use of 'The Directory' was enforced; the clergy were commanded to conform to it under a fine of forty shillings for each omission; and whoever defamed it in 'teaching, writing, or preaching,' was liable to be convicted in a summary manner, and fined not less than five pounds for each offence."

This is the very reflex of the hieratic spirit of Laud. It is the very spirit displayed by Luther himself at the celebrated conference with Zwingle; it is the unchristian spirit of exclusiveness. Let us ever remember, however, that it was from the Papal training of

Luther and the persecuting hieratic training of the Puritans, that both parties became indoctrinated with sentiments unworthy of the noble profession of Christianity. Both had to unlearn in a short time, lessons which it had taken centuries to inculcate.

History records the same fact in Germany. Here we see the Papal power "summoning the majesty of the German empire to persecute the German congregations, because they ask for freedom of conscience, and making war upon German princes with Spanish troops, because they guarantee this freedom.

"And the summons is obeyed, although these congregations and princes take their stand on God's Word, and preach the doctrine of personal faith in Christ as the Saviour of mankind; although they profess their faith in the creed of the universal Church concerning Christ; and although they refrain from all acts of violence and persecution. But the doctrine of the Gospel maintains its ground in the Empire in spite of persecution, and the Protestant Church becomes free after a bloody contest. And behold! only one generation later, we see this Protestant Church ruled over by theologians who persecute their own brethren to the glory of God and His Christ,—cast them into prison, and slay them with the sword of penal justice, because they are suspected—of what crime?—of labouring to bring about an approximation to the doctrine of Calvin. Again, two generations later, we find both these bodies, the followers of Luther and those of Calvin, engaged alike in a thirty years' warfare with the adherents of the old hierarchy, which is leagued with Spain and the Pope to exterminate the Protestant faith. In this struggle, the most fierce and sanguinary in the whole range of history, not excepting even the Social War in ancient Italy, we see Germany slowly bleeding to death. The fatherland of the Reformation loses its rank as one of the great powers of the world;—nay, it becomes little better than a desert, and sinks to the verge of barbarism, almost as much through the priestly narrow-mindedness of the Lutheran theologians as from the attacks of the priests, the Jesuits, and the princely houses under their influence.

"But behold! at the same epoch in England and Holland we see the Protestant party victoriously winning its freedom and spreading itself beyond the Atlantic. We see them, without any co-operation from the Established Church of England, proclaiming the Word of God in all languages, and spreading Christian civilization among all the peoples of the earth; training wild tribes up to form independent states and self-governing peoples, and rekindling sparks of noble life in nations apparently defunct. But at the same epoch also, when scarcely emerging from a struggle with a power grasping

at universal conquest, the priesthood stepped forth again, after a period of deep prostration, as a candidate for universal dominion, and soon put forward its claims with renewed vehemence and increased inflexibility. This movement is led by the Church hierarchy, as we see, looking for support to the people over which it rules, but more and more to the governments and active passions of princes, and leaning upon an educational society under a clerical management, which proceeds by aggression, and is supported for this purpose by the Popes. Wherever its claims are conceded, this hierarchy demands and practises intolerance and persecution as its peculiar and divinely bestowed right.

"It demands these as a condition of its existence, and enforces them as the attestation of its exclusive possession of the truth."[1]

Here, then, we see exclusiveness the predominant characteristic of Europe. We have now to contemplate a noble instance of exemption from these narrow-minded prejudices in the case of the GREAT PURITAN. What true dignity is stamped on the Christian statesmanship of this great man in his conduct towards the persecuting Puritans of his time!

"Cromwell," says D'Aubigné, "reproached with equal severity their attacks upon religious liberty. He continued: 'Is there not yet upon the spirits of men a strange itching? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences, to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the contest we had with the common adversary. And wherein consisted this more than in obtaining that liberty from the tyranny of the bishops to all species of Protestants to worship God according to their own light and consciences, for want of which many of our brethren forsook their native countries to seek their bread from strangers and to live in howling wildernesses? Is it ingenuous to ask liberty and not to give it? What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves so soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that they who call for liberty now, also had not too much of that spirit, if the power were in their hands!'"

Well and nobly did the Protector act up to these great principles, and his application of them was as honourable as it was Christian.

A learned Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam, Manasseh Ben Israel, had been residing for some time in England, whence the Jews had been banished four hundred years before, and had in vain petitioned both the Long and the Little Parliament for per-

[1] Bünsen: Signs of the Times.

mission to settle in that country again. "The Protector was favourable to his request; and on the 12th of December, 1655, a conference, composed of divines, lawyers, and merchants, met at Whitehall to consult upon the affair. Cromwell spoke in favour of liberty; and, says an eye-witness, 'I never heard a man speak so well.' 'Since there is a promise in Holy Scripture of the conversion of the Jew,' he said, 'I do not know but the preaching of the Christian religion as it is now in England, without idolatry or superstition, may not conduce to it.' The majority of the assembly declared against his propositions. Both merchants and divines were equally opposed to them. The Jews could not reside in England, except by private sufferance of the Protector." [1]

And do we not see this narrow-minded, exclusive spirit still vigorous and dominant in the Commons' house? How diminutive do many of its members appear, standing by the side of this illustrious champion of religious freedom! And be it observed, that the very party who are so bigoted in the matter of excluding the Jews from a seat in the legislature, are those who are most decidedly the supporters of hieratic power and hieratic exaltation. These are the little gentlemen of "holy materialities"—the small people of the Castor-oil god of Madagascar.

The doctrine of religious toleration was preached first, and with the greatest success, by the men, and in many instances the martyrs, of the Evangelical Confession. "The series begins towards the end of the sixteenth century, with R. Brown, the spiritual-minded and courageous advocate of the independence of single churches, and the right of all Christians to the free exercise of their own mode of worship. Even among the Presbyterians, we can point to enlightened defenders of religious liberty in those ages, and, at their head, to one of the greatest Christian poets and philosophers, Milton.

"This toleration was certainly advocated in a still more powerful form by its apostle and martyr, George Fox, who began to preach publicly on this subject in 1650, and his two disciples, R. Barclay, the author of the 'Apologies' for his sect, and W. Penn, the father and apostle of Pennsylvania. Barclay observes, that Christ reproved the two sons of Zebedee, who would have called down fire from heaven to burn those who refused to receive Christ. He further remarks that no corporeal sufferings which we can inflict upon another can avail to change his convictions, especially with regard to spiritual things." [2]

Much has been said of Cromwell's ambition. This made him

[1] Macaulay's Essays, i. 49—52.   [2] Bünsen, p. 293.

take up arms! this made him become Protector! this agitated him during the discussion on the kingship! "And is this all that men can see in his life? It is a paltry manner of viewing history. In truth, it was a very different thing, and very different thoughts which filled Oliver's bosom. It was not 'a feather in his cap' that was occupying his mind; he was fighting the great battle against the Papacy and royalty of the Middle Ages, the greatest that history has had to describe since the establishment of Christianity and the struggle of the Reformation.

"The result of this battle was the deliverance of the present age, and of ages yet to come. Without Cromwell, humanly speaking, liberty would have been lost not only to England, but to Europe. Even Hume, in one place, ascribes this immense and glorious result to the Puritans. We must add, that the defeat of liberty would have been the defeat of the Gospel.

"In the seventeenth century there were only two men, Louis the Fourteenth and Oliver Cromwell,—the former representing absolutism and Roman Catholicism; the latter, Evangelical Christianity and liberty. There were certainly in that age other important personages; and the name of the generous Gustavus Adolphus immediately occurs to every mind. But the two chief figures are Louis and Oliver. Between them, between their systems, if not between their persons, the struggle was fought; and the victory, although slow and long-disputed, particularly in France, remained with Oliver. They are the representatives of two principles, of two worlds. These two gigantic figures are each raised on a lofty pedestal, and their shadows fall not only on their own age, but extend over all future times."[1]

Macaulay remarks: "The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. But, even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. For himself he demanded, indeed, the first place in the Commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president. He gave the parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think,

[1] D'Aubigné, *in loco*.

f the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he ad of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose y comparison with Washington and Bolivar."

Cromwell, like Zwingle, conceived the idea of a great institution n favour of evangelical faith. He proposed to unite all the arious members of the Protestant body, and by this means place hem in a condition to resist Rome, which was at that time reparing for conquest. Nor were the sagacity and eagle eye of his great statesman at fault for a single minute when this great natter was at stake.

"Summoning both houses before him on the 25th of January, .658, the Protector said to them, 'Look at affairs abroad. The grand design now on foot, in comparison with which all other lesigns are but low things, is, whether the Christian world shall e all Popery. Is it not true that the Protestant cause and interest abroad is quite under foot, trodden down? The money you arted with in that noble charity which was exercised in this ation, and the just sense you had of those poor Piedmonts, was atisfaction enough to yourselves of this: that if all the Proestants in Europe had had but one head, that head had been cut ff, and so an end of the whole. But is this of Piedmont all? No! Look how the house of Austria, on both sides of Christndom, both in Austria proper and in Spain, are armed and preared to destroy the whole Protestant interest.'"[1]

"After demonstrating his thesis, Oliver continued thus: 'And ook to that which calls itself the head of all this—a Pope! He nfluences all the powers, all the princes of Europe, to accomplish his bloody work. So that what is there in all the parts of Europe but a consent, a co-operating, at this very time and eason, of all Popish powers to suppress everything that stands in heir way?' All this was perfectly true. The statesmen of England did not then give way to fatal delusions. The Protector had eyes to see and ears to hear."[2]

And has Christian Europe no lesson to learn from the great Puritan statesman in this matter now? Has she not but as yesterday been rudely roused from her dream of universal peace by the autocrat madman of universal conquest? That politician must be shallow indeed who does not discern the inevitable result of two systems diametrically opposed.

True religion has ever, by a natural but unostentatious process, produced a corresponding political course of action; it has moulded not alone statesmanship, but states. False religion,

[1] Burton, ii. 351. [2] Ibid.

too, has eventuated in its own special policy—narrow, bigoted, and repressive. Silence is its dwelling-place, and the tomb its prison. No efforts of statesmanship and of trimming compromise can harmonize the products of these opposite systems; one or the other must give way: both cannot long reign together.

And does the Christian sympathy of the Protector, so nobly shown in the case of persecuted Piedmont, hold out no lesson to England and America? Alas! were both these great countries truly united as they should be, what beneficent acts might they perform throughout suffering Christendom by the bare intimation of their deep sympathies with outraged Christianity! What was the conduct of Cromwell in such a case as this?

On the 3rd of June, 1655, sad tidings reached England from Piedmont, and filled all Protestant hearts with sorrow, but particularly that heart which beat strongest for the cause of the Gospel. "The descendants of the Waldenses, those great evangelists of the Middle Ages, were living peaceably in the valleys of Lucerna, Peroza, and St. Martin, between Piedmont and Savoy. This very year a persecution broke out against them with inconceivable violence, the natural result of the desire to convert the heretics occasioned by the great jubilee of 1650. To bring about this act of severity, the people alleged a singular motive—that the country of the Waldenses might be given to the Irish who had been banished for their concern in the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland.

"Early in 1655 an order was sent from the court of Turin to the heads of the Reformed families dwelling at La Torre, the little capital of the Waldenses, enjoining them to quit their home within three days, and retire with their families to certain districts that were assigned them. They were also required to prove, within the space of twenty days, either that they had themsleves become Romanists or had sold their property to Catholics. Many hundreds of families were compelled to flee in the midst of the rigours of winter.

"In the spring an army of 15,000 men entered their valleys. It is almost impossible to enumerate the atrocities that were committed.

"Twenty-two villages were reduced to ashes, aged people of both sexes were burned in their houses, and men were hewn in pieces. Women were impaled naked. Some, stripped of their clothes, and with their heads tied between their legs, were rolled like balls down the mountains, over rocks and precipices. Others had their bodies filled with gunpowder, to which a match was then applied. Infants were torn from their mothers' arms, and their brains dashed out

against the rocks; at other times, two soldiers, taking each a leg of one of these innocents, would rend them in twain, and then throw the palpitating fragments at each other in sport, or beat their mothers with them. One hundred and fifty females were beheaded, and their heads were used in a game at bowls.

"When the Protector received this sad intelligence, he burst into tears. 'The sufferings of these poor people,' said he, 'lie as near, or rather nearer to my heart, than if it had concerned the nearest relations I have in the world.' That very day he was to sign a treaty with France, but he refused to do so until the king and Mazarin had bound themselves to assist him in seeing justice done to these unfortunate inhabitants of the valleys. He sent them two thousand pounds from his own purse, and Milton was employed to address letters to all the Protestant states of Europe:—to the kings of Sweden and Denmark, to the United Provinces of Holland, to the Reformed cantons of Switzerland, and to the several churches of Germany and France. He wrote with his own hand to the French king, to Cardinal Mazarin, and to the duke of Savoy. Finally, he appointed a day of fasting and humiliation and a general collection all over England.

"This contribution amounted to £37,097 7*s.* 3*d.*; a very large sum for that period.

"'I believe we shall at length see the need we have of a union, and that a cordial one too,' wrote Secretary Thurlow, on the 25th of May, 1655, to Mr. Pell, the English minister in Switzerland; 'what is executed upon the poor Piedmontese is intended against us all, as they have opportunity and means.' 'His Highness,' says the *Mercurius Politicus* of Jan. 3, 1656, 'hath manifested himself, by extraordinary acts of charity, care, and compassion, to be—what the enemies of truth fear he is—the patron and protector of the Reformed Churches both at home and abroad.'

"As soon as it was known on the continent that Cromwell took the interests of the Waldenses so much to heart, the persecutors began to feel the greatest alarm. The Piedmontese and their allies already fancied they saw an English army landing from their ships and overrunning their country. In fact, the English minister in Switzerland spoke of this design as of very easy execution, and to that end called for an alliance with the United Provinces.

"This was Cromwell's intention, and he insisted that the matter should be taken into serious consideration.

"In the mean time the Protector sent Sir S. Morland to the duke of Savoy with a letter, in which, after representing the cruelty and injustice of the duke's behaviour towards the Protestants of the valleys, he added, that 'he was pierced with grief at the news of

the sufferings of the Vaudois, and he should think himself wanting in duty to God, to charity, and to his religion, unless he exerted himself to the utmost of his ability to deliver them out of it.'

"The zeal of the English chief was crowned with success. Even Mazarin, at his instigation, wrote in the most pressing language to the court of Turin, and an agreement was signed at Pignerol restoring religious liberty to the Waldenses. There was not a potentate in Europe so bold as to dare to expose himself to Cromwell's displeasure by refusing his request.

"At the same time, this defender of the Protestant faith, wishing to give the Pope and the petty princes of Italy a lesson calculated to strike them with terror, gave out, that, as he was satisfied that they were the promoters of this persecution, he would keep it in mind, and lay hold of the first opportunity to send his fleet into the Mediterranean, to visit Civita Vecchia and other parts of the ecclesiastical territories, and that the sound of his cannon should be heard at Rome itself. He further declared publicly that he would not suffer the true faith to be insulted in any part of the world.

"In his eyes—and he was one of the most clear-sighted of statesmen—this was not merely an isolated attack against Protestantism, but the first step of a general conspiracy which had for its object the annihilation of the Reformed faith.

"'It is certain,' writes the Protector to Mr. Pell, 'that the design of crushing Protestantism was general, and it is time for the Protestants in all the world to consider their own security also. If this does not awaken us, we are under a judicial slumber.'

"With these views, Cromwell stipulated in all his treaties for religious liberty in behalf of the Protestants. He required of Portugal the free exercise of the evangelical faith; but he met with difficulties which gave him a fresh opportunity of expressing his sentiments with regard to the Pope. On the 6th of May, 1656, he wrote in the following terms to Admirals Blake and Montague, then at sea:—'In one of the articles agreed with the Portuguese ambassador, it was expressed that the English merchants in Portugal should enjoy liberty of conscience in the worship of God in their own houses and aboard their ships; enjoying also the use of English Bibles and other good books—taking care that they do not exceed this liberty. Now, upon the sending of Mr. Meadows, unless we agree to submit this article to the determination of the Pope, we cannot have it, whereby he would bring us to an owning of the Pope, which we hope, whatever befall us, we shall not, by the grace of God, be brought into.' Never was there statesman more decided than he with regard to the see of Rome.

"Nor did the Protector confine himself to one particular country. He showed the same zeal for the Protestants of France that he had manifested for those of the valleys. Bordeaux was at that time the centre of the Protestant resistance, and Mazarin was greatly alarmed at the proceedings. The fermentation and enthusiasm were general throughout the south, and the Protestants, imagining the eve of their deliverance to be at hand, fasted and prayed publicly for the preservation of the Protector, calling him plainly 'their only hope next to God.'

"In 1566 there happened a quarrel between the Reformed citizens of Nismes and the magistrates and bishops of the city. The Protestants submitted, and begged pardon; but the minister, delighted with the opportunity, resolved to ruin them. Upon this they despatched a messenger privately to Cromwell, and begged his interposition. After giving audience to their delegate, he bade him 'refresh himself after so long a journey, and he would take such care of his business, that by the time he came to Paris he should find it despatched.' Accordingly an express was immediately sent off with a letter to the king of France, under cover of one to Cardinal Mazarin, to which last was appended the following postscript in his own hand:—'I have been informed of the tumult at Nismes. I recommend to your highness the interest of the Reformed.'

"At the same time the Protector forwarded instructions to his ambassador at Versailles, commanding him to insist peremptorily 'that the tumult at Nismes be forgiven,' or else immediately to leave the country. Mazarin complained of this usage, as being too high and imperious; but, at the same time, he stood in so much awe of the English ruler, that he changed countenance whenever he heard his name mentioned; and it was a current saying in France, that the cardinal was more afraid of Cromwell than the devil. The French court gave way, and sent orders to the intendant to make up matters at Nismes as well as he could. Oliver carried into practice in the seventeenth century that famous motto which was the glory of one of the greatest Englishmen in the nineteenth—civil and religious liberty in all the world. Practice, in our opinion, is much better than theory; but the example set by the Protector, which had no precedent, has unfortunately met with no imitation. The French Protestants were abandoned, both at the peace of Ryswick in 1697, and again at that of Utrecht, in 1713, although hundreds of Huguenots were perishing in dungeons or groaning on board the galleys.

"If Cromwell's spirit had continued to govern England, the revocation of the edict of Nantes would never have taken place.

His attachment to the great cause of evangelical Protestantism extended over all Europe. In Switzerland he endeavoured to reanimate the interests of the Reformation. In Germany he interposed in defence of the religious liberty of the Reformed states. By his order collections were made in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Bohemia; and again, in 1657, public subscriptions were opened in favour of the Polish and Silesian Protestants, whose deputies then arrived in England. Such was the Protector's activity. In every place he showed himself the true Samaritan. He is the greatest Protestant that has lived since the days of Calvin and Luther. More than any other sovereign of England, he deserved the glorious title of

"DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

"Cromwell, as a Christian, is the representative of one of those epochs in which the light reappears after darkness, like the device of a city[1] which shone forth with a new brightness in the days of the Reformation. It was not to England alone that he wished to restore the doctrine of the Gospel; he put his candle on a candlestick, and the HOUSE which he desired to illumine was EUROPE. He has been compared to Buonaparte, and there are indeed striking features of a resemblance between them. Neither was satisfied with confining himself to his own country alone, and both exerted their activity abroad. But while Napoleon bore to other nations French tyranny and indifference, Cromwell would have given them religious liberty and the Gospel. He did not succeed; and to the majority of European countries the Bible is a book hidden in the bowels of the earth. But this noble design, which Oliver could not accomplish, has again been undertaken in our own days on the banks of the Thames.

"The Revelations of God are printed in the language of every people, and the time will come when the thick veil which still hides the sacred characters from so many nations, shall be rent at last."

What, we ask, was the great secret of the success of that army of Englishmen that fought against Englishmen with marked superiority? The veterans of one side invariably vanquished the veterans of the other. Was it superior discipline—was it even superior generalship—that decided these fierce conflicts? We trow not. It was the individual composition of the force engaged that gave the superiority to the conquerors. The officers were men of the resolute mould of those true Christian warriors that fought before the

[1] *Post tenebras lux* is the motto of Geneva: on its shield is also a sun, bearing in its centre the name of Jesus, I.H.S.

leaguered walls of Sebastopol. They were soldiers of the noble stamp of Hedley Vicars, and their men were of the same firm and unflinching character. And who brought about this organization in the parliamentarian army?—who but the sagacious chieftain of the redoubtable Ironsides? Let us hear his own words addressed to his cousin, the celebrated Hampden:—

"'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go;—or else you will be beaten still.'

"The result was, I raised such men as had the fear of God before them—as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten; and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

Here was the history of the great victories won by Christian resolution over all the fire and all the magnificent impulse of the spirit of mediæval chivalry. It was the spirit of the martyr, transferred from resolute endurance to resolute action. Are these the men—the victors in hard-fought fields—the Englishmen who vanquished Englishmen—are these the men to be scouted by the puny Deformities of our day and their High-Caste employers? Never did the brilliant cavaliers encounter these hardy soldiers of the Cross—the true red-cross knights—without a desperate misgiving of the result. Well might they do so. And what is the composition of an English army of the present day? We see it officered from the upper classes, while the bulk of the men, instead of being the contribution of the middle ranks, are nearly always drawn from the lower orders. True they are noble soldiers; and they have at all times, and especially in the late war, proved themselves unsurpassed in daring enterprise and endurance. But that system which takes within its embrace these wide extremes, with a great void unfilled, will become a perilous one as education progresses. Men will not always be forthcoming to fill the gaps of an organization so partial and defective. The day must come when a considerable portion of the pith of the middle classes will be absorbed into our military system. Nor is it improbable that that period may be accelerated by the banded efforts of despotic Europe against the religious liberties of this country. England may

expect collisions abroad with the spirit of religious persecution—nay, she may even have to encounter them at home. Then will men like these—men of the mould of Cromwell's troopers—be the great instrument by which the fierce aggressive spirit of persecution will be kept down or for ever broken. Then—nay, now—let our military authorities beware of any attempt to force the conscience of the Christian soldier. They would awake a redoubtable organization, which, having its centre in the commons and the civil power, would take from their control that magnificent instrument, never again to be intrusted to them. Military command in this our country can only be set in motion by the civil power. If there be the least attempt to override this power by evasion or by high-handed rule, a formidable reaction will set in, which will not cease till the evil be effectually remedied. We have had instances in the history of this country, in which both officers and men have been compelled to act against their conscience, in cases of Papal and Brahminical superstition, on the ground that a soldier is a machine, and has no right to think for himself. We tell such strategists, that to that principle the people of England will not submit: for the despots and the passive slaves of the Continent it may suffice, but it will never be endured by free-born Englishmen.

"When Blake, with the fleet, happened to be at Malaga before he made war upon Spain, some of his seamen, who were ashore, met a procession with the host, and not only paid no respect to it, but laughed at those who did. One of the priests excited the people to resent the indignity, and they fell upon and beat them severely. When the sailors returned to the ship, they complained of this usage, upon which Blake sent a trumpet to the viceroy to demand the person who was the chief cause of their ill-treatment. The viceroy answered that he had no authority over the priest, and so could not dispose of him. To this Blake replied, that he would not inquire who had the power to send the priest to him; but, if he was not produced within three hours, he would burn the town. Being in no condition to resist him, they sent the priest, who justified himself by the petulant behaviour of the seamen. Blake replied, that if he had complained of it to him, he would have punished them severely, since he would not suffer his men to insult the established religion of any place at which he touched; but he took it ill that he set on the Spaniards to do it, for he would have all the world to know that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman." [1]

[1] D'Aubigné, *in loco.*

There is a moral to be drawn from this, even for English statesmen. It is difficult for England, even in the full blaze of knowledge, with all the aids of science, of literature, and of civilization, to comprehend fully the obligations she owes that great man whose distinguished career we have just been contemplating. It was not that he laid down specific rules applicable each to its special object; it was not that he marked out the broad lines of what was best in legislation, commerce, or religion; his was no such fixed and irrevocable scheme, however excellent or harmonious. The grand motive power, which he rescued from obscurity, was an agency partaking in no degree of such cramped, measured, and mechanical appliances. It was not the stately temple that he would rear; it was not the graceful statue that he would exhibit; —objects, however magnificent and noble, yet incapable of self-expansion or of life. It was a glorious living principle that he inaugurated in England's realm of intellectuality and manly vigour. It was the mighty parent of all arts and all progress. It was an ever-living teacher, skilled in all the paths of knowledge and all the recondite lore of an imperishable philosophy; it was the germ of immortal life, brought to quicken the dulness of humanity; it was the great teacher sent from God.

Here, then, around this divine instructor were grouped the children of God, the offspring of science, the progeny of literature and of commerce. At the feet of this mighty Gamaliel sat the aspirants for knowledge, immortality, eternal life. Here were inculcated the priceless laws of morality; here were laid down the foundations of true legislation; here, above all, was taught truth without error.

Can we wonder at the progress of pupils under such a master?

Every learner who recognized the penetrating glance of that Great Teacher would do his best, in whatever way engaged. War or peace, rule or servitude, science or literature, all were amenable to this grand test of life and progress. No occupation so insignificant, no position so exalted, but was brought within the scope of its unerring judgment and its quickening power.

"DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT," said the Great Master; and it was well done. It was a law that began with the mind; and that great motive power being conquered, victory over all materialities was certain. And so it has been seen in this great country.

Nowhere have commerce, agriculture, the mighty triumphs of mechanism, and the marvels of science, been so deeply imprinted on the genius of a nation as in England and America. They were brethren taught by the same MASTER, and their progress has been similar.

We are gravely told that "this country cannot reverse that whole relation which it has adopted towards the different religious denominations of the empire, the Roman Catholics included;" and that "Great Britain cannot henceforth, as a country composed of various sects and denominations, limit its patronage and liberality to one."[1]

This country has done many things much more difficult; and it can do them again. We are not among the Medes and the Persians, though the pompous satrapy of a High-Caste Press strongly suggests the idea. We tell this magnate of oriental swarth, that England knows the difference between a "religious denomination" and a POLICY;—she will respect the former, and treat the latter as she would any other policy. Christianity wants not the "patronage and liberality" of the State. Policy in its scarlet stockings *does* crave them—it has always craved them; and now, good people of England, you know where to look for its special pleader. Aye!—

> And Miall too—the man of peace—
> Takes out his little pot of grease,
> To smooth the axle of a car
> That brings not "Gospel-peace," but—WAR!

"It was religious hatred," says Bünsen, "which, as Ranke has recently shown, gave that demoniacal fury, Catherine de Medici, the means of attaining her factious aims. It was religious hatred that enabled the king whom she swayed to find willing executioners in the brutal mobs of Paris, Lyons, and other towns, stirred up by the priests.

"In Admiral Coligny and many of his clerical and secular fellow-sufferers, France lost the highest ornaments and noblest blood of the land, and at the same time the strongest moral primitive force for the wider development of her mental and political freedom. In them, Christendom forfeited a large portion of her brightest jewels, and the Christian name was branded for everlasting ages, till a full atonement should be made."

Let us never forget that it is to the GREAT PURITAN that we are indebted for the victories by which the LAW OF FREEDOM was wrested from Italian despotism, and for ever secured for ourselves and our children. "Oliver," says D'Aubigné, "accomplished an immense work for his times; and England should now raise to him a monument, a triumphal arch with this inscription—

"TO THE FOUNDER OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY."

[1] "Times," December 2nd, 1856.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND'S STAND AND STANDARD.

"The TRUTH shall make you FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

"Where the Spirit of God is, there is LIBERTY."

WE have now taken a comprehensive, though by no means minute, view of the numerous despotisms brought upon the world by the spirit of SELF. We have seen it assuming the form of CASTE, social and religious, alike in India and Italy, in Otaheite and England, in the Church and in the State; taking the aspects of cruelty, of lust, of pride, and partaking of all the evil passions that animate degraded humanity. We have seen this horrible spirit of selfishness invading the sanctuary, putting a ban upon woman, separating those whom God has joined, and, in the name of a merciful Creator, lending its sanctions to torture, to fire and the dungeon, through ages of immitigable suffering. We have seen False Religion, like the sleuth-hound, following the scent of blood over all lands, unwearied, unsatiated, and stanch as instinct.

We have marked the same diabolical spirit, clad in the spotless robe of Christianity, casting out to the winds and the waves the bodies of Christ's people; tearing from the grave the decaying corpses of His saints, and committing them to the flames; feeding the fire with living women, to gratify the avarice and the pride of an insatiate priesthood; and practising, alike in Papal Italy and savage Otaheite, the shameless gratification of lust by an organized institute. But, on the other hand, we have contemplated an antagonistic spirit—a spirit full of beneficence, of mercy, and unselfishness; free as its opponent is slavish, generous as its antagonist is niggardly, and invigorating as its great enemy is debilitating. We have seen Christianity as of Christ—selfishness as of man: the progeny has resembled the parentage.

All that raises man, all that ennobles humanity, is ranged on one side; on the other, all that debases Christianity and desecrates Christ. Is this fearful struggle of opposing principles, we ask, still going on? Has not intellectuality, has not civilization, closed the barriers that keep in at least one of the contending hosts? Far from

it. They have lent and they are still lending their countenance to that sinister party of political religionists which, in this as in all lands, is struggling to make slaves of free men, and machines of the human mind. Taste—the seductions of false pride—the bait of riches, and the glozing artifices of the heart,—all these are at work as busy auxiliaries in this bad warfare. It is by trampling on true goodness, by sneering at that experimental active piety which is the very essence of Christianity, that these attacks are incessantly made. These are the teachers of Christendom, forsooth!—the intellectual medicists of fallen humanity, who, in their vain practice, strive

> "To silver and to gild the ulcerous sore,
> Whilst foul corruption, rotting all beneath,
> Infests unseen."

These are the physicians whose invigorating nostrum is, to administer medicine to a corpse, and whose practice is to dignify galvanic spasm with the name of LIFE!

These are the hebdomadal ablutionists whose spiritual tank is every Sunday thrown open for the purification of human nature—the true priesthood of the High-Caste Font—the New Baptists of the Religion of Taste—who graciously condescend to treat man as a child. These are the great Museum Doctors of Divinity, who would

> Pour water on his hands. If they be white,
> No matter for his heart—that *must* be right!

These are the great benefactors of the poor blind Hunchback-Jester of our back streets, who, emerging from the atmosphere of stale cigars, and led by Frilled Sagacity, receives into the alms-tin of his sympathetic, can-tinkerous, quadrupedal guide, the orts of a dignified belligerent sympathy.

These are the celestial GEMINI! in whom England recognizes the same dastardly spirit that chained one archbishop to the stake, holding up another as the scoff of grinning fools. The two pictures of Caste are identical.

> "Happy, happy, happy pair!
> None but the brave,
> None but the brave,
> None but the BRAVE deserve the FAIR!"

This is the new "Holy Alliance," which vouchsafes to direct the Christianity of this great country—measures out the amount of its piety per day,—regulates its "respectability,"—and turns on the action of its new Moderator Lamp of Divinity;—so much oil,—so much light! Let no man mistake.

We have already entered upon that great conflict in sections, which will ere long coalesce into two great masses. The struggle

will be as widely carried on as the principle is great. Christianity will not draw back to satisfy false harmony: its action, like its Author, is continuous. Hence there is no man of sound judgment and clear forecast who does not perceive the inevitable advent of religious troubles on either bank of the Danube. It is in this point of view that grave complications are yet in store for this country. A guarantee has been given by the Sultan in favour of equal religious toleration within his dominions. What will be the result? Undoubtedly the rapid fall of that spurious Christianity now slumbering in Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Servia. These people will inevitably advance in commerce, in the arts, and still more in a vigorous and vital Christianity. What then? The great highway of Austria runs through these provinces, and her influence will be powerfully felt along that great artery of commerce. It will be in her power to throw impediments in the path of the legitimate enterprise of a people reinvigorated by the settlers of the West, and renovated by THE TRUTH. Sooner or later her whole energies must be put forth to keep down a heresy so perilous to her policy and so close to her very door. Can she afford to allow religious freedom, or permit toleration in the Danubian provinces? She cannot: she cannot do so in her Italian possessions—she will not do so in Wallachia. If she really permit this, it is certain that a journey of a few dozen miles beyond her southern frontier would bring emancipation, political and religious, to thousands of her most energetic population. Shall she prohibit such emigration, or will she demand the extradition of these Bible-readers? There is no question but the provinces of the Danube may become some of the richest, most energetic, and most practically Christian in Europe. Their movement may be vigorous, commercial, and virtually autonomous. With the nominal headship of the Sultan, with an easy system of taxation, with rich agricultural products, and ultimately with a healthy municipal action pervading their chief towns, the result is obvious; viz. the life and vigour of a prosperous colony.

The question then arises, will the guarantee of the Moslem, in the face of Austrian influence and threats, be honestly, practically, and independently applied? With the preponderating influence of the Greek Church waning in these lands; with that of its rival irresistible in Austria on the North—of Italy, France, and Spain in the West—what power remains but England to maintain the vital integrity of the treaty? Let statesmen be well assured that the future of Turkey will represent the future of Christianity. The labours of the American missionaries in Bulgaria are producing their effects. It is impossible that this advance in pure religion

can progress without a collision with that bigoted Italian corporation, whose exclusive spirit, whose persecuting principles, have been so copiously illustrated in this work. Here, America will assuredly allow of no infringement of the rights and liberties of her citizen missionaries in foreign lands. Soon from the banks of the Danube to the hills of Kurdistan will the religious struggle begin; this struggle involves a great political element. We know what the Bible did in Europe in the sixteenth century—how it moulded states and created free men; it will not do less for Asia in the nineteenth. Unbounded zeal for and against this TESTIMONY will be lavished throughout this vast arena. As in the days of Luther, all the power of Papal influence and intrigue will be brought face to face with the simplicity of the Gospel. The missionaries of CHRISTIANITY and the missionaries of CASTE will inevitably be placed in antagonistic positions. Quarrels may be patched up for a while—the process, however, cannot endure. England cannot take a retrograde step in Christianity to gratify despotism, spiritual or temporal. She must love justice and hate iniquity. Her true ally, at least till freedom of conscience is practically permitted on the Continent, is Protestant America. No real stability can be discerned in the effete systems of Papal Europe, however vigorously some of them may for a time be administered. Neither in France, Austria, Italy, nor Spain, can any true statesman discern any real stability. Any sudden change in the political conditions of the West—and we know that surprises, novelties, and experiments have for the last sixty years been alarmingly common—may give a terrible expansion to republican tendencies, which would burst with tremendous power among the Trans-Rhenane and Trans-Alpine populations, and shake the foundations of the Vatican.

The cessation of the present system of rule in imperial France for the briefest period only—and the life of one man is the only guarantee for its continuance—may be, in all probability will be, the signal of one of the bloodiest civil wars that have ever raged in that gay but devoted country. Here the din of battle would not pause. Thousands of Frenchmen would pour across the Alps; the bondage of Italy would be for ever broken; and Papal Austria would receive a shock that no arts of her diplomacy could ever recover. For this day of vengeance Russia is biding her time.

With France convulsed, England a passive observer, dearly will Austria rue the hour of her guarded half-war and half-neutrality. That persecuting spirit which threatens the not distant future of the Turkish empire, is actually rampant in Ireland as far as it can be at the present moment. Ladies have been disgracefully in-

sulted, missionaries have been assaulted and beaten; and for these indignities it appears there is to be no redress, for fear of offending the Western Brahminical Holy Caste: just as the local government of India truckled to the prejudices of Caste in that country, just so is it now doing. Is even-handed justice the attribute of England? Then let it at all costs be administered, and let the wronged be righted.

England must take her stand—that position cannot be one of conventionality and expedience. If the present be not the era of a false civilization rather than of a true morality, it is high time that our much-lauded congresses, both for the safety of the foreign powers they represent and the well-being of their people, should lay down the great principle of LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, as a right inherent in the condition of MAN, applicable in every region of the world, and intangible save by the finger of Omnipotence. Let us never forget the great maxim—

"He who allows oppression shares the crime."

The FREE NATIONAL COUNCIL of this great country is once more re-assembled. It cannot be tethered by precedent or by dictation, foreign or domestic. It will not be deterred from acting honestly and fearlessly by any individual or corporate power, in whatever form it may appear. Its business is not to satisfy the vanity of the dilettante dictatorship of imaginary statesmen, nor to bate its zeal and sound judgment when exercised on right and wrong, in order that any governmental system whatever may run smoothly.

Better a thousand times irregular impulse with truth for its foundation, than the dead level of a sea of corruption; better the free, firm, individual action of thinking and independent men, whatever temporary difficulty be the result, than an harmonious action of the governmental machine, rotating on mechanical principles. This great council of England will not shun disagreement on vital questions in order that foreign powers may be enabled to laud a false and fleeting harmony—it will not resign the substance for the shadow. Never perhaps since the days of Cromwell has England possessed an assembly of more practical and earnest-minded men than the present House of Commons. Let them not belie the prestige of that exalted character.

Well and nobly have they vindicated the national dignity by supporting the vigorous measures of the veteran chief who has so long and so truly striven for the maintenance of the moral grandeur of Great Britain; guarding its commerce from assault, vindicating its fair fame, and upholding the honour of the national flag. Never have Englishmen shown themselves more truly the con-

servators of all that the country owns as dearest or most ennobling. Never has crude theory received its condemnation by such a matter-of-fact decision as is exhibited in the aspect of the new Commons' House. It will, we trust, carry into its decisions, on every subject, the spirit of even-handed justice; not slurring over complaints for the sake of peace or of ease, but righteously making and enforcing good laws and good government for all parts of the British empire indifferently.

The mean truckling to superstitious Caste in Ireland has been as disgracefully apparent as in India. Let the British House of Commons look this evil boldly in the face. It was thus that the East-India Company gave encouragement to the Hindoo feasts; at one time upholding their religious ceremonies and the foul rites of Juggernaut, for a long time allowing suttees almost within sight of Calcutta.

"Aware how much Caste kept the people from uniting in any general enterprise, they long continued to patronize it; in doing so, however, they even neglected the claims of religious toleration, and did injustice to men of their own religion and their own country. 'Will it be believed,' says Heber, 'that while the Rajah of Tanjore kept his dominions, Christians were eligible to all the different offices of state, whilst now there is an order from government against their being admitted to any employment?'"[1]

It is useless to disguise the fact that we are rapidly approaching that period when tergiversation, indecision, and apostasy to the meretricious ceremonies and mediæval Fetichism of Rome, will find no encouragement in the authorities which will ere long be constituted by the sound-hearted Christianity of the middle classes. Woe to the Church of England, should the advent of this great party to political power be too long protracted! As a national institute, it is her only security for continuous existence. To be purified or disinherited, such is her destiny. In vain do her wealthiest sons build and endow churches. In vain does an architectural episcopate point with satisfied mien to the number of temples it has reared in its diocese, and the number of sittings it has provided for a swelling population. In vain does the High-priest of Taste provide the "dim religious light," and the stone altar, and the white-robed procession, and the "Gloria in excelsis," or the agonizing "Stabat Mater." In vain do such

Teach souls to pray by monumental brass,
And see their sins by light of painted glass.

[1] Heber, vol. iii. 462. Irving, *in loco*.

Such are not the means by which the material microcosm is to be spiritualized: Englishmen demand "A More Excellent Way," and they have the power and the resolution necessary to obtain it.

That energy they will use also in behalf of the emancipation of the Jews. As a question of state, the sagacious politician sees far less objection to the participation of the Jew in our legislature than in that of the Romanist. The former acts on principles common to all active social communities; the latter receives his inspiration directly or indirectly from Rome. The more a man is a Romanist, the better canonist is he, but the worse advocate of freedom and the rights of conscience. It is a remarkable fact, that the most prominent opposers of the Jews to a seat in the House are precisely those whose tendencies approximate most closely to the Italian Caste. It is equally remarkable, that it is from the great municipal section of the parliament that the effort for the emancipation of the Jews has proceeded. Here, as in the Middle Ages, we have commerce and liberality opposed to rank and ecclesiology; and the mediævalists still continue the system of their forefathers. Of this obstinate spirit of the mediævalists in the Church, we have lately had a good specimen. "The judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of Liddell *v.* Westerton," says the High-Caste Press, "will put the High-Church party in good spirits again. Crosses, credence-tables, altar-cloths, and every variety of colour for all the ecclesiastical seasons, protected and sanctioned by the Privy Council, and Mr. Westerton charged with his own share of the costs of all three courts—a useful hint to all enthusiastic churchwardens to be cautious in assuming the office of ecclesiastical persecutors."[1]—"One more such victory and I am undone," said Pyrrhus to the flattering courtier who congratulated him on his triumph over the Roman people.

Let the National Church and those who love her—and we yield to no one in true Christian affection to her as a free institute—take the moral to heart. Let both Christians and pure politicians be well aware that this is no paltry, insignificant squabble—no mere party strife of High and Low Church;—it is the nation's business, and the nation will yet look to it and see that business done effectually. Here is a noble people free in its parliamentary representation, and despotically governed in that Church which is called "National."

It has tamely submitted—but that era is rapidly closing—to a

[1] "Times," March 25, 1857.

gigantic monopoly, by whose gross inefficiency of administration the most powerful means for evangelizing England and Ireland, and purifying them from Italian paganism, is absolutely thrown away. Here are universities whose riches are enormous, literature unsurpassed in extent and value, and professors possessed of the rarest scientific and philological acquirements. What a pitiful spectacle does the reflex of all this wealth of learning and resource present to the great mirror of Christianity in England!

Where do the people of Great Britain see that theological institute—call it by any other name, we care not—which should train the ministers of the National Church as efficient, able, and zealous AMBASSADORS for Christ? What a sad array of stereotyped fixity of dulness and formalism would our barristers present to the country, did their zealous pleadings at the bar resemble those of the majority of the pastors of the Establishment in their pulpits! Without earnestness, without force, without the habit of speaking, how should the men touch the heart of the nation? And yet, forsooth, the Church is foolishly expected to be "National!" And, strange to say, the few individuals in the Church who realize this great national desideratum—these are the very men that are scouted for their noble and efficient services; and one of the most exalted qualifications for the office of a minister of the Everlasting Gospel is decried and lowered as if it were the paltry badge of a pitiful party spirit.

It seems that to discharge the very duties that stamped the ministry of the Apostles with success, is to furnish a stigmatic cognomen for the use of High Caste. To be "Evangelical" is, in the vocabulary of High Caste, to be "Puritanical." Never was a greater eulogy pronounced on man! Never was the true episcopate of St. Paul better described than by the term "Evangelical!" Yet, with this plain fact patent to all, we have our High-Caste Press again making itself the paltry partisan of the High-Caste Church, that progeny of the old selfish Papal Church of England. Let us hear the style of its advocacy—for of argument there is nothing:—

"It must tax, almost beyond bearing, the patience of a large part of the Church of England, and scarcely allows us, if we wished ever so much, to pass it over without remark. We cannot deny the provocation to controversy given by the appointment of four strong adherents of the Evangelical party—all excellent men, popular men, preachers to the people, and accepted by the people, and with other good qualities, yet not men of much learning or genius, and apparently selected because, *cæteris paribus*, they are

members of a party, and have their names down, not only in the Book of Life, but also in the Peerage."

Here, these ministers of the Everlasting Gospel are acknowledged to be "all excellent men, preachers to the people, and accepted by the people, and with other good qualities." What can be more truly apostolical for those whose boast is "apostolical descent"?

Yet these, forsooth, must necessarily have been "selected because they are members of a party"! What a shallow, superficial view does selfishness take of the fact!

It is not because "party," but because the aroused CHRISTIANITY of the country, loudly demands them; ay, and it demands yet more men of this stamp, and be assured yet more it WILL HAVE. Never, with all his political forecast, has our noble-minded premier done a deed which will have political results so profoundly tending to the true dignity of this country!

Go on, say we; Go on, say the pith and strength of England; Go on, say sound-hearted Churchmen, and Presbyterians, and Baptists, and Wesleyans, and Independents; Go on, says suffering Christianity in the dungeons of Naples and Austria; Go on, says manacled religion in France; Go on, says piety in Bohemia and Hungary; Go on, says Caste-ridden India; Go on, says Caste-ridden Ireland; Go on, says CHRISTIANITY throughout the world, in your Christlike mission of sending men who can preach the Everlasting Gospel to the perishing sons of Adam.

We tell the High-Caste Press that the days when a "bishop, venturing to apply his own ideas of propriety of a question, finds it taken into Doctors' Commons, and measured with the ideas of other men,"[1] are already numbered. High Caste will ere long find these ideas measured by CHRISTIANITY alone; and "Doctors' Commons" will find its "Common Doctors" in the people of this noble country.

We are told by the High-Caste Press that the "High-Church party never was so numerous, wealthy, and fashionable, and enthusiastic as at this day; and for every 'Evangelical Bishop' Lord Shaftesbury can make, there enter the Church twenty curates, strong in the Fathers, church-building, vestments, seasons, and services." We suspect that St. Paul knew nothing of this "fashionable party;" nor did we ever know that it formed a part of Christianity till now. What Egyptian darkness is this!—a darkness palpable!—the very printing-ink of Messrs. Bigotry and Co., manufactured by Exclusive, Quadrangle, and Company! What

[1] "Times."

have men of God to do but to be Evangelical? England and England's Church know to their bitter cost that it is not by "EVANGELICALS," but by ACTORS—not by faithful men, but by the "HYPOCRITE,"[1] or the false "STAGE-PLAYER"—that our people have been driven out of our desecrated places of worship.

What! have we not yet had enough of Laud and his paganized superstitious tribe? Must more of our people be driven forth from the national edifice by the theatricals of our modern "Mysteries of the Middle Ages and their accompanying Ecclesiastical Ass"? "What," says our new spiritual guide of England, in this precious article, "what if one Evangelical patrician bishop out of a dozen should commit some characteristic folly? it would touch the whole class." It would do so—but only in the opinion of shallow thinkers and buffoons. What! has Ireland had no modern instance on record of terrible High-Church Episcopal *lapsus*? We suspect that, on this principle, the "characteristic folly" of St. Peter, the perjured, would "touch the whole class" of Christians; and that the adultery and the murder of David would, *pari passu*, condemn the whole book of Psalms to be *nil* in authority. If this be the best argument our High-Caste Press can furnish on this subject, it had better be silent. Truly has it observed in this same article, "We shall be believed when we say that we would rather never have to make a remark on an episcopal appointment." We do believe it; for such a deplorable display of ignorance on the grand requirements of Christianity for the National Church, it has not been our lot to hear for many a day from the typical leaden pulpit of our High-Caste Press.

The whole gist of the argument with respect to these noble and praiseworthy appointments turns with the High-Caste Press upon pleasing this, or balancing matters with the other party—just as if vital Christianity were a debtor and creditor account, or so many altar-cloths balanced against so many wax candles. What sort of religious teachers these are for England, with their Jester and his Frilled Canine Sagacity, is pretty apparent. Really, it would appear that all the type in Bigotry Square had been exchanged away for *lead.*

Of such Classical *Scriptores Majores* Foster has well remarked,—"You would have supposed that these writers had heard of one Jesus Christ, as they had heard of one Confucius, as a teacher whose instructions are admitted to contain many excellent things.

"If the term 'Redeemer,' or 'Our Saviour,' is introduced, it is with an awkward formality which betrays that its meaning is but little relished or but little understood.

[1] ὑποκριτής.

"Many of those writers seem to take as much care to guard against the inroad of ideas from a solemn quarter, as the inhabitants of Holland do against the irruption of the sea; and their writings do really form a sort of moral dyke against the invasion from the other world."[1]

As to the threat of "the clergy themselves standing more stiffly than ever upon Prayer-book, Articles, and Canons," the people of England know how to take the stiffness out of stiffer things than clergy of this pasteboard stamp—they have done it before, and can do it again.

Thank God! England has now some clergy possessed of flesh and blood, and honest zeal for the good of the people, and she earnestly longs for more.

What says a high authority, though an enemy, on this point? "The Evangelical ministers of the Establishment have in comparison of their Anglican rivals the spirit of the age with them; they are congenial with the age; they glide forward rapidly and proudly down the stream; and it is this fact and their consciousness of it which carry them over all difficulties. Jewell was triumphant over Harding, and Wake over Atterbury or Leslie, with the terrors or bribes of the sovereign to back them; and their successors in this day have in like manner the strength of public opinion on their side."[2]

What says practical proof? Let us hear. "The bishop of Ripon unexpectedly addressed in the open air, on the recent consecration of a cemetery, the assembled multitude, with great earnestness and effect, so that the crowd listened with riveted attention, and with almost the silence of the dead; afterwards quietly going their way under a deep, and we trust lasting, impression of the solemnity of the occasion." Is not this "doing the work of an evangelist"?

Are these, we ask, the sort of men who have driven over to Dissent the bulk of the middle classes in our large towns? Or are they those of the "stiff" tribe, many of whom are constantly leaving the Establishment to escape the supremacy of our most gracious Queen, to place themselves under a "spiritual head"—a headship the most worldly and political that ever existed? How true is the following:—

"The Independent and the Baptist, and our circumambient friend the Wesleyan, these are the religious advisers of our trading circles; and what kind of advice they give is evidenced by the straightforwardness, the integrity, the intelligence, and the

[1] Foster's Essays, p. 402. [2] Dr. Newman's Lectures.

rational Christianity of the class. More than one-half of those who profess to worship God at all in this land go to dissenting chapels to do so, and two-thirds of these are the small traders and shopkeepers of this great commercial empire.

"Scores of new churches are built to the praise and glory of the bishops, and an endowment of £40 per annum is insisted on. We relieve the symptoms, but we perpetuate the disease. We give the poor man a coat; we send his son to school; we apprentice his daughter to a dressmaker; and when he is prematurely worn out, we give his widow a precarious pension, to help her to set up a lodging-house!

"The revenues of the Church are amply sufficient, were they ably and honestly administered, to suffice for all her requirements. Our educational funds are sufficient for the education of the whole nation; and our charitable endowments, to remove no small part of the distress which does so unhappily prevail. But, alas! the one is absorbed by dignitaries and pluralists, and we have a pauperized clergy; the others by sinecurists and law charges, and we have an uneducated people; and, as to the last, we are only beginning to cleanse the Augean stables.

"If the curates of England could be gathered together, and their sad tales told to the sympathizing ear of the British nation, how long should we have lordships, and wealthy deans, and potent chapters, and dignified pluralists? It is as much as can be said, if we admit that those promoted by episcopal patronage do not fall below the average of their brethren.

"How many receive alms in one way or another, to whom old clothes are doled out, whose sons are sent to school, whose daughters are apprenticed to milliners, by the various charitable societies which have the clergy for their object. This want of sympathy between the clergy and the rest of the bishops is one, and only one, of the evils which arise from the isolation of the episcopal position."[1]

Thank God, England has "Low-Caste" bishops at last, who will not be too high to hear the complaints of their clergy! And what hear we from Wales?

The Rev. R. W. Morgan thus writes:—"It is a matter of public and deplorable notoriety, that the only bishops in Christendom who cannot preach the Gospel or administer the holy sacraments in the language of the people of their dioceses, are those of that portion of the Church of England established in Wales. The result is, that nine-tenths of the Welsh people have seceded from

[1] Church of England Quarterly Review.

a system which perpetuates in the nineteenth century the most pernicious corruptions of the præ-Reformation centuries."

Wales thinks, and thinks justly, there is some need of "Evangelical" bishops there, whatever a "High-Caste" Press may think of the matter.

"'More light,'" says Bünsen, "was Goethe's last word. 'More darkness,' the first word of the hierarchy after its restoration." That is still the tone of the hierarchy of "High Caste" in the National Church. What a contrast between the energies of the Protestant Church of England in the days of James II., and in these dilettante times of rainbow altar-cloths!

Then the vigilance of the clergy was remarkable. "Scarcely a week elapsed without producing one or more works on Popery. When Popish pamphlets were in the press, they procured copies of the sheets from the workmen as they were struck off; and thus, when the work appeared, an answer was frequently ready to appear with it; so that the antidote was circulated as soon as the poison."[1]

Well has it been remarked, that "the schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science, and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and their government is still in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world."

This is a matter that demands the grave attention of the free people of this noble country. The legislature has remodelled institutions as well purely charitable as literary. It has set aside foolish wills; it has driven high-roads alike through valuable properties and through close corporations; it has abolished old municipal structures, and granted instead measures applicable to the existing conditions of society. It has the power of doing so with those close corporations, the universities of this country. If the Church of England be a parliamentary Church, it is high time that those preparatory institutions, the universities, should be parliamentary also. Here, in free England, we have the odious spectacle of a close corporation, an "*imperium in imperio*," lording it over the Christianity and the Christian necessities of the country.

No change for the better is to be looked for from this quarter; the change must come from without. The same power that gave bread to tens of thousands of our poor people, despite the inter-

[1] See Lathbury's "Popery and Jesuitism in England," p. 200; and Neale's "Puritans," vol. v. p. 13.

ested opposition of Caste, must set itself to work vigorously to bestow as freely and as widely the Bread of Life to the spiritually famishing in this our native land, and this in defiance of the resistance of "High Caste." The sole means of maintaining the connection between the Church and the State, if it be indeed to be maintained, is by bringing the Church in connection with a Christian people, and not by bringing the Christian people in connection with the Church. Free men will not be dragged to prison, though the interior glitter with precious stones, and though hangings of rainbow-coloured damask cast a luxuriously dim light over its lofty arches, and the fragrant cloud pays delicate court to the sentinel of the senses. Free men will view the light of heaven, and breathe its purest air.

What has been the result of this one-sided partnership in that Church which Anglo-Catholics so much venerate and desire to copy? Rigid and inflexible, she has allowed not the slightest power, not the least action, to the great Christian congregation. Behold the lesson for statesmen and Christians!

"While the Protestant principle gives a nation liberty, order, and life, the Romanist principle, on the contrary, brings to it slavery, disorder, and death. The Romish Church would fain take the State under her guardianship, and she insinuates herself everywhere in order to direct it. Hence there arise, at every moment, conflicts and disputes. The State complains that the Church infringes on its rights; and the Church, that the State encroaches on religion; and as the State and the Church have each their partisans, this may lead to a civil war. Such struggles are not rare in the countries subjected to Roman Catholicism; and of this, in our days, France, Spain, and other Popish kingdoms, present frequent examples. When I see the British Government proposing to form a political connection with the Pope, I fancy I behold those kings of the ancient nations whom the Roman arms subdued, humbly stretching out their enfeebled hands to Rome, that she may rivet on them the manacles of the conqueror."[1]

Already, with a noble Christian pride prescient of its future grandeur, we observe the progeny of free England in Australia throwing off the trammels of this politico-ecclesiastical connection. Here—as will be the future of England—if there is to be union, the offer must come from the Free Congregation to the so-called Church, and not from the so-called Church to the congregation.

This will be more and more the case with Christianized India.

[1] D'Aubigné, *in loco*.

For this land of the sun, what mighty energies would be unchained were our universities free! This vast continent, with its countless population and its immense resources, has been committed to England. "But for what end has that sunny land been given to her? Not, surely, that we might pique and plume ourselves on our vast territorial possession, nor that we might boast the richest and most splendid commerce, nor that glory might sit radiant on our arms; but for ends the most beneficent and the most merciful.

"It is given to her, that the blessings which have made England great may elevate degraded India too; that her high civilization may be shared by her dependants; that the knowledge which has enlightened her intellect may enlarge the minds of the Hindoos; that the mental vigour of the conqueror may be imparted to the conquered; that the justice, the moral tone, the truth of England, may be infused into a people who have not known them for ages;—above all, that the BIBLE, which has made England and America the missionaries of the world, may destroy India's idolatries and Caste; raise her people from their degradation; purify them from the immoralities which their religion now teaches; make them just, truthful, and happy; raise the female population; give them joys in this life, and animate them with the hope of eternal bliss.

"Here the Bible is revered, and public instruction is received with growing interest. In certain given districts the progress of the missions has been most positive and delightful: in the provinces of Tinnevelly and Travancore their success has been most encouraging, and it is believed that, if the work of evangelization be faithfully carried on for two or three generations, the whole of the southern provinces in India will be entirely Christianized. Passing over those native converts who were distinguished from their brethren by the peculiar consistency of their lives, and the triumphant hope which they enjoyed in death, there are thousands on thousands more under Christian instruction, and in many of whom spiritual life is a sublime reality. For them and for myriads more of the population, the Bible has been translated; and this is deemed amongst the first and most important agencies for the conversion of India. Mission presses have been set up, and there are not fewer than twenty-five printing establishments in connection with the different missionary establishments, whose various literature has done much to draw the attention of the Christian world to the claims of Hindostan upon their sympathies and their prayers. The missionaries maintain several English periodicals, and their press employs some of the best writers in India. During the

last fifty years a steady and pleasing progress has marked their labours, and such has been their influence on the government of the country as to induce them to remove some of its most glaring and disgusting abominations; while it has gone forth in the form of a ratified act, that all natives are henceforth free to hold their own conscientious opinions in religion without fear of legal penalties."[1]

"Religion," says Irving, "is making its way into the hearts of the people. Already a spirit of inquiry, favoured by more frequent intercourse with Europe and the uncontrollable influence of the press, has gone forth. Already there have been great searchings of heart. Several respectable farmers, and others who live at a considerable distance from European stations, have spontaneously visited the clergy and missionaries, for the purpose of asking questions concerning our faith.

"The idol-car of Shiva is moved with greater difficulty by his lukewarm worshippers. In the loamy lanes of Southern India it is no unfrequent thing for the car of Indra to be sloughed, and for the collector to issue an order for its removal before the indifferent villagers of Tanjore will take measures for dragging it home again to its sanctuary. Slavery, infanticide, and suttee have been abolished by law; and their abolition has been readily acquiesced in by the people.

"Some of the Brahmins and Pundits have embraced Christianity. Political circumstances have led to many of the rajas being brought up in the families of English gentlemen, where they have almost invariably imbibed the highest respect for our religion, as well as affection for their guardians. Men who have long mixed with the natives, in the more remote parts of India, and are well acquainted with their sentiments, have asserted that a very general feeling now exists that some great crisis in their religious polity is at hand, and that Hindooism will be supplanted by Christianity. Again, there is a prophecy that the sanctity of Hurdwar will cease in about forty years from the present time, when pilgrimages will no longer be performed thither. In all parts too of India, there are various traditions and prophecies current among the people, all indicating a time when the Brahminical creed shall be laid aside, and all nations be one Caste.

"In contemplating that vast empire, won by the most undaunted valour and the most consummate skill, it is impossible not to glow with exultation at the glorious prospect which its acquisition has opened to Great Britain. It presents a field in which, under Provi-

[1] Church of England Quarterly, January, 1854.

dence, the happiness of nearly one-eighth of the human race depends upon our exertions.

"Time is wearing away old rooted antipathies of colour, religion, and Caste. The enlightened policy and gigantic strength of the Company are beginning to be seen. The Seikhs are already settling down into a peaceful nation; the Hindoos of Scinde bless the issue of the sanguinary struggle of Meeanee, which broke for ever the power of their tyrants, the Ameers, and their myrmidons, the Beloochees. Among the ancient Egyptians, Caste endured unscathed the invasion of the Persians; before the enlightened influence of Greece it fell for ever. Such will doubtless be the case in India. In fact, even now the flame of superstition is beginning to burn low; and it is the opinion of Hindoos well acquainted with the subject, that, were Caste to be enforced in all its strictness, there would be no individual that would be wholly safe. What is far more important, we have introduced into India, steam, that grand agent of Indian civilization. Engines, stationary and locomotive, are everywhere coming into use.

"Steamboats plying on its principal rivers, and, in defiance of the monsoons, at every season of the year, waft its traffic to foreign climes, and a grand network of railways is being projected by the government."

Turn we now from this pleasing picture of the triumph of CHRISTIANITY over CASTE, to its conquests over the youthful heathendom of our own native country.

CHAPTER V.

THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

"How think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? Even so, IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER THAT IS IN HEAVEN THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH."

MATTHEW xviii. 12, 14.

Lofty humility! who dost enthrone,
With nobler seat and brighter diadem,
The crownless child of Adam, than the lord
Of boundless realms and endless satrapy;
In whose prolific paradise, of soil
Unearthly, blooms th' immortal tree, whose branch,
Surcharged with fruit celestial, bows its head:—
Give me to worship at thy potent shrine,
Till, from high cómmunings, the muse aspire
To wing ethereal flight, and kindred flame
Dart down upon thy sacred altar, and
Consume the sacrifice devote to thee!

T. C. F.

THE man of the world and the political hierarch have ever met on common ground; their systems are co-adaptations; the former sins, the latter absolves him. The money-changer still sits in the temple.

This system of things was the marked characteristic of the præ-Reformation period in England. Thence it was carried onward into what should have been the "Great Christian Congregation," but what became "The Church," by the instrumentality of a brutal tyrant, styled by Italian Caste "Defender of the Faith."

SELF was the god whom he adored; and Christianity was paganized by a transfer of the mercenary practices of the old Italian Caste in England to a new order of masters.

The noble and immense resources thus placed in the hands of a partially "Reformed Church," were shamefully squandered, or disgracefully locked up from the nation. With this corporation, as with individuals, wealth and luxury produced hardness of heart and extreme selfishness. The true mission of a Christian Church was forgotten.

The more that institution passed into the system of the State, the less energetic and the more worldly did it become.

Never was this more painfully apparent than in the National Church in Ireland. Here the immense revenues of the wealthiest ecclesiastical institute in Europe were most disgracefully kept back from their legitimate object. It was necessary that a severe retribution should teach the heads of the Establishment the true force of that Christianity which they professed to preach, but whose precepts they so utterly neglected. The Church in Ireland was at length deprived of much of that wealth which had fostered enervation, and stripped of the political supremacy which it had employed in a manner so persecuting and so repulsive. Now began the period of her regeneration. It is thus that God has seen fit to purify religion, wherever its great principles have been overlaid by selfishness. The greater the pressure of external distress, the greater has been the vigour of the inner life of the Christian congregation. This has been the true secret of the triumphs of dissent in England.

The last fifty years have witnessed the decline and fall of Orange ascendancy in Ireland; they have also witnessed a revival of missionary and ministerial faithfulness more decided than any that before happened. "The periods of deepest political depression and of highest spiritual activity are found in conjunction in our day. Can this be fortuitous? We think not. The relations of the Church to the State have nowhere undergone such a thorough change as in Ireland. If the Establishment in England were the creature of State influence a century ago, it was tenfold more so in Ireland. The boroughs of Ireland were, without exception, the property of the great families of the neighbourhood. Their nominees sat in the Lower House, and to such representatives little could be refused. A mitre became thus as hereditary to one of the younger members of a noble family as a coronet to the elder-born. The elder sat as a temporal, and the younger as a spiritual peer, side by side in the same house."[1]

What could Christianity expect from a system like this? How should it thrive on principles so purely those of the mediæval princely episcopates of Europe? Like these, the Church cared nothing for the well-being of the perishing masses that surrounded its magnificent domains. It was intensely selfish. Neither for old nor for young did it raise its voice in accents of love and holy zeal. It was the same in England. Pampered by exorbitant wealth, and bloated with pluralities, all access to the ear of a dignified hierarchy had become impossible. It was necessary that a regenerating power should arise independent of the Church. Ever

[1] Church of England Quarterly, April, 1855.

advancing, like the sap of ocean tide, the barriers of High-Caste, one after another, at length began to totter and to fall before this external power. Zealous and devoted men, like Wesley and Whitfield, were raised up in God's providence, and successors to these hardy pioneers were never wanting.

These were the individuals who, by the force of the Christian principles they enunciated and maintained, formed a public opinion for England—a *textus receptus*, as it were, for the noble book of the Great Christian Polity. Soon, untrammelled by precedent or the State, sprang up on all sides Sunday schools, the peculiar distinction of earnest-minded England, which now began to take its vigorous hegemony not from the law, but the Gospel. Here commenced the true renovation of the National Church. If thousands and tens of thousands were not to be carried off from the Establishment, there was no time to lose. The Church of England, then, must have Sunday schools also. Now began an era of noble emulation for the Christian congregations of England, eventuating in the most beneficial results to the Establishment.

Fortunately for the world, Christianity had lost its old mediæval pattern-book of shreds and patches, and the BIBLE was the only standard of the "Law and the Testimony." The result was unwavering progress. Sunday schools, the Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, missionary societies, the abolition of slavery,—all these formed a mighty moving power that was destined to urge forward Protestant England in a career of unexampled energy. Dignified rank was no longer looked upon as an apology for sloth, and noblemen were no longer considered disgraced by becoming Christians. Soon arose a new source of anxiety, not primarily to the politician, but to the philanthropist. Despite the numerous zealous agencies at work, the metropolis rapidly became the teeming hotbed of a moral pollution, whose purification seemed a task too gigantic to be mastered. It was reserved for CHRISTIANITY to cope successfully with the terrible evil. Bands of wretched children, pale, emaciated, and scarcely clad, with a mental organization rendered precocious beyond conception by the necessities of their existence and the stimulating poison of vice, now became the objects of that true Christian spirit that had been roused into healthy action by the noble agencies which we have just described. It could no longer be said, "No man careth for their souls."

The Good Physician had thus been preparing the heart of the Samaritans for their noble mission of love; He had taught them how to pour in the oil and the wine; and lo! there lay those whom he who was "a murderer from the beginning" had "wounded and left half-dead," now ready for the exercise of a Christlike

beneficence. What are the conquerors of the world compared to these heroes of the Cross? How narrow the scope of the politician who does not take in this mass of mighty influences! Their objects are the very "principia" of the science of polity. Never was sounder statesmanship exhibited—never patriotism more practically carried out—than by that truly noble man who, by raising the wretched, has raised his own order in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen and of the Christianity of the world. If ever a fierce and immitigable democracy should in this land thirst for the destruction of our Upper House, what a bulwark to the order would the glorious philanthropy of this one man raise up! Imagine for a moment the political power, not sought, but naturally following—the individual influence, not solicited, but spontaneous—that would result from a pure-minded Christianity, that "loved mercy and justice, and kept itself unspotted from the world"—if it leavened only the fourth part of our aristocracy! Certain it is, that there would exist no such powerful body in the state. Its dignity would be illimitably enhanced by its Christianity; not, however, the Christianity of the schoolman or the ritualist, but the Christianity of the heart. What was it that swept away in a moment, as with a flood, the ancient mediæval peerage of France? The democratic wave came, and lo! the barrier that should have opposed it was wanting, and in its place hung, stretched side by side, the tawdry curtain of false religion, and the tinsel pasteboard of theatrical pomp. No genuine Upper House—no Commons House—no common freedom—no free press—no safe sovereign—can exist in France till the great charter of the Christian be restored freely and fully;—in a word, no true and enlightened progress can be made till CASTE be depressed, and CHRISTIANITY dominant. What a noble feature is it in that Christlike institute which we are now contemplating, that the great majority of the excellent men and women who are practically engaged in this honourable work are voluntary teachers—those who leave the comforts, many of them the elegancies and refinements of home, to save, to teach, and to train those whom parental selfishness has degraded. Such have "the blessing of those who are ready to perish," and the prayers of faithful hearts.

Nor is this all. For ever removed from the policy of that Italian Caste whose prowling agents are ever busily engaged in proselytizing, are these thousands of children who are rescued from the streets and placed in the Ragged Schools. How active and persevering is that agency may be seen in the late case of Alicia Race, the daughter of a Christian soldier who was killed before Petropaulovski. His wife was a Roman Catholic; and how much

she was exposed to the influences of that priestly Caste was but too apparent.

"The priests of her own faith got around her, and persuaded her that it was necessary for the salvation of her children and for her own, that first the boy, and then the girl, should be removed from the schools to which they had been sent under the auspices of the commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. She applied for the delivery of her son, a lad under twelve years of age, and her request was instantly complied with, as the boy himself made no opposition to the claim. The persons, however, who had interested themselves in her case, informed the mother that they could do nothing for the boy unless the little girl—the child of ten years of age—was also removed from the taint of Protestant instruction.

"Alicia Race refused to return to her mother to be educated in the tenets of the Roman Church. This was the point which was brought before the Queen's Bench. Lord Campbell has decided that the law of England, in such a case, affirms the guardianship of the surviving parent. The rule of English law appears to be, that until the age of fourteen years the parent or guardian, not the Roman priest or Protestant clergyman, must have the custody, moral and physical, of the child. The decision of the Queen's Bench is an anti-Papist decision—that is, it is in favour of the parent, and against the priest. The rule, as we trust, will be remembered in all future cases, when the parts are assigned to different performers. Meanwhile, Alicia Race is to be handed over to the Roman advisers of her mother; and, although we have little confidence in the logical powers and theological learning of a child of such tender years, it is to be hoped that affection for the memory of her dead father may carry the poor child through the four years of trial which are before her." [1]

Here is a terribly mediæval, nay, heathen state of things in the English law, that calls loudly for instant amendment. It is a disgrace to Christianity. Never was there a more despotic principle enunciated in Naples. Here is the religious conviction of an intelligent child totally ignored, just as though she had no soul, except what was made to despotic or parliamentary order. Truly the absurdity is great, that the evidence of Alicia Race is to be taken, as it would be, in a court of law, and her evidence as to the law of God is to be despotically set aside. Many a child not only of fourteen years of age, but of ten, possesses more of true Christianity than thousands who have lived thrice that period. Well were it indeed if this blind method of legalizing light, know-

[1] "Times," January 22, 1857.

ledge, conviction, and piety, by the absurd standard of age, were at once abolished, to give way to a Christian and rational examination of principles, and knowledge of God's will.

One more most instructive lesson may be drawn from this episode of proselytism, for the benefit of our young men and women.

If ever one thing was clearer than another, it is the fact that there is a systematic attempt to favour, under the name of "liberality and charity," mixed marriages of this description. If the father be Protestant, the boys of course are to be so likewise; if the mother be Catholic, the girls are expected to follow in the parental wake. Here then is a system of religion that is positively elevated to the dignity of the mixed breeds of the grazier—"long-horns and short-horns;" and the accessions to the ranks of Caste may be calculated to a mathematical precision by Italian statistical laws of population.

How Englishmen relish this method of disposing of their future progeny, male and female, with the *pecunious* distinctions of non-resident souls, we leave to the calm reflection of parents. Their good sense, not less than decision of character, may be profitably exercised in looking closely into a subject that all history, nay, the domestic histories of every day, demonstrate to be pregnant with strife and family discord, besides the violent disruption of the dearest ties by the force of canon and foreign ecclesiastical law.

"Principiis obsta," is a maxim invaluable when there is temptation in the way.

In the Ragged Schools noble principles are instilled, "more noble than those of Beræa," and with these schools the Romanists will not act. Christianity rejoices at the clear severance sooner than the "will" of God should not be the basis of the institute.

Here, these ragged boys, learning the Word of God, learn principles of independent thought and vigorous action; the germ of the emancipated freeman of eternity is already apparent. Nor does the advantage end here. Every poor boy whose principles are thus based on the Everlasting Oracles, on rising to comfort and intelligence, and possibly affluence, becomes the founder of a family as strongly marked with a love for independent thought and reverence for the WILL of God as was his parent. At this point, the effects political and religious are mighty. Where is the statesman—where is the philanthropist—where is the Christian, who does not see the magnitude of the movement? And where, we add, is the individual who would not wish the association God speed, and do his utmost to forward its progress?

What then was but lately the position of this most Christian

institute? Let us hear its accredited organ for the recent month of March :—

"After nearly thirteen years of vigorous and God-honoured labour amongst the destitute classes of the metropolis, it is painful to find that the Ragged-School Union and a moiety of the affiliated schools are compelled to hoist flags of distress. It is a consolation, however, to know that this financial depression has not been caused by too lavish expenditure on the part of the Central Society or the local schools. Never were the local institutions more economically conducted than at this time; but yet a large number have been compelled to appeal to the Central Society for *special* aid—in addition to the usual annual grants—in order to liquidate those debts which threatened their very existence.

"It is thus seen that the financial crisis of the Ragged-School Union ought to excite feelings of gratitude rather than of depression; seeing that it did not shrink with miserly hand from aiding those who, like their great Chief, concentrated their affections on those whom no one else cared for, even the stray lambs of the fold of God. Had the system of Ragged Schools been less successful—in other words, had there been fewer schools, with stinted or crude operations,—then, instead of having expended £4,650 beyond the receipts of a given period, the Ragged-School Union would have closed its last three years' crusade against moral evil with a large balance at its bankers'. But had it thus hoarded its funds, not a few schools which depend mainly on the Central Society for their existence would have been compelled to close their doors, and the moral darkness of the locality would have become all the thicker, through contrast with the prior light.

"If we compare the first annual report of the Ragged-School Union with that issued last year, we discover that since its formation there has been neither retrograde step, nor contented rest in existing machinery. Each year of its history has seen the birth of new and increased energy thrown into old machinery. For example, at the close of the year 1845 there were only twenty Ragged Schools in London, with 2,000 scholars, and that was regarded by the lion-hunters of the great metropolis as a wonderful work, as it truly was; but in May, 1856, that number had increased to 150 institutions, including 20,000 day and night scholars, 3,224 of whom are, more or less, industrially trained. *Then*, there were not five day schools; nay, as their need was scarcely discerned, no attempt was made by this means to prevent rather than to cure moral disease. *Now*, there are 100 day schools, with an average attendance of upwards of 14,000 pupils. *Then*, there were no parents' meetings, penny-banks, or ragged churches. *Now*, by

the introduction of this latter machinery—with nearly 2,000 adults embraced within their sphere of operation—it is seen that the parents are as accessible to Christian sympathy as their strange offspring proved to be. It is thus fully shown that the Ragged-School system is not merely aggressive, but progressive. But nothing more strikingly shows the progressive character of this work than the increase in the machinery during the last three years; for in that brief period no less than thirty-four institutions have been opened, most of which are in a prosperous condition. In these buildings alone sixty-one day and night schools are conducted, with an aggregate attendance of 7,242 scholars; being upwards of one-third of the total number of pupils now daily taught in the Ragged Schools of London.

"Is then the great task of evangelizing the heathen of London fulfilled? or, by the machinery employed, has the Church of Christ fully complied with the injunction involved in the words of the Holy Spirit, 'How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?' Verily the work is far from completed; nay, in some parts of London it has scarcely commenced. Spots morally sterile, and black with unveiled vice, still exist. That this is especially the case with the southern district, one fact will prove; for whilst on the western bank of the Thames there are 163 day and night schools, with 16,815 scholars, on the southern side there are only 52 day and night schools, with 4,278 scholars. As the south of London is peculiarly the region of 'gaffs,' and of 'thieves' colleges,' these statistics surely declare that there is very 'much land yet to be possessed.' Nothing indeed but want of funds precludes the immediate formation of new day and night schools in that district, with the appliances of industrial classes and mothers' meetings, and the introduction of other machinery equally adapted to supply the social and spiritual needs of the destitute classes.

"Whether the liberality of London has been tasked to the utmost may be doubted. But, whatever be the result in London, it is obvious that the provinces of this great empire have not yet done their duty, as the subscription-lists of the Ragged-School Union and of the affiliated schools too clearly testify. If this city has not done all it could to stem that torrent of iniquity which threatens to lay society a wreck before the shrine of sin, it has not altogether ignored the claims of our poorer brethren. For the fact that £20,000 are subscribed annually to the London Ragged Schools testifies that the propertied classes have *practically* sanctioned the noble axiom, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.'

"But perchance some country reader will exclaim, 'What possible claim can this Great Babylon, the centre of commerce, intellect, and government, have upon us comparatively obscure provincials?' Although we think these claims so self-evident as scarcely to need further indication, two or three reasons may be supplied.

"For example, the position of London as the capital renders it the *representative* of Great Britain abroad. Whether the inference be true or false, it is still the fact, that the manners and customs of London society convey to strangers the type of the English character. Hence, according to what it is, will England be deemed to be; and in its lights and shadows foreigners will view the photograph of our common country. Let, then, the 'slums' of London be unvisited—its 'gaffs' perform their devil's work unmolested—its 'thieves' schools' be permitted to prepare juveniles for successful, because undetected, felony—and its flash concerts and low gambling-rooms continue to impart their tone to the intellect of those who are too young and ill-taught to discriminate betwixt right and wrong;—and what a terrible picture will be presented to the world of England's capital—nay, of the very capital of *Protestantism!* Yet these incentives to vice are sown broadcast in the byways of London, and no successful machinery has been introduced to countervail their influence save that employed in our Ragged Schools. Christian philanthropy, then, says to the provinces of England, 'Help the Ragged-School Union in its efforts to raise the moral tone of the poor by teaching that Gospel which not only civilizes, but saves!'

"But there is another reason why the Ragged-School Union should not be left to bear the brunt of the tempest unaided. Long years have passed since our Master gave an admirable lesson to the man who attempted to quench the dictates of duty by the mean subterfuge—'Who is my neighbour?' For His inimitable reply has taught us that he is especially our neighbour, wherever his dwelling-place, who has 'fallen among thieves.' Now this is just the position occupied by our scholars—born in 'slums,' and educated by thieves!

"But another, and if possible a still stronger, claim of the Ragged Schools of London on the provinces is involved in the fact that a large proportion of the parents, and not a few of the scholars, were born in the country.

"The strange fact that a moiety of London consists of country-born persons was for the first time revealed by the census of 1851. A writer in 'The Edinburgh Review' furnishes this estimate of its population:—'London is an *omnium gatherum* from all parts of

England, Ireland, and Scotland. There are no less than 110,000 Celts from Ireland; 38,000 Devonshire people; and 34,000 Hampshire people. The 30,000 Scotch in London are a moderate contribution by comparison with the country English.' They would seem to be fairly distributed throughout the great metropolis, and not to be restricted to any one district, the Irish immigrants excepted, who usually form a colony.

"The statistics of the census which represent the country-born as equal in number to those who are natives of London, were strikingly confirmed on a recent inquiry into the birthplaces of our scholars and their parents. As a means of arriving at a right conclusion, we tested the scholars *individually* of eight day schools; namely, four in the western and four in the southern division. The statistics thus collected present nearly the same result in each district, and leave no doubt that a moiety of our scholars are of provincial origin. The following table includes the result of this investigation:—

LOCALITY OF SCHOOLS.	Scholars Present.	Parents born in the Provinces.
Palmer's Passage, Victoria Street, Westminster .	158	62
St. Ann's Lane, Great Peter Street, Westminster .	108	51
Gray's Yard, James Street, Oxford Street . .	112	57
Grotto Passage, High Street, Marylebone . .	142	78
Cottage Place, Bond Street, Waterloo Road .	100	59
Robert Street, New Cut	176	89
Windmill Street, New Cut	162	90
White Street, High Street, Borough . . .	92	53
Total . .	1,050	539

"With fifty per cent. of scholars of provincial origin, surely the Ragged-School Union has a claim—ought we not rather to say a *right?*—to proportionate aid from the country. Its funds, combined with those raised by the affiliated schools, are nearly equal to the social and religious training of our own vagrants and outcasts; but why should London be expected also to educate the dregs of manufacturing towns and of far-away villages? *Here* they are, however, adding the peculiar vice of their birthplaces to the special corruptions of this great city; thereby causing some of the filthy byways of London to reek with sin, like another Sodom. The question thus recurs—Ought these poor victims of neglect to be turned adrift, as by a rigid 'law of settlement,' whilst London looks alone after its own offscourings?—or, if Christian principles

forbid so stern a resolve, ought it to be allowed to compete with these moral evils, while provincials, amid green fields and balmy air, forget the woes of their own discarded poor? An answer to this question *must* be supplied before long; seeing that about 75,000 souls are added to this overgrown capital every year by birth, a moiety of whose parents were born in the country, to say nothing of the daily increase caused by immigration from the provinces.

"With facts like these, can the provinces any longer regard the woes of the destitute classes of London unheedingly? Rather we think not, now that irrefragable facts have been adduced to prove that they have contributed so large a per-centage of the moral darkness that may be felt. Nor let it be said, 'Oh, it is only the home counties of Hertford, Essex, and Kent that thus supply a moiety of the scholars to the London Ragged Schools;' for nothing would be more opposed to the facts collected. Many even of the scholars gave their own birthplaces as Hampshire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. And, with 40,000 residents in the metropolis whom the census indicated as of Devonshire origin, it was not surprising to find that the far west has contributed its quota to our ragged population. No! every part of Great Britain has contributed to the crime, if it has not aided in this vigorous effort to reform the dens of London.

"It remains, then, to ask our provincial friends whether, having thus contributed to the social and moral woe of the great metropolis, they are not equally bound to pay their moiety of the expense incurred in training, religiously and industrially, their *own* poor? If this be done—and, as all right things ought to be, if it be done at once—the Ragged-School Union and the affiliated schools will not be any longer in danger of restricting their labours, solely because they are—strangest of strange facts!—successful. Nay, spreading out their roots wider and stronger, many a desert spot will speedily bloom as a garden of the Lord. The Holy Spirit has too amply blessed this branch of Christian effort to forbid any hesitancy in recognizing His hand in the origin of the machinery and in the selection of the agents employed. Already, by the operations of Ragged Schools, He has raised many outcasts 'from the dust, and lifted the poor from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.' These are but first-fruits, telling that the shout of the harvest-home will yet be heard—they are but as the sound of the silver trumpet, heralding the coming Jubilee! For, by facts which speak as in audible dialect, our Redeemer is declaring of many crime-stained alleys of London, what He once affirmed of more refined but equally licentious Corinth, 'I have much people in this city!'

"In carrying out the arrangements of the committee of the Ragged-School Union, a special public meeting was convened in the London Tavern, on Thursday, the 19th of February, when the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presided. The fine room was densely crowded, and among the company were noticed the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, Alderman Sir R. W. Carden, Kt.; Thomas Chambers, Esq., M.P., Common Serjeant; Mr. Alderman Wire, Mr. Alderman Wilson, Mr. Alderman Rose, J. O. Hanson, Esq.; George Moore, Esq.; R. C. L. Bevan, Esq.; John Hunter, Esq.; S. W. Silver, Esq.; Joseph Payne, Esq., &c. &c.

"Mr. William Locke, the hon. secretary, read a short report of the progress and condition of the Ragged-School Union, which stated that—

"'On the establishment of this society, twelve years since, it was estimated that there were at least 30,000 children growing up without that education and training which would enable them to become useful and respectable members of society.

"'To meet this lamentable state of the London poor, the schools and auxiliary efforts in connection with this society have been increasing in numbers and efficiency each year, till at the present time the following is the summary of those efforts.

"'In 150 Ragged-School institutions there are:—

"'128 Sunday schools, with 16,937 scholars in attendance.

"'98 day schools, with 13,057 scholars in attendance.

"'117 evening schools, with 8,085 scholars in attendance.

"'84 industrial classes, with 3,224 scholars in attendance.

"'163 paid teachers in day schools.

"'126 paid teachers in week night schools.

"'43 paid refuge and industrial masters.

"'2,139 voluntary teachers.

"'There are 16 refuges, where 500 inmates are fed, lodged, clothed, and educated.

"'Upwards of 500 boys and girls have emigrated to the colonies.

"'In March last, 366 boys and girls received prizes for having remained in their situations upwards of twelve months with good character.

"'Ragged schools are like missionary stations in low neighbourhoods, having in many cases connected with them industrial classes, clothing clubs, penny-banks, mothers' meetings, libraries, reading-rooms, places of worship for the extremely poor, &c., diffusing light, health, and peace amidst a benighted and far too long neglected population.

"'The expenditure of these institutions, from various causes, has greatly increased of late. The committee of the Ragged-School

Union have therefore found it needful to render special aid, which, in the last three years, has caused their expenditure to exceed their income by £4,600. Had not this been done, some of the schools and refuges must have been closed, the efficiency of the residue lessened, and the number of scholars considerably reduced.'

"The report also stated that the debts of the Ragged Schools in connection with the Union amounted to upwards of £5,000. To enable the committee of the parent society to carry on their work with increasing efficiency, and upon a larger scale, is the object to be attained by the present meeting.

"The Lord Mayor then said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—After the gratifying report you have heard from our secretary, and the list of subscriptions he has read to you, I shall have but little to say except to endeavour to induce you to continue your energies on behalf of this noble institution. I believe, and I venture to state it fearlessly, that there are no institutions likely to bring so much good to society as these Ragged Schools. The question has been frequently asked, What is to become of our criminal and destitute population? My opinion is, that the question is much more simple than many imagine; for I believe that by establishing Ragged Schools, and removing the destitute from our streets, you may reduce the criminal population of this country to a large extent. I really feel that these Ragged Schools will do much good, because we shall be enabled to ascertain by its agents where our poor are, and by taking charge of them we may prevent those applications to parochial unions, which, in my opinion, drive a great many to destitution. I feel strongly upon this matter. Therefore I hope and trust that we shall go on in this great and good work of providing for our destitute population—giving them religious instruction, and doing all in our power to remove them from those haunts of vice and iniquity which abound in this metropolis. I congratulate the association upon the large assemblage met here this day, and hope and trust we may go on and prosper, and be the means of saving thousands of our fellow-creatures from infamy and vice.'

"The Earl of Shaftesbury, in the course of his speech, observed:—'I am convinced the term "ragged" has been the means of inviting hundreds and thousands of children into your schools, many of whom would not be induced to go into a superior order of schools—national schools and others of various denominations. Many of these ragged, shoeless, dirty, miserable, uncared-for children, will fall in with the system of tuition adopted in the Ragged School, because they feel that it is not above their condition.

While others have been debating in high places and in low, in all the various departments of society, what should be the best system of education, who should be the people to conduct it, whether it should be secular or religious, we have taken the bull by the horns, have gone into these miserable localities, invited the children, and done what we could for their physical and moral improvement. We have borne in mind that thousands are coming into life, and thousands dying, that thousands are growing up into childhood and into manhood, without a knowledge of the first principles of Christianity. We have gone into these districts and brought up many of the juvenile portion of the inhabitants in the faith and fear of God. No doubt we have given them an imperfect system of education; but I ask any reasoning man, with the slightest feeling of humanity, whether it is not far better that we should have done what we have, imperfect as it may be, than have left for the last ten years those twenty thousand children who have been annually in our schools to wander, uncared for, over the vast surface of this metropolis, and plunge headlong into crime if they survived, or rush into an early grave through the miseries to which they would have been exposed? I ask, what would have been the condition of the metropolis now if, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, it had not pleased God to put it into the minds of some excellent men to go into the lanes and alleys, to dive into those deep receptacles of vice and misery, to drag to light the wretched children, and instruct them in the faith and fear of God? What would have been the state of London if these boys had been so completely neglected as they were before? My belief is, it would have been such that no body of police, or a standing army, could keep society in subordination; because, you must bear in mind, the benefits arising from the Ragged-School system are far wider than those conferred upon the comparatively few who are educated there. It is something that about one hundred and fifty thousand children have passed through these schools—something for which we ought to be deeply grateful; but let me tell you —and I say it without fear of contradiction: I have made it the subject of minute inquiry; I have heard, seen, and felt it by going among the mass of the people themselves—that the influence of the Ragged-School system upon the great mass of the population of London has been most beneficial. It has soothed many an angry spirit, it has encouraged many a sinking heart, and it has shown to the working people that there are persons of property, standing, and influence, and persons of principle, though of neither station nor influence—good, honest men and women, having the fear of God and the love of the human race in their hearts—who care for the

human species and the great mass of the people of London. They have felt that there was an acknowledgment of their rights, a respect paid to their wants and feelings, and, although they themselves may not be individually deriving benefit, they have acknowledged the homage paid to their class, and been filled with contentment and gratitude. The remedy we have proposed and applied to the great evil of juvenile destitution and crime has been most signally beneficial. Is it nothing when you see at the corners of the streets those shoe-black brigades, and remember that the children composing them have been plucked from among the most miserable and degraded places, out of the mire and the gutter; that they are now earning an honest livelihood; that they have received a decent education, and been selected for good conduct; that they are under the charge of the admirable men, friends of us all, who have placed themselves at the head of this movement; that these young fellows, plucked from the depths of vice and misery, give a signal proof of the honesty and true dealing of their conduct by the very large sums they realize annually? When you are told that in one year that brigade of shoe-blacks has realized £2,600 by their simple calling, I think you will agree that it is a proof that these little boys have brought home to their employers the uttermost farthing. Again, let me say, it is something that we have been enabled to send out in emigration nearly six hundred of the boys and girls of this metropolis. Almost all that have gone out—and a very close correspondence with them has been kept up in many instances—almost all, so far as we know, are acting in conformity with the education they have received, and are doing everything that can delight the hearts of those who have instructed them, and, I hope, the hearts of those who have contributed by their means to that instruction. Observe, in sixty schools, last year, they established penny-banks, and persuaded the children to contribute the pence at various times. You will see at once the beneficial results of inducing such habits among the children, when I tell you that in one year the amount deposited by them in the penny-banks, in sixty schools, was no less than £2,300. Collected from the pence of these ragged children, the sum is large; but the discipline they must have undergone to bring themselves to make those savings, and intrust those pennies to the care of the teachers, is worth the money five hundred times over. This system will some day, depend upon it, be found to have produced greater and more lasting effects upon the moral character of this kingdom than almost any previous effort made by the religious and humane public of Great Britain and Ireland. But the exigency continues

the same as ever. Now I ask whether, if I were to come into this city and propound a grand speculation, and prove it to be lucrative, I should not raise before I quitted the city full twenty millions of the coin of the realm; and I say, without any figure of rhetoric, that I cannot conceive a speculation more conducive to the honour, security, and future enjoyment of this kingdom than that which shall tend to raise so many from the mire, and advance the physical and moral happiness of the whole working population. Depend upon it, great as may be the returns from California and the gold-fields of Australia, there is nothing for dignity, nothing for safety, nothing for security and pleasure, that is at all equal to a moral population. I do not think, notwithstanding appearances at the present time, that we have or can have too many people. There may be moments of non-employment and moments of difficulty; we may have too many idle, drunken, or improvident people—too many who during a period of prosperity will spend everything they receive, however large the earnings; but of provident, manly, well-trained, honest citizens, we not only cannot have too many—we have not enough. Times may come, as there have already, when a sufficiency of hands will be wanting for the civil, social, military, and industrial purposes of this country.'"

Well and rightly did the noble speaker conclude his address of the previous year—the twelfth anniversary—by eulogizing the conduct of the teachers of this mass of deserted humanity.

"All honour," said he, "to that noble band of men and women, the teachers in the Ragged Schools, who, amid self-denial, and oftentimes in sorrow, in silence, and obscurity, are engaged in carrying on those schools. Their names, it is true, do not flit, as mine perhaps does, through the mouths of men, and are not mentioned in public and on platforms; but, God be praised, they have their reward, for, as old Fuller says, 'God's books are better than man's martyrologies.' Now just for a moment contemplate your work. If there be any one here whose eye has never rested upon a new Ragged School, let him visit one some evening, and there mark the gathering of these singular and terrible races. Let his eye dwell upon those within and those without the walls of the school; let him survey—mingling love with his terror—the living mass in every stage of filth, sorrow, and turbulence, and suffering. There he will see developed and exuberant every physical and every moral disease. Look upon the countenances of those children; observe the expression, oftentimes subtle, always suspicious; and see them ripe and eager, to an alarming extent, for every form of vice and mischief that can be presented to them. It is an awful

contemplation; it is one that ought to fill the boldest with dread, and the most hardened with sympathy. And yet, recollect that those wretched outcasts, so despised, so degraded, so sunken, so trampled upon, and so forgotten, are as much entitled to the call to the fold of Christ's flock as are the young hopes of England, now basking in the affectionate care of their royal mother. And who, my friends, will proclaim to them that call to the fold of Christ? Why, you and I, and every one who cares but to the extent of a hair for the welfare of his species. Rise to the work; the time is short; a multitude may be won or lost in a day; the day is far spent, the night is at hand, and it will be your joy and blessing hereafter, when you shall have ceased from those blessed and holy labours, to see thousands of those squalid forsaken little ones standing at the right hand of the King, and in raiment as white as snow."

Let the workers in this noble institute be assured that ere long the rich fruits of their labour of love will be apparent in the most solid and convincing form. It is impossible but that the Christianity which not a few of their ragged pupils have imbibed under their training, should exhibit itself in noble, nay, perhaps princely, donations, when that wealth and position are attained at which many of them will inevitably arrive; for we know that "godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." Meanwhile, there is abundant need of every help in this glorious work.

Well might an illustrious Christian philosopher eulogize our beloved country, where such godlike institutes have arisen :—

"I have," says he, "been in England; I have seen in her great manufacturing cities the miracles of that industry which covers the whole world with the productions of a petty island in Europe. In the ports of London, of Liverpool, and other places, I have gazed upon those floating isles, those thousands of masts, which bear afar over every sea the riches and power of the nation. I have admired in Scotland a simple, energetic, and active people, ready to sacrifice anything rather than abandon Christ and His Word. I have been present at the debates of the parliament of the three kingdoms, and I have admired that eloquence which, not content with words, goes right to the heart of the matter, and impels the nation on in its great destinies. I have found everywhere, from the lower classes of the people to the exalted stations of nobles and princes, an enthusiastic love of liberty. I have wandered through those halls from which are conveyed to the four quarters of the world Bibles printed in every known language. I have prayed in the churches, and at the religious meetings have

been transported by the powerful eloquence of the speakers and the acclamations of the audience. I have found in the families a morality comparatively greater than in other countries, and pious customs, both private and public, more generally prevalent. I have been struck with admiration on beholding the people of those islands encompassing the globe, bearing everywhere civilization and Christianity, commanding in the most distant seas, and filling the earth with the power and the Word of God.

"At the sight of such prosperity and greatness, I said, 'Ascribe ye strength unto God; His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds. O God, Thou art terrible out of Thy holy places! the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people. Blessed be God!'

"This is the work of the Reformation. It is Protestantism and the evangelical faith which have so greatly exalted this nation, and given it such influence." True Christianity involves principles of patriotism—political religion has no motive power but the dominant SELF. Hence "the Romish Church is so much the more formidable to the peace and prosperity of nations, as she has no fixed political principles, but seeks merely her own power, and willingly allies herself with every party, provided some advantage can be derived from it. She will unite with kings against their subjects, and with subjects against their kings, just as her interest may require. She will be despotic, she will be liberal: she will be proud, and she will be meek. She aims at one thing only—to bind prince and people under the throne of the Vatican, and to maintain herself erect above them, treading with one foot on the hand of the sovereign, and with the other on the heart of the people.

"This servitude, which Popery brings on the nations, necessarily leads in their case to a moral and intellectual torpor, which ere long becomes a political and industrial death.

"From the beginning of the seventeenth century England was on a steep declivity, which she seemed inevitably doomed to descend, and be carried by it into the gulf of Popery. The blood of the Stuarts was mingled with the blood of the Guises. There is visible in them a constant progression towards the Church of Rome.

"Charles I., 1625, was more averse from the Word of God, and more inclined to tradition and hierarchy, than James I., 1603; Charles II. still more so than Charles I.; and James II. went far beyond his predecessors. This progression has all the strictness of a mathematical law."[1]

[1] D'Aubigné.

Men of observation have only to take a retrospect of the last thirty years, and they cannot fail to be struck with the decrease of earnestness in the majority of the nation, and its increase in the minority. The love of wealth, still more the love of superstition, have been the motive agents of this state of things. "Looking at the past and the present," says Dr. Croly, "I cannot doubt that we are arrived at the commencement of an era of trial, unexampled in history, when a fierce disdain of divine and human law, an ostentatious and contemptuous unbelief, and a general and irresistible corruption, will grow into the habit of mankind. We see in Popery a religion which stands ready to absolve every crime, and substitutes trifling penalties for substantial reformation; which, instead of sending a man to the feet of God, sends him to the false supplication of beings whom it as falsely pronounces to be intercessors in heaven. Whether the universal profanation of the Christian Sabbath, the scandalous profligacy of private life, and the image-worship of the whole Popish world, are not directly hurrying on the hour of final vengeance, is not for the imperfection of human faculties to tell. But the whole crisis is of that character which has been prophetically declared to be the final call upon the vigilance of Christianity." What Paley said of a former day is still more applicable to the present: "The lurking poison of infidelity is served up in every shape that is likely to allure, surprise, or beguile the imagination—in the fable, the tale, the novel, and the poem; in interspersed and broken hints, remote and oblique surmises; in books of travels, of philosophy, of natural history; in a word, in any form rather than that of professed and regular disquisition." And in one form or another it invades every department of social life: it corrupts every fountain of science, and perverts every channel of literature.

"Even in the land of Luther," says an able American writer, "Christianity has become a cold negation of the Gospel. Nothing is heartily believed; everything is doubted, or explained on what are called rational principles. God is little more than a mere farce, and Christ little better than a human hero. Inspiration is only the highest genius; prophecy is nothing but superior sagacity; miracles are sublime feats of human skill and daring; and the record which God has given of His Son, with all its precious developments of redemption and immortality, is no better than a system of morals and philosophy, of which they reason and speculate as of the writings of Cicero or Seneca, and of which they feel themselves at liberty to adopt as little and reject as much as they please.

"And look at British and American Christianity. Are not our

religious forms a continual rebuke to our religious faith? What think you when you see so many Protestant bishops, presbyters, doctors of divinity, and professors of theology, falling into the arms of the drunken Roman harlot? What think you when you hear of those who boast of their churchmanship attributing all saving virtue to the sacraments, and denouncing the principles of the Protestant Reformation? What think you when you are told that there can be no church without episcopal supervision, and no ministry without apostolic succession, and no pardon of sin without the intervention of a priest? What think you when a Protestant prelate addresses his own communion, though it includes scarcely a hundredth part of the actual Christianity of the country, as 'the only Catholic and Apostolic Church'? What think you when one declares all worship without the pale of this particular Church is 'schism and rebellion,' and another affirms that to preach repentance to sinners within the walls of the temple is to desecrate the sanctuary of the Lord? Is this Christianity, or is it what Dr. Cumming calls it, 'Popery without the Pope'?

"What mean the strenuous attempts to exclude the Holy Scriptures from our schools, to monopolize the work of education among us, and to control the elections of a Protestant republic? What are they all but spasmodic struggles for life—the convulsions which herald approaching dissolution? What are they all but desperate endeavours to prop his tottering throne—to smother the subterranean fires which threaten him?"[1]

"If that enthusiasm for the Gospel," says D'Aubigné, "if that opposition to Popery—those two distinctive characteristics of his mind which Cromwell has imprinted on the people of Great Britain—should ever cease in England;—if a fatal fall should ever interrupt the Christian course of that nation;—and if Rome, that has ruined so many kingdoms, should receive the homage of the Queen of the Seas—then, should I revisit her shores, I should find her glory extinct, and her power humbled to the dust.

"But this melancholy presentiment will never be realized Great Britain will be faithful to the path which God in OLIVER's day traced out for her. She will remain 'a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid,' scattering over the world, light, and civilization, and faith."

No country is safe from the subtle influences of political religion, except in proportion as its people are the subjects of that internal principle which Christianity can alone impart.

Such a power is vigorous, purifying, and of keen perception—

[1] "Pisgah Views;" by R. Cross, D.D., Baltimore.

separating the false from the true, and scattering the sophistries of designing men, as the flimsy network of the spider.

"There are at all times," says Lathbury, "vast numbers of individuals who, if Popery were the dominant system of worship, would be ready to conform to its practices. At the present moment there are many nominal Protestants who are perfectly indifferent on the subject, and who assert that one creed is as good as another. Now, in the event of the ascendancy of Popery, all these persons would be ready to comply with its requirements, especially, too, as it is a system so congenial to man's fallen nature."

It is thus that the metempsychosis of Hildebrand, after travelling through the rare and dense media of Brahmin, Buddhist, Fetichist, and "Punch," seems finally to have ceased its flittings, and to have taken up its abode in the bosom of the High-Caste Press. What then is that grand counteracting principle alike to indifferentism and to persecution? Let us hear the words of that noble-minded Christian philosopher Vinet:—

"Christianity," he observes, "has become externally the religion of nations, and governments have done themselves the honour to protect it, and to be protected by it. A nation has its manner of being Christian, just as an individual has. We must be a Christian according to the standard of the world, not to be a fool in judgment. The world has abstracted from Christianity a part of its folly; it has rendered it almost wise, at least in practice; so that, even in the midst of a Christian nation, the Christian who accepts all that folly passes for a foolish man.

"It is not necessary, then, to go among the followers of Buddh, or the Mussulman, to hear ourselves denominated thus. Christianity is something more than an assemblage of dogmas; it is especially the principle of a new life. Men believe so much in men, so much in numbers, so much in antiquity, and so much in truth. But Christianity was designed to produce a race of men who should believe in truth, not in numbers, nor in years, nor in force—men, consequently, who should be ready to pass for fools.

"Christianity has professed the bold design of saving man by a folly. Upon this point it has suffered no illusion; it knew that its doctrine would pass for an insane one, and it went forth with this folly on its lips, this folly for a standard, to the conquest of the world. Never did so calm a foresight, so just an appreciation of obstacles, means, and chances, distinguish the author of a system—the founder of a religion. Let us leave to philosophers and physicians the task of defining insanity. It has at least one constant characteristic, that it renders a man unfit for human life, taking

life, in this instance, only in its essential condition. The madman and the idiot do not form a part of society. Insanity, which in other respects has no connection with crime, must at least have this in common with it, that it throws us violently out of the pale of humanity. It is a monstrosity within the pale of intellect. A man is designated a fool when, by his opinions, he is found alone in the midst of his nation or his age; and if he meet with partisans, real or pretended, they share with him, as long as their number is small, the same title and the same disgrace. His folly lies in believing possible what all the world esteems impossible. If, in the absence of a good which appears to him indispensable—of an ideal which has become as it were a part of his soul—he judges his life lost, and finds no relief in any of the joys which it offers to the rest of mankind, though in other respects he fulfils all the duties which his condition as a man imposes on him;—if thus the victim and sport of a fixed idea, he is a madman, at least with reference to that particular point; and the respect which others feel for him does not hinder them from pronouncing insane a grief which they do not understand. There are degrees of insanity—after all, it is insanity. We need not dispute about a term, and the world will ever call him foolish who desires to be wise all alone. In other respects, indeed, the world is willing that we should be wise; but it does not recognize any wisdom which is contrary to the opinion and practice of the majority. Numbers and also time, are, in its eyes, so strong a presumption of truth, that it rarely gives itself the trouble to inquire if one or a few individuals may not be right in opposition to all. They do not remind themselves of the fact, that certain errors, adapted to all, have been able easily to enter the world by a door so poorly guarded as that of the human heart; there usurping authority to establish themselves on a respectable footing, in order to become the rule of conduct and the test of morals. Will they deny that there have been universal errors? What will they say of slavery, that appalling evil, for which, during so many ages, no one had the slightest shame or remorse, which has not retired except, step by step, before the advancing light of Christianity, and which—oh! mournful conduct of human nature!—some civilized men, who believe in Jesus Christ, yet defend? But such errors have reigned; ages have transmitted them intact and vital; and, if universal consent is the seal of truth, they are as irrefragably true as any of the truths which have universal consent for their basis.

"Truth is a suppliant which, standing before the threshold, is for ever pressing towards the hearth from which sin has banished it. As we pass and repass before that door which it never quits,

that majestic and mournful figure fixes for a moment our distracted attention. Moral and social truth is like one of those monumental inscriptions over which the whole community pass as they go to their business, and which every day become more and more effaced, until some friendly chisel is applied to deepen the lines in that worn-out stone, so that every one is forced to perceive and to read it. That chisel is in the hands of a small number of men, who perseveringly remain prostrate before that ancient inscription, at the risk of being dashed upon the pavement, and trampled under the heedless feet of the passers-by. Yet the strange things which that strange man says, and which some other repeats after him, will not fail to be believed sooner or later, and finally become the universal opinion.

"AT THE HEAD OF EACH OF THOSE MOVEMENTS WHICH HAVE PROMOTED THE ELEVATION OF THE HUMAN RACE, WHAT DO WE SEE? IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE WORLD, MADMEN! AND THE CONTEMPT THEY HAVE EXCITED BY THEIR FOLLY HAS ALWAYS BEEN PROPORTIONED TO THE GRANDEUR OF THEIR ENTERPRISE AND THE GENEROSITY OF THEIR INTENTIONS."

